Zambra the Detective

By Headon Hill

Chatto & Windus, Piccadilly

MELLIN'S FOOD

FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.

"29, Loughborough Park, Brixton,
"*February 8th*, 1892.

"DEAR SIR,—Have great pleasure in enclosing you herewith a photo. of our baby, Harry Frank, taken on the day he was a year old. After birth several kinds of food were tried, and failed, until at last yours was given him, and from that time he has had no other, with the happy result that he is now a strong, healthy child, thus testifying to the already long list of good results from the use of your food.—Yours truly, HY. GRIFFIN."

MELLIN'S FOOD
FOR TRAVELLERS

Is sold at all SPIERS & POND'S Refreshment Rooms. This preparation may be taken with milk or with the addition of wine or spirit with the greatest benefit. For athletes it is of the highest value and as a sustaining diet after exhaustive physical exercise it has no equal.

Samples, Pamphlet and Prospectus post free on application to

MELLIN'S FOOD WORKS, PECKHAM, S.E.

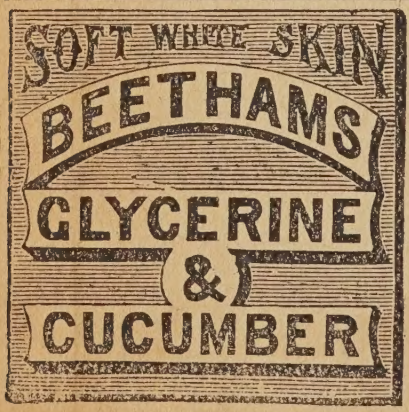
BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA

BOILING WATER OR MILK.



This sweetly scented Emollient Milk is superior to every other preparation for rendering

THE SKIN

SOFT, SMOOTH & WHITE.

It entirely removes and prevents all **Roughness, Redness, Sunburn, Chaps,** And all other blemishes of the Skin caused by

'SUMMER'S HEAT OR WINTER'S COLD.

It keeps the Skin Cool and Refreshed on the Hottest Day in Summer, and Soft and Smooth in the Coldest Winter.

"BEETHAM'S" is the Only Genuine.

Bottles, 1s., 2s. 6d., of all Chemists and Perfumers. Free for 3d. extra by the Sole Makers,

M. BEETHAM & SON, Chemists, Cheltenham.

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

FOR ALL

Bilious and Nervous Disorders,

SUCH AS

SICK HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION,
WEAK STOMACH, IMPAIRED DIGESTION,
DISORDERED LIVER & FEMALE AILMENTS.

The Sale is now Six Million Boxes per annum.

In Boxes, 9½d., 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each, with full directions.

(The 1s. 1½d. Box contains Fifty-six Pills.)

Prepared only by the Proprietor,

THOMAS BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire.

KEATING'S LOZENGES

"A SIMPLE FACT ABOUT" KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES. Ask throughout the world, in any country that can be named, you will find them largely sold. There is absolutely no remedy that is so speedy in giving relief, so certain to cure, and yet the most delicate can take them.

Sold everywhere in Tins, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each.

THE IDLER MAGAZINE.

Sixpence Monthly.

Edited by JEROME K. JEROME

AND

ROBERT BARR.

London: CHATTO & WINDUS, 214, Piccadilly, W.

ROWLANDS' ARTICLES

For the Hair, Complexion, and Teeth, are the PUREST AND BEST.

ODONTO A pure, non-gritty tooth powder; it whitens the teeth, prevents decay & sweetens the breath; is more efficacious than pastes or washes. **2/9.**

MACASSAR OIL preserves and beautifies the hair and prevents it falling off or turning grey, is the best Brilliantine for ladies' and children's hair, being less greasy and drying than ordinary Brilliantine, and can be had in a golden colour for fair hair. Sizes, **3/6, 7/-, 10/6,** equal to four small.

KALYDOR is a most soothing, healing and refreshing milk for the face, hands and arms. It prevents and removes Freckles, Tan, Sunburn, Redness and Roughness of the Skin, soothes and heals all Irritation, Chaps, Chilblains, Cutaneous Eruptions, &c., and produces a beautiful and delicate complexion. Bottles, **2/3** and **4/6.**

ESSENCE OF TYRE effectually dyes red or grey hair a permanent brown or black. **4/.**

EUKONIA. A pure toilet powder in three tints, White, Rose and Cream for ladies of a Brunette complexion and those who do not like white powder. Boxes, **1/-**; large boxes, **2/6.** Ask Chemists for ROWLANDS' ARTICLES, of 20, HATTON GARDEN, LONDON, and avoid spurious imitations.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT
(REGD.)

OETZMANN & CO.

Catalogue post free.

HAMPSTEAD ROAD, LONDON, W.

EDWARDS' 'HARLENE' FOR THE HAIR

WORLD-RENOWNED

Hair Producer & Restorer.

Prevents the Hair Falling off and Turning Grey. The World-Renowned Remedy for Baldness. Also for Restoring Grey Hair to its Original Colour.

Specially prepared for Toilet Use.

1s., 2s. 6d. and 5s. 6d. per Bottle.
From Chemists and Perfumers.

EDWARDS & CO., 95, High Holborn, London, W.C.

ZAMBRA THE DETECTIVE

Some Clues from his Note-Book.

BY

HEADON HILL

AUTHOR OF

"CLUES FROM A DETECTIVE'S CAMERA," "CABINET SECRETS," ETC.

London

CHATTO & WINDUS, PICCADILLY

1894

Headon Hill, novelist, is the author of several clever detective stories. His real name is T. Grainger. He was born at Lowestoft, Suffolk in 1857. In the army for a few years, he afterwards took himself to journalism in London. This novel appeared in 1894.

CONTENTS

		PAGE
I.	The Clue of the Painted Missal	1
II.	The Clue of the Withered Leaf	24
III.	The Clue of the Poppy-head Pillow ...	47
IV.	The Clue of the Haunted Houseboat ...	70
V.	The Clue of the Ferocious Mastiff	91
VI.	The Clue of the Octagon Decanter ...	114
VII.	The Clue of the Severed Hand	133
VIII.	The Clue of the Cowhide Shred	155
IX.	The Clue of the Old Doubloon	173
X.	The Clue of the Hired Husband ...	195
XI.	The Clue of the Destitute Mariner	217
XII.	The Clue of the Mahogany Gavel ...	239

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026 with funding from
University of Toronto

https://archive.org/details/zambradetectives00hill

ZAMBRA THE DETECTIVE.

I.

THE CLUE OF THE PAINTED MISSAL.

It was towards four o'clock on a hot summer afternoon that I quitted the London train at the little wayside station of King's Sutton, in Northamptonshire, in complete ignorance of the business I was to undertake. The telegram which had brought me there was urgent but inexplicit, running thus:—

"Your services required at Chetwynd Priory, Northants, immediately. Start at once. Book for King's Sutton, where you will be met.

"Chetwynd."

One brief glance into "County Families" before hurrying to catch the train had informed me that the Chetwynds, of Chetwynd Priory, were persons of distinction in the neighbourhood; that the

present head of the family was Lawrence Chetwynd, born in 1856, and that he married, three years ago, Evelyn, daughter of Ralph Neville, Esq., of Dramorna, County Down, Ireland. That was positively all I knew of my destination and of my prospective client.

As the train steamed away I was accosted by the solitary porter, who led the way to a well-appointed brougham that was waiting in charge of an elderly coachman at the platform gate. After a drive of some two miles along a winding country road, the carriage turned into the lodge-gates of a noble park, and at the far end of an avenue of grand old elms I caught a first glimpse of the mansion of the Chetwynds. A stately pile, with traces of its Norman origin everywhere visible, yet so trim and well preserved that it seemed the embodiment of age without decay, of peaceful calm so pregnant with old-time memories that any sense of loneliness was impossible.

The drive passed from the park into a beautifully kept landscape garden, whose flower-bordered walks converged on the still waters of a miniature lake that centuries before had evidently been the fish-pond of the ancient monastery. It was at this point that I first got an inkling of the serious nature of the inquiry before me. There were no fat monks pulling out the lazy carp for the refectory dinner to-day, but on the banks of the lake

I saw several men, dressed in gamekeepers' fustian, engaged in folding up a large drag net, while a couple of others were still busy in a punt, raking the bottom with grappling poles.

The carriage drew up under the portico of the main entrance, and it was at once apparent that my presence was awaited with eagerness. Almost before the brougham had come to a standstill a servant in plain clothes flung the door open, and, without stopping to ask my name, invited me to follow him to his master's presence. My conductor led me across a huge oak-panelled hall, and then some way down a softly carpeted corridor to a door, at which he paused and knocked. There was a confused sound of conversation within, and for a moment no one bade us enter. The servant rapped a second time, but before he had time to obey a command to "Come in" there was a noise as of toddling footsteps in the room, the door was violently opened from the inside, and a strange being pushed past us, to run with a curious skipping motion down the corridor. For one brief moment, misled by the short stature, I thought that it was a boy that had thus broken from the room, but some ten paces away the quaint figure turned and looked at me, and I saw that I was mistaken. A long wavy brown beard accentuated the well-chiselled features of a face that could not have belonged to a man of less than thirty, and

the delicate taper fingers which he brandished wildly at me were not those of a boy. I was looking upon a hunchbacked dwarf.

"Find my sweet sister!" he shouted in mellow, bass tones that sounded oddly from one of his size. "Find my sweet, lost sister or never dare to look me in the face again!" And still with the curious skipping action he turned and disappeared round a corner of the passage.

"My master's brother, sir, Mr. Otto," explained the grave servant in a whisper, as he stood aside for me to pass into the room. "Rather an excitable gentleman, as you see."

I thought so too, but for the moment I had to dismiss Mr. Otto Chetwynd from my mind, for my attention was riveted by the tall and handsome man who was coming forward to greet me. With the exception of the beard—for saving a moustache he was clean shaven—the occupant of the library so marvellously resembled in feature, and in feature alone, the peculiar individual I had just met, that I had no difficulty in recognizing him as the elder brother, and the master of the house. He also was evidently labouring under great nervous excitement, but his emotions were kept under better control than appeared to be possible to the dwarf.

"Sit down, Mr. Zambra," he said, motioning me to a seat, but continuing to pace the room

himself; "I have sent for you because I am in sore distress of mind, and I am told that you are good at clearing up what seems dark on the surface. I wanted my brother to be present at this interview, but he has been so upset by what has occurred that he has left the room. My wife disappeared last night in a manner so unaccountable, that we are filled with the gravest forebodings."

His voice shook as he spoke, and, though his plain matter-of-fact words denoted the aversion of the ordinary English country gentleman to any display of feeling, yet the twitching in the muscles of his face told of genuine agitation sternly repressed.

"It will be best if you put me in possession of the circumstances in detail," I said; "remembering, if you please, that the utility of my services must greatly depend on my having your entire confidence."

"Thank God this is not a case in which there is any confidence that I should be inclined to withhold from the most innocent child," he proceeded. "My wife and I have lived together on terms of the closest affection and mutual accord from the day of our marriage three years ago, down to the moment I last set eyes on her yesterday afternoon. The match was in every respect a suitable one. Mrs. Chetwynd came of a good Irish family; and, by a merciful Providence, the only point of

difference that might have arisen between us—that of religion—was bridged over in a manner perfectly satisfactory to all parties before marriage. My wife's family were Roman Catholics by long descent, but they had been for some time lukewarm in the old faith, and a month before the wedding the whole of the family gave in their allegiance to the Protestant form of worship.

"With the exception of a few months spent at my town house in the London season, we lived here the greater part of the year, my wife occupying herself in good works among the few poor people in the village, while I have never felt dull with the cares of the estate, and the duties and amusements of a country gentleman to attend to. Such was the ordinary course of our life till yesterday, when I had an appointment to be present at a dinner of the County Agricultural Association at Banbury. I thought my wife was looking a little pale and jaded in the afternoon, and I wished to break my engagement and stay at home, as I have done on previous occasions when she has not been well. She would not hear of it, however, saying that she would be quite happy and comfortable with my brother Otto, to whom—poor afflicted fellow—she was deeply attached.

"At half-past six, therefore, I drove away to Banbury, my wife waving me 'good-bye' from the front door. The dinner was prolonged by inter-

minable speeches, and I did not reach home again till close on one o'clock. According to my usual custom on such rare occasions, in order not to disturb my wife, I did not go to her room, but passed the night in a spare room not far from her apartment. At eight o'clock this morning Mrs. Chetwynd's maid raised the alarm that her mistress was not in her room, and that the bed had not been slept in, in the ordinary acceptance of the term, though there were signs that my wife had lain down upon the outside of the coverlet, the presumption being, of course, that she had not undressed herself. A search was at once instituted throughout the house, and subsequently through the grounds, with absolutely no result further than the finding of a shoe-buckle, known to have belonged to my wife, at the end of a passage in a distant part of the house, whither she could have no reason for going.

"I communicated with the local police, but they have done nothing beyond suggesting that the ornamental water in front of the house should be dragged. This has been done, and I have just received the report of the men that no discovery has been made in that direction. From the first I had but little faith in the ability of the police, and at quite an early stage in the search I despatched the telegram which has fortunately brought you here so promptly. And now, Mr. Zambra, what

do you propose? Ask me any questions you like, and consider the whole of my household at your service."

"It is necessary that I should take the earliest opportunity of seeing Mrs. Chetwynd's bedroom," I said. "But first, with your leave, I would be glad of a few words with her maid."

The master of the Priory touched a bell, and on a servant appearing he was sent to summon the personal attendant of the missing lady. In the meanwhile a thought occurred to me.

"You remarked just now," I said, "that you have been in the habit of spending a few months of the London season in town. This is the 17th of June, and the very height of the London season. Is there any particular reason why you have made an exception to your usual practice, and are now at the Priory instead of at your town house?"

"My wife tired earlier than usual of the incessant round of gaieties," he said. "It was at her request that I cut short our stay in London and came down here last week to enjoy the peace and quiet of the country in early summer."

"Apart from the fatigue consequent on the season, you had no reason to believe that Mrs. Chetwynd was out of health or suffering from depression?" I asked.

"On the contrary, her general health was better, and her spirits were brighter than for a long time,

since her return to the country," was the reply. "I may tell you," proceeded Mr. Chetwynd, "that it has been a great disappointment to her that, so far, our union has been a childless one; and some months ago I know her mind dwelt a great deal on the subject, but of late she appeared to have quite recovered her old cheerfulness."

At this point there was a knock at the door, and Perrott, the maid, entered—a neat and exceedingly proper young person, whom not even the event of the day had been able to fluster.

I asked her briefly if she had noticed anything out of the common in her mistress's demeanour on the previous night.

"No," was the reply, "except that my mistress dismissed me for the night without requiring me to assist her in undressing; but that can hardly be called uncommon. Mrs. Chetwynd has often sent me away on previous occasions."

"And during the evening," I said, "so far as you know, nothing unusual occurred—no strangers had an interview with your mistress, or anything of the sort?"

"No, indeed," replied Miss Perrott, smartly, repudiating the idea that her mistress would receive at unseasonable hours. "I understand from Mr. Sims, the butler, that Mrs. Chetwynd dined alone with Mr. Otto, as usual when master is away. Afterwards I heard the piano in the

drawing-room; and later, when I had occasion to go into the room to speak to my mistress shortly before she retired, Mr. Otto was showing her what looked like a large picture-book. I saw her once more when I went up to her bedroom at half-past ten to answer her bell, and, as I have said, she bade me good-night, and said she wanted nothing more."

"How was she dressed when you left the bedroom?" I asked.

"In the dinner-dress which she had worn during the evening," replied the maid, forestalling the next question I should have asked her by adding quickly, "The dress was found in the room this morning, but all the other garments she wore during the evening are missing, as well as a blue serge morning dress."

"Any outdoor garments gone—jacket or hat, or walking shoes?" I asked eagerly.

"No," replied Miss Perrott, clearly catching the drift of my questions, "and the buckle which was found in the east wing came from one of the shoes she wore last night."

I intimated that that was all I wished to ask, and the maid left the room.

"I should like to have a look round now," I said; "Perrott's information is very interesting. The fact that Mrs. Chetwynd changed her evening dress for a morning costume at that time of night

points to something abnormal, and yet her intention does not appear to have been—at first, at any rate—to go far afield. If it had been, there would certainly have been missing some articles of outdoor attire. The house has been searched thoroughly, I presume?"

"From end to end," said Mr. Chetwynd, as we left the library; "even the cellars, which were locked, have been ransacked."

He led me back to the entrance hall, and thence by the grand staircase to the first-floor landing—a roomy space used as a picture-gallery—whence broad passages branched to the right and left along the front of the house, having the doors of sleeping apartments on either side. My client opened the first door in the right-hand passage, and we passed into a beautifully furnished bedchamber, somewhat too low-ceiled, perhaps, to please a modern architect, but wanting in nothing else that taste and luxury could demand.

"By my orders the room has been left just as it was found," Mr. Chetwynd said.

I walked to the bed and verified the maid's statement as to its condition. There was an indent in the middle and also on the pillow, which tended to show that some one had reclined there. By the bedside was a small table, and upon it was a volume of fiction closed and with a mark in it near the end; a wax candle in a silver candle-

stick, about three-parts consumed; and a number of valuable rings.

"I should like to know how long that candle was, and at what hour it was lighted," I said.

Mr. Chetwynd was able to inform me, having asked the same question himself in the morning. The candle had been lighted at ten o'clock, and was a new one then.

"The sun rose this morning at a quarter to four," I said, "the deduction being that Mrs. Chetwynd did not leave this room till after it was broad daylight, for this candle has burnt at least five hours. Do you know, I begin to think, sir, that your wife herself expected what has since happened, or at least a portion of it. She seems to have set herself deliberately to keep awake by reading, and evidently did not undress further than to change her evening dress for a morning one. One other thing strikes me. These rings, carelessly left here, just as they were probably placed when removed, lead one to suppose that Mrs. Chetwynd intended to return to the room; and here, you see, under the pillow, is a pocket-handkerchief. No lady bent upon spontaneous flight would go away and leave her rings and her handkerchief—apart from the fact that no walking clothes are missing."

"I cannot understand it," said the master of the Priory. "My wife and I had no secrets, and

I will stake my reputation that her motive was a good one—supposing her action to have been voluntary."

At my request I was next conducted to the spot where the shoe-buckle was found by one of the searchers. The route thither led us back to the main landing, thence down a corridor running to the eastward end of the house, and round a corner into another shorter corridor in the east wing. At the extreme end of this corridor was a flight of stone turret steps, winding down to the chapel of the ancient Priory, which formed the whole of the ground-floor of the east wing. It was at a few paces from the head of the turret stairs that the buckle was found.

Mr. Chetwynd was stooping to show me the exact place, when from below there burst forth the swelling notes of an organ, at first soft and low, but growing in volume and power till the air seemed full of triumphant melody, which broke itself against rafter and window in a thousand sweet echoes.

"It is my brother playing on the organ in the old chapel," said Mr. Chetwynd. "He is devoted to the instrument, poor fellow, and it is the one thing he can do without fatiguing himself. The chapel is only used as a music-room by him nowadays."

"I was about to ask you to let me go below," I

said. "The finding of the shoe-buckle in this position almost points to those stairs as having been traversed last night."

My client assented at once, assuring me at the same time that the chapel had been thoroughly searched already, and that the outer door having long been bricked up, there was no mode of exit from the house that way.

We descended the winding steps and came upon a scene almost startling in its contrast to the modernized portion of the old building. The gray stone pillars and archways that supported the groined roof formed as complete a piece of Norman architecture in good repair as is to be found in England. With the exception of three stone lecterns across the entrance to the chancel, a couple of stained-glass windows, and some curious carved panelling on the walls, there were no relics of the past. All was bare and comfortless but the far end of the chancel, where the stone floor was carpeted, and a few chairs were placed round the fine organ.

Seated at the instrument, his long, lithe fingers running over the keys and flooding the aisles with waves of mighty sound, was the crippled dwarf. The hunched shoulders swayed from side to side with the motion of playing, and the violent jerking of the misshaped form added to its gruesomeness as he plied the pedals. He did not cease playing

for a moment, nor did he seem to notice our entrance.

When I had taken a general survey of the chapel I walked up to the organ with the object of seeing if there was any possible place of concealment behind it. There was nothing of the kind, save a small recess fully occupied by a little page-boy engaged in working the bellows. As I was re-passing the front of the instrument I glanced at what I at first took to be the sheet of music spread out before the player. Let me say here that I never fail, in reviewing past cases, to recall the moment when the first scent of the trail broke upon me, and I know now that the thrill which I experienced at the sight of Otto Chetwynd's music-rack was prescient of coming discovery.

For it was no sheet of music on which the hunchback's rapt eyes were fixed so earnestly. It was an illuminated missal—one of those ancient manuscript prayer-books, hand-painted in letters of quaint device, upon which the monks were wont to exercise their ingenuity in pre-printing days. It could have been of no earthly use to the player; the noble strains of Mendelssohn's Wedding March, which floated in thunderous harmony through the chapel, were evidently being played from memory; and yet the player now and again turned the leaves of the missal, and treated it as though it were necessary to the music.

I passed on, and the melody changed to the solemn tones of the "Dead March" in *Saul;* but still, looking back, I saw that the musician had the missal before him, and at intervals turned the gaudy leaves. What could it mean? Was it that the dwarf wanted to prevent others—myself in particular—from handling the scroll? And why this organ-playing at the crisis of a mystery that might develop into a tragedy? I had seen already that Mr. Otto Chetwynd was, to say the least of it, "odd;" but he had professed his anxiety about his sister-in-law so hysterically that this incessant organ-playing was more than I could reconcile with mere eccentricity. Then there flashed upon me the recollection of what the maid had said about the picture-book in the drawing-room the night before. I decided to have that missal in my hand before an hour was past.

That was comparatively easy. On leaving the chapel Mr. Chetwynd, who really looked worn out, said that he would leave me for awhile as he had had nothing to eat all day and needed food. When the gong sounded a little later, I contrived to be in the neighbourhood of the dining-room, and had the satisfaction of seeing Otto Chetwynd come from the direction of the chapel and enter the room.

As soon as I was certain that they were both settled at table, I made my way back to the chapel. It was now half-past seven and still

daylight. There was no one there, and, to my great delight, the missal was still on the music-rack of the organ. I turned over the leaves of vellum and saw that I had been right in supposing it to be a Roman Catholic prayer-book of great antiquity, having every letter beautifully illuminated by hand. Looking at last at the inside of the cover, which was of parchment, I could not repress a start, for I saw that which told me I was on the right track. In curious old-fashioned characters the following words were blazoned on the inside of the cover :—

"Ye man or ye woman who would gain a boon from our Blessed Saint must come alone to ye chapel at 5 of ye morning on St. Alban, his day, and twice read ye Service of Compline at ye middle desk before ye Chancel steps. Then let ye suppliant do as shall be revealed."

Tearing an almanac from my pocket, I referred to the current date—the 17th of June. *It was St. Alban's Day!* At least half the mystery lay open before me—the reason why Mrs. Chetwynd had left her chamber in the early hours of the summer morning. Born and bred a Catholic, and possibly with some remnant of superstition still clinging to her, she had come to carry out the injunction in the missal. But what had her folly entailed upon

her? What was it that had been "revealed," and by what means? What part had Otto Chetwynd played in the matter? Up to a certain point the ground was cleared, but beyond all was darkness. It was not till I turned to the page on which the Compline prayers were written that enlightenment came, when I noted that the blank space at the foot was broader than on other pages. The monks were clever chemists, well acquainted with the properties of so-called sympathetic inks. What more likely than that there was some hidden writing on the blank space which would be brought out under certain conditions, and which would account for this poor lady's absence?

I carried the missal to the centre desk and placed it there, opened out at the page of the Compline. I saw, by taking the bearings of the chapel with a pocket-compass, that at about five o'clock that morning the sun would have been shining through a window opposite, full on the open page. The window was a gorgeously stained representation of one of the Apostles clad in a bluish-purple tunic surmounted by a cloak of brilliant scarlet, so that first the rays that had passed through the tunic, and then, as the sun rose higher, the rays that had passed through the cloak, must have fallen on the missal. Like lightning from a cloud, there flashed across my memory the old chemical formula that "invisible words written in a weak solution of

guaiacum and alcohol turn green when subjected to violet rays, and that red rays restore them to their former condition." That was doubtless the whole secret—or, rather, the way to learn the secret—prepared by the monks three centuries before.

I looked at my watch. It was now a quarter to eight, and the sun would set at a quarter-past. The direct rays of the sun would not shine upon the window till about five in the morning, so that if I waited till then there would be no means of deciphering the secret I felt sure was there that night. I was convinced that something was very wrong, and in the morning discovery might come too late. But one other method suggested itself to me, and there was no time to lose if it was to be put in execution. I hurried from the chapel to obtain the permission of the master of the house to use heroic measures.

Entering the dining-room without ceremony, I found the brothers finishing their hasty meal. Addressing the elder, but keeping an eye to Otto, I said—

"Mr. Chetwynd, I shall be glad if you will come to the chapel at once. I believe I have got a clue—in the old missal which your brother was using at the organ just now. Not a moment is to be lost."

The effect of my words on the hunchback was extraordinary. Raising both his wizened arms

above his head, he burst into shrieks of maniacal laughter. "Ha! ha! ha!" he howled in fiendish glee. "Ha! ha! ha! You will be too late with all your clues. I know, but I shall not tell. Ha! ha! ha!" And he fell to gibbering like a monkey, and his head drooped over the table.

I pushed Chetwynd from the room, telling a servant as we passed to see to Otto, and together we rushed to the chapel.

"I must smash that window if I am to find your wife to-night," I said.

"Burn the house down, if you like," said Chetwynd.

Seizing the handle of the organ bellows, I stood on a chair and broke some of the violet and some of the red glass, so that it fell clattering outwards. Then I took the missal, and, under Chetwynd's guidance, made my way round outside the house to where the glass had fallen. The rest was easy. The sun, though low, was unclouded, and in a moment I had its rays playing on the blank space at the foot of the Compline page, through a fragment of violet glass. The effect was almost instantaneous. There grew up on the blank space, in great green letters ornamented with many a flourish, this quaint legend :—

"Once to right and once to left
Twist the point of Alban's beard;
Enter then, and, kneeling, pray
For one short hour. That prayer is heard."

Chetwynd stood by, not rightly understanding. "Your wife is found," I said, "but you had better prepare yourself for the worst. This red glass would restore the letters to invisibility, but we need not trouble about that. I noticed a wooden panel carved with a life-size figure of St. Alban in the chapel. Let us go there quickly."

We hastened back to the chapel. Following the injunction of the green letters, I made for the carved figure of the Saint, which was a handsome bit of panelling in one of the side aisles. Treating it in the manner prescribed, I felt the woodwork jerk at my touch, and directly the whole panel shot back, revealing a stone cell some six feet square. At the inner end a grisly skeleton was chained to the wall in such a manner that it stood upright with extended arm. At the feet of this horror, unconscious, limp, and almost lifeless, lay the missing woman.

* * * * *

It was not till after Mrs. Chetwynd's discovery that the story of the old missal, long forgotten, was unearthed from the family archives. At the dissolution of the Monasteries by Henry VIII., the Priory, originally dedicated to St. Alban, had been given to the Chetwynd family. The missal had been left behind by the monks in the chapel,

doubtless as a scheme for avenging themselves, by means of the specially prepared niche, on the usurpers at some future date. The blow did not fall for three centuries, when it was struck at the instance of the mad hunchback. The family having always been Protestants, no one paid any attention to the missal or its inscription, till Otto Chetwynd, having come across it, obeyed the injunction out of curiosity, and having thus discovered the deadly nature of the niche, used it in his mad hatred and jealousy of his more fortunate brother. His affection for Lawrence and his wife was but the cunning pretence of a dangerous lunatic. Mrs. Chetwynd having been brought up a Roman Catholic, he had little difficulty in persuading her to obey the inscription on the cover of the missal, well knowing that in her desire to be blessed with an heir she would also obey the hidden writing, and brave the ordeal of praying in the fatal niche. His machinations had been going on for months, and it was in order to be present at the Priory on St. Alban's Day that the deluded woman induced her husband to leave London early. The panel was so constructed that it closed with a snap after remaining open for some minutes. The horror of being shut up in the dark with the skeleton very nearly carried out the intention of the monks, and narrowly missed leaving a blank in the Chetwynd family—a consummation which

I was luckily able to prevent owing to the overdone cunning — evidently undertaken in fear of my reputation—of trying to keep me from seeing the missal, and of playing the organ in order to drown the possible cries of the victim.

II.

THE CLUE OF THE WITHERED LEAF.

One morning in the Jubilee year I was busy in my office at Charing Cross attending to the day's correspondence, when an assistant came into the private room and said that a gentleman giving the name of Captain Fremantle desired to see me on business that would brook of no delay.

By my orders the visitor was shown in—a large-framed, red-headed man of thirty-five or so, blood-shot as to the eyes, and bringing with him a whiff of brandy and good cigars. He had a coarse-looking face, suggestive of no very tight curb kept on passions not wholly reputable, while a natural tendency to swaggering boldness seemed for the moment to be kept in check by the influence of fear. At least, that was the impression he made on me, as he bustled into the room and dropped his shiny silk hat to the floor in an attempt to place it on the table.

He picked up his refractory headgear, and, sinking into the client's chair, proceeded to mop his fiery brow with great vigour.

"I want to consult you on a very serious matter, a very serious matter indeed—a murder, in fact," he began, with a nervous look towards the door.

"Yes," I said, carelessly enough, so as to reassure him with the idea that murders were not regarded as anything out of the way in my office; "the victim a relation, I suppose?"

"It's worse than that," he blurted out, with a frankness of brutality that was almost amusing, "it's worse than that. I am suspected of the crime."

"Pray, tell me all about it," I said, "and if you wish me to help you prove your innocence you would do well to keep nothing back."

"I am certainly not going to keep anything back from you," he replied. "It is because I have been obliged to conceal certain facts from others that I am seeking your advice. I am, as you have been told, Captain Fremantle. My regiment is the 5th West India, now stationed at Jamaica, and I am at present at home on leave. I have been staying for the last fortnight at Beckley's Hotel, Trafalgar Square; that is to say, I have had a bedroom at the hotel, but have chiefly lived at my club. I have always stopped at Beckley's when I have been in town, but there is a beast of an Indian

Prince located there now with his suite, and it is as much as you can do to get the management to attend to any one else. That has nothing to do with the case, except that it accounts for my having been in a pretty bad temper for the last week or two.

"Well, about five nights back I returned from the club before my usual time, and, on going up to my bedroom, found the night porter, William Simmons, in the room. The fellow explained that he had come to see that the gas was all right. I knew he had no real business there, and I broke out and kicked him out of the room. Of course he whined a bit, and said I'd hurt him, but I told him it was nothing to what he'd get if I caught him in my bedroom again.

"Last night I returned from the club to the hotel rather later than usual—to be precise, at a quarter to one o'clock. On passing through the entrance hall I noticed that Simmons wasn't in his place, and I began to wonder if I should catch him in my room again, and have to give him a real good hiding. There wasn't a soul about, and, except in the hall, the gas everywhere was turned low. On reaching the first floor I turned into the passage leading to my bedroom, which was the last on the right at the far end. Just inside the passage I stumbled, and nearly fell across the body of a man lying full in my path. Stooping down, I saw

that it was William Simmons, the night porter. At first I naturally thought he was drunk, but looking closer I saw that he was lying in a great pool of blood, stabbed in two places, and stone dead.

"From the first I saw that I was in an awkward position, as a man always must be who finds a freshly killed body not in the presence of witnesses. But there were elements in this case which added to my uneasiness. It was not only possible, but highly probable, that he had given a garbled version of my previous treatment of him to some of his fellow-servants, in which event the threats I had used would not sound very pretty. Again—you will see that I am quite frank with you—I had a bit of a mess once about a nigger groom of mine when I was quartered at Sierra Leone. I thought the beggar's woolly head was thicker than it proved, and the consequence was that I was tried by court-martial for killing him, and had rather a narrow squeak for it, the court acquitting me by a majority of one only. It's years ago now, but it will be a nasty record if any kind friend serves it up at the inquest.

"However, I thought it was best to raise an alarm, and in a few minutes there was the usual shindy—doctors and policemen, and all the rest of it. And now I come to the complication which will make even you sit up, I imagine. One of the first

things the surgeon did was to notice that the right-hand fist of the corpse was clenched. The body was still quite warm and limp, so that he had no trouble in unclasping the fingers. I was standing by, and what was my astonishment to see roll from the dead man's clutch a valuable black pearl, which I at once recognized as my property, and one of nine similar ones which should have been safe and sound in my dressing-case.

"I saw at once that if I claimed the pearl, its being found in Simmons's hand would certainly raise questions as to my share in the business, so I kept quiet. I'm lawyer enough to know that there's a wide difference between shooting an armed burglar in self-defence and stabbing a mere sneak thief out of pure cussedness, and I decided to lay low. At the same time I began to feel considerable anxiety about the other pearls, and I took an early opportunity to slip away to my bedroom. Master Simmons had been there right enough. The dressing-case had been prised open, and the other eight pearls were gone—every one of them worth £100, and heirlooms in my family.

"I returned to the passage where the doctor and police were preparing to remove the body. I was so savage at the loss of my pearls that I very nearly told of the robbery, but I checked myself in time. One or two of the waiters had appeared on the scene, and were talking in whispers to the

manager, who kept eying me strangely, as though I were the subject of conversation. Then I saw him say something to the police inspector, who also glanced my way, and I began to twig that I was suspected already. Simmons must have mentioned my threats to his fellow-servants, and if I claimed the pearls some clever policeman would be sure to say I had killed the fellow in a fit of rage. I decided, therefore, to put up with the loss for the present, rather than furnish them with any ground for fresh suspicion. I retired to bed, and came on here immediately after breakfasting this morning.

"But this strikes me as being the strangest part of the whole blessed jamboree. I was present while the body was searched, and I am quite sure the other eight pearls were not found upon it. It follows that the party who killed Simmons must also have relieved him of the plunder he had just lifted from my dressing-case—excepting the one pearl discovered in his hand. So that you see it is really a double-barrelled job you have got to work. If you find the murderer of William Simmons, you not only relieve me of the unjust suspicion, but you will be in a fair way to restore my missing pearls, the loss of which I am at present precluded from reporting to the police for fear of being run in myself on the more serious charge. Roundabout piece of business, isn't it?"

he concluded, eying me with affected jauntiness, but with real anxiety to note the effect of his story.

The Captain's appearance was anything but prepossessing, and his manner was against him, but so far on the whole I was inclined to believe that in the main he had told me the truth. At the same time it behoved me to weigh the matter from both points of view, for it is not one of the features of my business to aid criminals in escaping from justice. It was quite possible that Captain Fremantle, having killed the man, had himself made away with the missing eight pearls in order to throw dust in my eyes, and subsequently in those of the authorities. This, however, I could not settle to my satisfaction without going on with the case, and I decided to proceed for the present.

"When is the inquest?" I asked.

"Not till to-morrow. I am to be called as a witness, and I am sure to be roughly handled," replied the Captain.

"That gives us twenty-four hours' start, and we ought to do something in that time," I said. "I will walk across with you to Beckley's and have a look at the scene of the crime. I can do nothing till I have grasped the general run of the situation."

As we turned into the Strand a man in a check suit and a straw hat, who had been looking into a

shop window, moved on in our wake. Looking back I caught his eye, and he gave me a friendly wink. I am on pretty good terms with most of the Scotland Yard officials, and I knew the man who was following us as Sergeant Devenish, a tolerably level-headed member of the detective force. His presence there assured me of the truth of one portion of my client's story, at any rate. There was no doubt that Captain Fremantle had incurred the suspicion of the police.

Whilst crossing the square I elicited from the Captain that the body had been removed to the parish mortuary, and I knew therefore that it would be next to impossible to gain admission to view it, but Captain Fremantle was able to give me a fairly accurate description of the wounds. The one which had been the immediate cause of death was in the front, just over the left breast. The other wound, which the surgeon had called a superficial scratch, was behind, almost in the centre of the back, and had the appearance of having been stopped from deeper penetration by the weapon glancing against the brass ring that joined the man's braces.

On reaching the hotel, Captain Fremantle, at my request, took me straight to the passage on the first floor where the crime had been committed. Passing through the entrance hall—crowded as usual with a concourse of hall-boys, waiters, and

a sprinkling of guests—I caught many furtive glances cast in our direction which told me plainly that rumour had already been busy with my companion's name. I think he noticed it himself by the savage way in which he gnawed his red moustache as he led me up the stairs. But he was able to restrain himself, and so came safely out of what must have been a trying ordeal for a man of his temper.

The passage in which the body of the hall-porter had been found, and in which the Captain's bedroom was situated, was a side one, branching from the principal corridor or main artery of the first floor. We had, therefore, to traverse this larger passage for some considerable distance before turning off to the scene of the crime. As we were passing along, a Hindoo in a large red turban, and wearing flowing white garments over a pair of European trousers, and bare feet, came out of one of the doors ahead of us and disappeared into another some way further along.

"That's one of the infernal niggers I told you of," said Captain Fremantle in his pleasant way—"one of this Rajah fellow's suite, I suppose. All the rooms in this passage are taken by him and his crowd."

"Which of the Indian Princes is it who is staying here?" idle curiosity prompted me to inquire.

"The official title runs, 'His Highness Gungaram, Thakore Sahib of Kutch Perwanee,'" replied the Captain. "He's over here to see the sights and have a frolic under pretence of coming the loyal dodge, I believe."

I remembered to have seen the name of the Thakore of Kutch Perwanee among the lists of those present at various social functions and Jubilee festivities, and I made a remark to that effect. Then the Indian potentate passed from my mind, for we had turned into the side passage, and I was confronted with the work in hand.

"Here is the exact spot where I tripped over Simmons's body," said Captain Fremantle. "I took particular note that it was opposite this door —the second in the passage—which, as you see by the label, belongs to bedroom No. 19."

The door in question was fourteen feet from the entrance to the passage, but beyond noting this measurement, there was very little scope for examination, for the blood-stained strip of carpet had been removed, and was doubtless in the hands of the police. My client was able to tell me, however, something of the position of the body, which had been lying on its back with the head towards the main corridor we had just come through. This seemed to indicate that the man had been coming from somewhere higher up the passage—probably Captain Fremantle's room — when he was first

ineffectually stabbed in the back by some person following him; that he had turned to face his assailant, and had then been dealt the fatal blow which caused him to fall backwards away from the murderer.

The next point of interest was the Captain's bedroom, and thither we now proceeded. On each side of the passage there were seven doors, and No. 24—Captain Fremantle's—was the last on the right. The passage was a blind one, having no exit at this the far end, so that any one surprised in the room and wishing to escape would have no option but to run in the direction of the main corridor, thus traversing the spot where the body was discovered. The fact of the passage not being a thoroughfare, though not conclusive, rather told against my client by narrowing the odds as to those who would have been likely to come upon the deceased.

On entering the room I was glad to see that at that early hour it had not yet been subjected to the attentions of the chamber-maid. The bed was still disarranged, and the floor had palpably not been swept. The room was a moderate-sized one, such as a bachelor would select, furnished in the usual hotel style, with the bed facing the window, before which was a dressing-table, while the wash-stand occupied one wall, and a fireplace and chest of drawers the other. At the head of the bed was

a curtained recess, about two feet deep, intended to do duty as a wardrobe for hanging up coats, etc.

"Show me exactly the position in which you found this," I said, pointing to the handsome but well-worn dressing-case which stood open on the toilet-table, with its lock torn off.

"I have not moved it," said Captain Fremantle. "I found it just as you see it, with the top tray removed and lying at the side on the table. The pearls should have been in the bottom compartment under the tray."

"Were they loose or made up into some article of jewellery?"

"Neither," was the reply. "They were on a string having a big knot at one end and a small one at the other."

"Which would lead one to suppose that whoever killed this man grabbed the pearls from him by the end of the string having the large knot, and that the small knot came through the last pearl, thus leaving the latter in his hand," I said thoughtfully, for his statement was important. It brushed away a theory which I had thought possible—namely, that Simmons, instead of being the original thief himself, might have surprised the robber and lost his life in trying to defend the Captain's property. But if he was the first to handle the pearls that idea lost its force.

"Did Simmons know that you had such things in your possession?" I continued.

"He may have done so," said Fremantle, looking uncomfortable; "the fact is, a day or two after I came here I was a little 'elevated' in the smoking-room one night, and I remember bragging about my black pearls. I got rather bad, and the manager sent Simmons to help me up to bed. It is quite likely I told him of them; I may have shown them to him, for all I can recollect."

This certainly pointed to an attempt having been made by Simmons to steal the pearls, but it did not exonerate my client from the suspicion of having killed the man. Indeed, it was plain that the closer the theft was brought home to the deceased, the stronger grew the case against the owner of the missing valuables. It would be hard to get a jury to believe that two separate thieves had been after the pearls that night, and that one had killed the other almost on the scene of the theft. To be convicted of manslaughter was the brightest prospect I could see ahead of the Captain, and I almost wondered that the police, if they knew as much as I did, had not arrested him already.

At the same time I was by no means convinced that Captain Fremantle had really killed the man, and I set to work to search the room for any shred of a clue to a contrary theory. I examined the floor very carefully for any trace of blood from the

slight wound in the deceased's back, which would fix the locality where the first blow was struck, but I was unsuccessful. From the description I had received of the insignificance of the wound I hardly expected to be otherwise, and I turned my attention to looking for indications of some third person—other than the Captain and Simmons—having been in the room. Here, too, I met with no result till I came to the curtained recess at the side of the bed, and then the first scent of a trail came to me.

Unlike the rest of the room, the recess was not carpeted, and, after a glance at a couple of the Captain's coats which were hanging on pegs, I stooped to examine the bare boards of the floor. Just inside the curtain, and about the middle of the recess, I saw a little white dust scattered, as though a pinch of tooth-powder had been dropped. For the moment I was puzzled, as there were no marks of any of the plaster of the ceiling having been scattered about it, and what could any one want with the tooth-powder in such a place? But looking further, more to the side, and close to the wainscoting, there caught my eye a tiny fragment of dried leaf, which not only explained the presence of the powder but materially narrowed the inquiry into William Simmons's death.

I said nothing to Fremantle, who was lounging impatiently by the window, but I gathered up the white dust as well as I could, and placed it in an

envelope in my pocket-book, together with the bit of leaf. After satisfying myself that the recess had yielded up all its secrets, I suggested that my client should go and amuse himself at his club, while I pursued the investigation alone—a course to which he readily assented.

On our way downstairs I asked Fremantle very suddenly if he had ever served in India.

"No," he answered, looking surprised; "I have been in a West Indian regiment ever since I joined. All my time has been put in either at Jamaica or on the West Coast of Africa. But why do you ask?"

"For no particular reason," I replied, with privileged prevarication, "except that I was struck with your dislike for the Indians staying here."

"Oh, that is hereditary," he said, with a cruel laugh. "My old father, long since dead, was a perfect terror to the 'niggers' after the Mutiny. You must have heard of General Fremantle—the 'man eater,' as the natives called him. Why, he often used to say that in those days he never had any appetite unless he caught and hanged half a dozen mutinous Sepoys before breakfast. They tried to knife him twenty times at least, but the old boy was too spry for them, and came home to die in his bed."

We were standing on the steps of the hotel now, and I made no further remark than to promise to

come over to the club if anything transpired. I stood and watched the Captain as he swaggered off in the direction of Piccadilly, and I saw the Scotland Yard man detach himself from an area railing and lounge off on the same tack. I was smiling quietly to myself at the tenacity with which official detectivism clings to preconceived theories, when I heard footsteps behind me, and I was smartly slapped on the shoulder. Looking round, I found myself shaking hands with Dr. Wylie, the well-known physician of Sackville Street, whose acquaintance I first made in connection with the great Stuttaford poisoning case.

"You are here about this murder, I suppose?" said the doctor.

"Well, yes," I said. "I shall divulge no secrets in admitting so much. And you, doctor? Are we to have the pleasure of working together again?"

"No, indeed," he replied, laughing; "my business here is neither mysterious nor romantic. I have been dosing some respectable Hindoo gentlemen who have over-eaten themselves."

"The Thakore of Kutch Perwanee finds the attentions of his European friends too much for his digestion, eh?"

"It isn't the Thakore himself," said Dr. Wylie. "My chief patient is Bappoo Tookeram, his dewan or vizier; and the other three members of the suite are also a bit seedy this morning. That is

the strange part of it. His Highness the Thakore and the three inferior members of the suite were all at the Mansion House ball last night, and might well be suffering from the effects of civic hospitality. The vizier, however, remained here, as I understand, at the hotel, and swears by all his gods he only partook of a simple meal. The manager corroborates him, and yet I will vouch for it he has been stuffing himself with unwonted delicacies. His symptoms are precisely the same as those of the other three."

"And the Thakore himself is well?" I asked carelessly.

"As fit as a fiddle," replied the doctor, "though he has generally been the worst of the lot after an evening out. I have attended them during their stay, you know. Well, good-bye and good luck."

No sooner was the doctor out of sight than I hurried back to my office, where I consulted a file of the *Times* and a very old copy of Hart's "Army List." Then I returned to the hotel and again made my way to the first floor. This time, however, I did not seek the scene of my previous researches, but stopped short in the main passage, where were the apartments of the Indian Prince. Selecting the door which had the appearance of belonging to the largest chamber, I entered boldly without giving any warning of my approach. Seated cross-legged on a sofa, with the mouthpiece

of a hookah dangling from his lips, was a gorgeously vested and bejewelled Oriental of middle age. Except in the superiority of his attire, and in a certain air of distinction, he was very like the other Hindoo whom I had seen earlier. There was the same half-lazy, half-fierce expression in the dark-brown eyes, the same fat, clean-shaven face, the same mahogany complexion.

"I have the honour to address his Highness the Thakore of Kutch Perwanee?" I said; and his reply pleased me if for no other reason than that it showed he spoke and understood English.

"Yes," he said, with a slight accent; "what can I do for you, my friend?"

"In your Highness's country professional story-tellers are held in great esteem," I replied. "That is my trade. I would crave permission to entertain your Highness with a narrative, brief but very interesting and strictly true."

"By all means," said the Thakore; "this is very good fortune. All my people are sick, and I am without amusement. Pray go on."

"Listen, then," I began, "and take your mind back to the times after the Mutiny, when the fury of the English broke upon those who had resisted our power. There was a Sepoy who was hanged, among many others, by a certain English officer. That Sepoy had a little son, who was adopted, according to the custom of the country, by an

Indian Prince, who, being himself childless, desired an heir to his throne. So it came to pass that when that prince died the son of the Sepoy reigned in his stead.

"It fell out that after many years the son of the Sepoy, now himself a Prince, and friend of the English Government, came to England to do honour to the Jubilee of the Queen. He put up at an hotel where there chanced to be also staying the son of the officer who had hanged his real father. It came to the knowledge of the Prince that one against whose race he had sworn revenge was under the same roof, and he determined to use the opportunity. Being invited to a certain festival in the City he sent his vizier to personate him, together with the rest of his followers, and himself remained in the hotel in the garb and guise of the vizier. Then, towards midnight, he stole to the bedchamber of him upon whom he would be revenged, and waited in a recess at the head of the bed till his victim should return.

"But instead of the man he sought there entered the room a thief, and, mistaking him for the other, the Prince smote him in the back with his dagger. The thief, having a string of black pearls in his hand, ran from the room, and the Prince, still thinking it to be the son of his father's slayer, pursued and killed him in the passage. Then the Prince, wishing that robbery should be

assigned as the cause of the deed, snatched the string of pearls from the dead man's hand and fled to his own apartment. What think you of that for a story, your Highness?"

The Thakore had sat with his beady eyes glistening and his nervous fingers trembling ever so little on the pipe-stem, but he gave no other sign that he knew the story I was telling was his own till I finished. Then he rose from the sofa, and smote his hands once or twice on his breast.

"What do I think of it?" he repeated. "I think that you deal not in stories, but in magic—in the arts of the Evil One. One cannot fight with the Powers of Darkness. How do you intend to use your knowledge, for I suppose, as with most of your countrymen, it is not to be bought? Nearly every word you have said is true—and true of me, Gungaram, the Thakore, who stands before you."

"In the first place," I said, "you must return the eight pearls which you took away."

Drawing his hand from the breast of his tunic, he flung the string of gems on the table before me without a word.

"For the rest," I continued, "the matter passes out of my hands into those of the Government. If your Highness would condescend to take my advice, you will remain here quietly, saying nothing to any one, till a communication is made

to you. I have no doubt that you will be treated with every consideration."

I bowed and left him, and in a quarter of an hour was at the India Office narrating my discovery, and the confession of the Thakore, to an astonished Under Secretary. At the close of it he left me, and disappeared into an inner room, where for a long time I heard the sound of voices in discussion. Then a bell rang, and was answered by a messenger, who went away and came back shortly with the Chief Commissioner of Police, whom he ushered into the inner chamber, and the discussion proceeded with renewed vigour. After a while the Under Secretary came back to me.

"This is to be hushed up, Mr. Zambra," he said. "Goodness knows what would happen in India if we were to hang a native Prince over here for the Jubilee. For killing a porter, too! Why, the great native chiefs would raise such a ferment as it would take a century and half a dozen wars to quiet down. The Thakore is to be told to get back home immediately."

"But how about my client and the pearls?" I said.

"Oh, of course Fremantle is relieved of all suspicion in official quarters," was the reply. "The Commissioner is seeing to that. A hint of the real state of the case will be given to the coroner, and care will be taken to make everything

smooth for Fremantle, though from all accounts the scare he has had is not undeserved. Send the pearls back to him anonymously by post; it would never do for him to know of the Thakore's share in the business. One word more. You have not told us how you got the knowledge which forced his Highness to confess. So far I agree with him that it looks very like magic."

"It was all very simple," I said. "In a recess in Fremantle's room I found a piece of betel leaf, which the Hindoos use as a wrapper to enclose the areca nut chewed by them habitually as a narcotic. On the floor I also noticed a sprinkling of shell lime which they mix with the nut. This pointed to one of the Hindoos staying in the hotel as having been concealed in the recess for purposes of robbery or murder. I was about to make further inquiries with a view to discovering which of them it could be—Captain Fremantle having told me that his father had hanged a number of Sepoys in India—when I met a doctor who had been attending the Thakore's suite. He informed me that the suite were all ill from the pleasures of the table, but that the Thakore himself, who was supposed to be at the Mansion House last night, was perfectly well. This suggested that the Thakore had been the one to stay at home, having got his vizier to personate him at the ball. That would be perfectly easy in an assembly of the kind,

where one Oriental, provided he were sufficiently turbaned and apparelled, would do as well as another. I turned up the file of the *Times* in which the Thakore's arrival was announced, and saw that he was an adopted son of his predecessor, his actual father having been a mutinous Sepoy supposed to have been hanged at Bareilly. I then referred to Hart's 'Army List' for the services of the late General Fremantle, and found that he had distinguished himself by his zeal in punishing mutineers at Bareilly. I had thus got at the motive, and nothing remained but to tax the Thakore with the murder."

III.

THE CLUE OF THE POPPY-HEAD PILLOW.

The occasions are rare when, on starting on an expedition, I go to the bureau in the corner of my office and transfer from a drawer to my pocket a compact, but hard-hitting Smith and Wesson bull-dog revolver. As a rule it is instinct rather than any reasoned-out anticipation that prompts me, and I suppose it was instinct that led me to take along my little nickel-plated friend on the evening when Sir George Trevlyn and I left Paddington for Cornwall by the night mail.

Sir George, who, be it premised, was a smart, well-set-up young man of thirty, had called upon me earlier in the afternoon under the following circumstances. About a year previously he had come into the title on the death of his father—a gentleman who, though my client did not say so, had, I strongly suspect, done his best to play ducks and drakes with the family property. As a

consequence, Sir George, finding himself with a net income of not more than eight hundred pounds a year, had wisely decided to continue to practise his profession—that of a barrister—rather than try to keep up the state of a county magnate on such a pittance. One of the late baronet's country places, Porthgullion Towers, on the Cornish coast, had long been let to a punctual tenant, and Sir George proceeded to treat the Oxfordshire seat and the London house in the same way. They were placed in the hands of the house agent and subsequently let, while the young baronet retired to his chambers in the Temple, happy in the knowledge that by his prudence the mortgages would eventually be paid off, and that before he reached the prime of life he would be able to enjoy his own again.

The immediate cause of Sir George's call on me was connected with his engagement to Miss Hilda Leigh, the daughter of a clergyman's widow resident at Kensington. Mrs. Leigh, it seemed, had two daughters, Hilda and Catherine, the latter, who was the youngest, having a short time before suffered from a severe illness. The doctors had advised that in order to restore Miss Catherine Leigh to health, it would be necessary to take her to the seaside for at least a couple of months; but Mrs. Leigh was in anything but affluent circumstances, and for this reason the trip appeared out of the question, till Sir George, guessing why the

medical advice was not being acted on, found a way out of the difficulty.

His seat, Porthgullion Towers, was, as has been stated, let to a stranger, but not included in the lease of the mansion was a smaller residence, situated on the beach of Porthgullion Cove, and known as the Dower House. This place had not been occupied for many years, but it was furnished and in fairly good repair; and Sir George, in his anxiety to be of use to the relatives of his future wife, offered the house to the Leigh family for as long as they required it. Porthgullion lay among the wildest and most romantic scenery of North Cornwall, full in the teeth of the Atlantic breezes. From its seclusion it was the place of all others for an invalid recovering from a nervous malady. Mrs. Leigh went down to see the house, and on her return at once thankfully accepted Sir George's offer. A week later, with her two daughters and one maid-servant, she set out for Porthgullion, whence Miss Hilda Leigh announced their safe arrival to her lover on the following day.

For five days Sir George had no further news of the party, and then the post brought him a letter from Mrs. Leigh of such an alarming and unaccountable nature that he decided to seek my assistance.

"You had better read it yourself," he said, when he had sketched the few introductory particulars

given above. "It tells its own story, and I can make neither head nor tail of it, except that Miss Leigh is undoubtedly badly hurt."

The letter was as follows:

"The Dower House, Porthgullion Cove,
"September 15th, 189—.

"DEAR SIR GEORGE,—

"You will have heard of our safe arrival from Hilda. I now write to tell you of a lamentable occurrence, as terrifying as it is mysterious, which took place here last night, and which will doubly shock you, as it is poor Hilda herself who is the victim. Hilda, Lucy, the maid, and I retired to rest at our usual time, ten o'clock; Kate, who has much benefited by her stay here, having gone to her room an hour earlier. The latter has quite got over sleeplessness, thanks, I suppose, to the sea air, and I myself slept soundly all night. Lucy, the maid, is always hard to wake, and, in short, neither of us three heard a sound all night. This morning Hilda did not appear at the breakfast table, and on going to her bedroom I was horrified to find the poor child lying on the floor at the foot of the bed, quite insensible, and bleeding from a wound on the left side of the skull. Her face wore a look of intense horror, which convinces me that she saw something that terrified her before she was hurt. She has not regained consciousness

yet, nor has she spoken, except that when the doctor assisted me to move her on to the bed she opened her eyes and murmured, 'The man! the horrid man!'

"As you know, there is no medical practitioner nearer than Wadebridge, ten miles away, and I was in despair what to do till one of the fishermen on the beach told us that there was a Doctor Radclyffe residing at the Towers, in charge of your tenant Mr. Babbacombe, who it seems is a chronic invalid. The fisherman very kindly consented to go up and see if Dr. Radclyffe would come down to the Dower House to see Hilda, for though the Towers in point of distance is so close to us, it takes a good time to get round to it by the path up the cliff. After some little delay Dr. Radclyffe came and dressed the wound, giving it as his opinion that Hilda was suffering from concussion of the brain, and that it may even be days before she comes to herself. Personally I do not much care for the doctor, but I am bound to admit that he is giving every attention to the case, and appears to be skilful and experienced. He quite pooh-poohs my suggestion that the wound was inflicted by a weapon in any one's hand, and maintains that the injury is the result of an accident—probably through Hilda having fallen against the marble edge of the wash-stand.

"And now, dear Sir George, let me tell you why

I cannot accept the doctor's explanation as satisfactory to my own mind. In the first place, Hilda was found at a considerable distance from the washstand, and it seems hardly possible that she could have moved after receiving a blow of such stunning force. Secondly, when I came down first to see the house something happened which I thought at the time must be a delusion on my part, but which by the light of this later occurrence has frightened me a good deal. On that occasion, after procuring the key from the fisherman's wife to whom you referred me as caretaker, I went alone to view the accommodation at the Dower House.

"The windows were all closed and the blinds were drawn, and though the condition of everything did credit to your caretaker, yet there was that unmistakable musty odour inseparable from a furnished house that has been for a long time unoccupied. I do not mean that there was anything that a fire or two in the empty rooms and a general opening of the windows would not dispel in half an hour; but I want to convey to you, in order to explain my subsequent sensations, how struck I was with the general air of uninhabited solitude that prevailed in the house.

"I went through every room from cellar to garret, even looking into cupboards and prying into the kitchen offices—not in any desire to criticize the accommodation you so kindly placed at our

disposal, but so as to be able on my return to describe to the girls the house which was to be our home for some months. Everywhere did I receive the impression of a house that was not only unoccupied, but had been so for many years.

"So much the greater was my surprise at what followed. On leaving I carefully relocked the door, and I was already fifty yards or so on my way back to the caretaker's with the key, when something prompted me to turn round and view the house from that particular standpoint. I started violently when I saw, or thought I saw, the face of a man watching me from one of the upper windows, the blind of which had been drawn aside. Almost before I was able to realize the impression, the blind was dropped into position again, and the window resumed its former appearance so quickly, that I doubted if my eyes had not been deluded by the glare on the sea. I stood on the spot gazing at the house for several minutes, but nothing further appeared to alter the deserted aspect of the Dower House, and I finally concluded that I had been mistaken. At the same time, the incident had given me such an uncomfortable feeling that I determined to say nothing about it to my daughters, lest they should either share my first nervous alarm, or laugh at my error.

"But now that this has befallen Hilda, I begin

to wonder whether I was mistaken after all. And yet it seems impossible that any one could have been in the house either on the occasion of my first visit of inspection or last night. I noticed specially that all the windows and doors were fastened before leaving, and, as I have said, the uninhabited air of the house made a great impression on me. Again, last night all the house doors and the windows were found properly fastened on the inside, and there was not the slightest trace of a forcible entry having been effected. Dr. Radclyffe took especial pains to go round and look for such signs, and he found absolutely nothing. Hilda's own bedroom door was not locked on the inside, but then she is not in the habit of locking it, so that speaks for nothing. What am I to think? We know no one down here, except one or two of the fishermen on the shore, and they are most friendly and obliging, so that if it is an outrage it is difficult to understand by whom, and for what object, it could have been perpetrated.

"In conclusion, dear Sir George, if you could find time to run down and reassure me, your presence would be a great comfort.

"Yours very sincerely,

"ADELAIDE LEIGH."

Such was the letter which had brought Sir George Trevlyn and myself to Cornwall by the

night mail. We reached Wadebridge about ten o'clock in the morning, and, after breakfasting at the hotel, hired a dogcart to take us the remainder of our journey. It was a lonely drive through desolate moorland scenery, and it was not till the country began to dip towards the sea that signs of habitation began to appear. Then, as the road wound steeply downwards through a ravine which cleft the great granite downs that formed the coast-line, a few cottages came in sight, and at the foot where the fissure ended in a sandy beach, there was a little cluster of humble dwellings, a coastguard station, and a quaint old inn. The hamlet, my companion told me, was Porthgullion Cove.

We pulled up in front of the "Trevlyn Arms," and while Sir George, who seemed to be personally known to every soul in the place, was exchanging greetings and arranging for the stabling of the horse, I strolled out on to the sea-front, where half a dozen fishing-boats were bumping and straining at their moorings against a dilapidated stone jetty.

The long Atlantic rollers were tumbling in before a stiff breeze from the westward to break in crested waves upon the shore of the cove. But the beach was of limited extent, only stretching some quarter of a mile to right and left of the quay, and ended altogether at two bold points on either hand where the cliffs ran down sheer into deep water. In the

cove itself the cliffs were quite as precipitous as further along, the only difference being that their giant grey walls stood back a little, with a fringe of beach between their base and the sea. Towards the western end of the cove I noticed a fair-sized house with white walls and a green verandah, and as it was the only residence of any pretension within the confines of the bay, I came to the conclusion that it was the Dower House. It was built close up against the foot of the cliff, which thus formed a sheltering wall behind it. There was no other building on the beach in its vicinity, but raising my eyes upwards, I saw at the summit of the cliff, two hundred feet above, the hoary turrets and grey gables of a venerable mansion.

Just as I was wondering if the house on the cliff was Porthgullion Towers, Sir George came up and confirmed my surmise.

"Yes," he said, "that is the Towers, and the little place below is the Dower House. We will walk along there now, if you please. The Dower House was built by an ancestor of mine to accommodate a stepmother with whom he was not on good terms. As you see, though the houses are only a few hundred feet apart, the intervening distance is represented by an inaccessible precipice, and there can be no communication between the two except by going all the way round—along the beach, and thence past the coastguard station and

inn, and up or down the road by which we descended just now."

"A case of 'so near and yet so far,'" I said, as we picked our way along the shore. "That is a smart steam yacht, lying there," I added, pointing to a vessel that was moored about a quarter of a mile out at sea, exactly in front of the Dower House; "she is rather a contrast to the rough-and-tumble craft that seem the rule here."

"That is the *Luna*, I expect," said Sir George, "belonging to my tenant at the Towers—old Babbacombe. He is a great invalid, and I am told lives in entire seclusion. The people at the inn have just been telling me about him. They say he is never seen outside the gates of the Towers, except when he is carried in a sort of litter down to the quay to be taken on board the yacht for a short cruise. It is his one amusement. He doesn't seem to be any good to any one down here, though I have no cause to grumble, seeing that he pays his rent punctually enough."

"Rather odd, isn't it, to have the yacht moored there at the end of the cove?" I replied. "One would have thought that he would have had it more in the centre—opposite the quay. He must have an uncommon long row whenever he goes aboard or is put ashore."

"Perhaps he likes to have his vessel opposite his own windows, where he can keep an eye on his

men," said Sir George. "Anyhow, there's no accounting for the fads of a rich invalid."

By this time we were approaching the Dower House, and my dawning interest in the tenant of the Towers was thrust into the background by the appearance of an elderly lady at the front door. Mrs. Leigh, for she it was, welcomed my client with evident relief, but she looked worn and anxious, and her reply to Sir George's first question denoted the cause.

"Hilda is worse, I fear, much worse," said Mrs. Leigh. "She showed signs of returning consciousness yesterday, but as soon as the doctor saw her he said that it was only partial and temporary, and now his opinion has been verified, for she has relapsed into complete stupor. Her strength, too, is rapidly failing. In fact, I hardly know how to break it to you—Dr. Radclyffe gives very little hope of her recovery."

Sir George staggered under the blow, and perhaps it was as well that a diversion happened at that moment which prevented his breaking down. There was a crunching of footsteps on the shingle path behind us, and, turning, we saw a tall, dark man, in a professional-looking black frock-coat, coming towards the house. He seemed surprised, and, I thought, a trifle annoyed at seeing us.

"This is the doctor," said Mrs. Leigh; "he

saw Hilda an hour ago, but he promised to return with some medicine."

The doctor handed her a bottle and gave a few directions for administering the contents, but he declined to enter the house. He had seen his patient so recently, he said, it really was not necessary. He would return later in the day, and note the effect of the medicine.

Having said this, however, he did not, as might have been expected, take his departure, but stood looking inquiringly at Sir George and myself as though he expected to be introduced. His demeanour was so marked that Mrs. Leigh took the hint and introduced us—Sir George by name, and myself, in her ignorance of who I was, as his friend.

Dr. Radclyffe's interest in my client seemed to subside with the discovery of his identity; but he addressed himself directly to me.

"You are not a medical man, I presume, sir?" he said.

"No, indeed," I replied; "I am merely here as my friend's travelling companion."

Was I right in supposing that a shade of relief flitted across his swarthy face at my disclaimer of medical knowledge? His object at any rate appeared to be gained, for, raising his hat, he moved away, leaving us to follow Mrs. Leigh into the house. She led us into a pleasant sitting-

room, where Sir George briefly explained the object of my presence, thus giving me an opportunity of forming an opinion of the lady's character. I may say at once that Mrs. Leigh struck me as a shrewd, practical woman, and one of the last people in the world to be the victim of a nervous fancy. The interview, in fact, impressed me with the importance of the episode of the face at the window as bearing upon the case in point, and I recognized that we had to deal with very deep waters indeed. I was convinced that some entirely abnormal condition of affairs prevailed at this remote Cornish fishing village, and I was inclined to think that it was not personal to the Leighs in any way; but so far I was without a key to the mystery.

Mrs. Leigh had just acceded to my request to look over the house when we were joined by Miss Catherine Leigh—the younger daughter, on whose account they were staying at Porthgullion. The young lady looked thin and very weary, and her mother explained that she had had a sleepless night, though during their residence in the Dower House she had hitherto slept well. This would not have been noticed by me had not Mrs. Leigh already told us that in her younger daughter's weak state of health she had kept from her all knowledge of the "face at the window," and had also concealed from her the serious condition of her elder sister.

Why, then, had Miss Catherine Leigh slept soundly till last night, and then reverted to her former sleeplessness for no apparent reason?

Sir George remained with Miss Catherine Leigh in the dining-room while Mrs. Leigh showed me round. The house consisted of two floors, and it was so small that there were only three bedrooms on the top floor. A small room at the back of the house on the ground-floor was, however, furnished as a bedroom, and this was the chamber occupied, at her own request, by Miss Hilda Leigh, and in which she was now lying unconscious. On entering the room we found a quiet, respectable-looking girl, the maid-servant, sitting by the side of the bed, upon which Hilda lay in a state of coma, and breathing stertorously. The patient's head was swathed in bandages, and her face was as white as that of a corpse, all the paler, perhaps, because of its contrast with a rather curious red-and-white striped pillow, on which her head was propped. The pillow was the top one of two others, and it struck me that the patient's head was rather higher than the circumstances demanded.

When I made some casual remark to that effect Mrs. Leigh said, "Yes, poor child; she seems fated to have that pillow after all. It was on the bed when we arrived here, but Hilda either didn't like its colour, or had enough pillows already, so she gave it to Catherine. But yesterday the doctor

said her head was not high enough, and he went and got this pillow from Catherine's room. Do you know, Mr. Zambra, I do *not* like that man. There is a sinister look in his eyes which haunts me."

I had already ticked Dr. Radclyffe off as one to whom close attention was desirable, and I determined to be equally careful in scrutinizing his doings.

"Have you spoken to the caretaker about the pillow?" I asked. "Are you sure it is one belonging to the house?"

"No," Mrs. Leigh replied, "I have not mentioned it. It never crossed my mind that the pillow did not belong to the house, nor did it appear to be important."

"Trifles are always interesting in these cases if they run a little out of the usual groove," I said. "This pillow is a bit out of groove; at any rate, it doesn't match the others. With your leave I should like to have a look at it."

Mrs. Leigh carefully drew the object of my curiosity from under the patient's head, and handed it to me. The moment I felt it I knew that it was no ordinary pillow. The outside portion of the stuffing was soft and fleecy enough, but on being squeezed, certain harder substances in the centre were noticeable to the touch, and, as I always do on such occasions, I acted on impulse.

In a second my penknife was out, the pillow was ripped up, and the contents were strewed on the floor. They consisted of an outer layer of feathers which simply served to conceal the presence of a bulky lining of crushed heads of *Papaver somniferum*—the true opium poppy of the East. The pillow was neither more nor less than a sleep-producing machine, and it accounted for many things. It accounted for Miss Catherine Leigh's sound sleep till the previous night, and it very possibly accounted for Miss Hilda Leigh's prolonged stupor. And it led up to a good deal more.

"This pillow corroborates your story of the face at the window," I said to Mrs. Leigh, after hastily explaining the nature of my discovery. "Some one who has secret access to this house placed the pillow in this room so that its occupant might slumber so deeply as not to be disturbed. Miss Leigh, as you tell me, gave the pillow to her sister, and hence was awakened during the night by the mysterious intruder, who must have assaulted her either to prevent her raising an alarm or to silence her once for all so that she might not tell what she had seen."

"It is incomprehensible!" cried Mrs. Leigh. "Whom do you suspect?"

"There is no certainty yet," I said; "but the doctor might know something about the attributes

of the pillow. He went and fetched it back here when, as you say, your daughter showed signs of coming to. It is just possible he may have been interested in the original attempt to keep the occupant of this chamber in a sound sleep."

I walked to the window—which had an aspect sideways up the cove—and looked out. The back of the house, I noticed, was built in actual contact with the side of the cliff which rose sheer upwards to the grounds of the Towers. Turning to the room again, I examined the wall that backed on to the cliff. Where it was open to the room it sounded and felt solid enough, and I could discover no traces of a secret entrance. But in the centre stood a cumbersome, old-fashioned wardrobe, too heavy for less than a squad of men to move. I had no sooner opened this piece of furniture than the secret of the Dower House was in my hands. Tapping with my fingers on the back I elicited a hollow booming sound, which told me that it was neither more nor less than a doorway to some hidden space beyond. A second later I found the hinges upon which the dummy back opened inwards, but the mode of fastening was concealed, and the doorway resisted all my pressure. Whither could it lead, otherwise than straight into the bowels of the cliff?

Mrs. Leigh, calm despite her excitement, at once acted on my suggestion that the injured girl

should at all hazards be taken to another room, and that she should on no account touch Dr. Radclyffe's medicine. When the removal had been effected, I held a consultation with Sir George, and he at once agreed to my proposal to take out the back of the wardrobe and probe the matter to the bottom. The maid produced a wood chopper, and the secret door soon yielded to my onslaught sufficiently to allow the blade of the axe to be inserted. A little leverage did the rest, and the back of the wardrobe fell out, disclosing the mouth of a gloomy cave about six feet square. Stepping through the aperture, I saw that the place had no roof, but that I was, in fact, standing at the foot of a shaft running upwards to the top of the cliff. There were ladder-like steps cut in the side of the shaft, and three hundred feet above I saw a glimmer of daylight.

Sir George stepped through the wardrobe and joined me, and we both stood gazing up the rugged funnel at the speck of sky overhead.

"What *can* it mean?" said the young baronet at last.

"It means," I replied, "that your excellent tenant Babbacombe, and his medical attendant, have turned your family mansion into a nest of desperate criminals, and that they have been using this lower house and the shaft as a secret thoroughfare to the so-called yacht. What their game is

I don't rightly know yet, but I soon shall, for I am going up there."

I began to mount the rocky steps, and so steep was the ascent that about a hundred feet up I was beginning to wonder if I could reach the top, when sharply and suddenly I was brought face to face with the easier method used by the frequenters of the shaft. A slight sound attracted my attention, and, looking upwards, I saw the figure of a man descending with cat-like agility towards me, and clutching a rope which unwound as he progressed, evidently from a windlass above. He was but twenty feet higher up, and he would be on me in an instant. At the same moment I saw that he had noticed me, for he gave a half pause and then with a yell of rage he resumed his descent. I gave myself up for lost, for to fall from that height was certain death, and his were the superior advantages of having the rope and the higher position. I drew my pistol and was about to use it, when the other forestalled me by firing full at me from ten feet off. The bullet cut my coat collar, and, starring itself against the side of the shaft, fell harmlessly downwards. In a second I pulled my trigger, at the same time flattening myself against the rock and holding on for dear life to make room for what I knew would come. There was a wild shriek following the report of my pistol, a terrible shock as a heavy mass fell

hurtling by me, and then far below a dull thud which there was no mistaking. Looking upward I saw nothing but the dangling rope and the little speck of blue sky.

Five minutes later I was at the foot of the shaft, bending with Sir George Trevlyn over the dead body of Doctor Radclyffe. He had probably been coming down to listen at the other side of the wardrobe, in order to see if any suspicion had been aroused, and on seeing me had realized that the game was up, and his only safety lay in disabling me from pursuit. Leaving Sir George to take care of the ladies, I ran to the coastguard station, and had no difficulty, after relating what had happened, in enlisting the services of half a dozen men to proceed to the Towers forthwith. We took the three male and four female occupants completely by surprise, and unearthed in the top floor of the mansion one of the largest coining plants that has been captured in England for many years.

The "Mr. Babbacombe," the sham invalid and nominal tenant, was in reality only second in command to the man calling himself Doctor Radclyffe, who was the chief of the gang. By the confession of one of the subordinates the whole system was revealed. Radclyffe had chosen the locality because of its seclusion, and by taking a house of the pretensions of the Towers had successfully baffled suspicion for years. The only difficulty was in

getting the cases of spurious coin to the steamer without attracting the notice of the coastguards at the station in the centre of the cove, close to which it was necessary to pass in order to reach the quay. This was obviated by the tunnelling of the shaft from the grounds of the Towers to the back of the Dower House, which, being unoccupied, offered unusual facilities as a secret thoroughfare. By this means the base coin was got on board in the night time without any one knowing it, and the next day the sham invalid would be carried down to the quay and rowed off to the vessel, which would return in a few days, after getting rid of the cargo, reloaded with the necessary metal.

When the Dower House was occupied by the Leighs, the coiners devised the idea of ensuring sound sleep to the person who used the wardrobe chamber by placing therein the poppy-head pillow which led to their capture. Hilda Leigh, however, having given it to her sister, was awakened by two men, one of whom was Radclyffe, passing through her room, and was knocked down and left for dead just as she had leapt from her bed in terror. The chief of the gang, who had been a medical student in his youth, being called in to advise, attempted to prolong the unconsciousness by artificial means, and it was afterwards proved that he contemplated a more serious crime to prevent Miss Leigh from telling what she had

seen. The medicine he left was analyzed, and was found to be a solution of arsenic which would have ensured her death in twenty-four hours.

I do not think that there is anything more to add, except that the three men on the steam yacht were captured by the coastguard, and that the whole gang are doing a long term of penal servitude. Miss Hilda Leigh recovered as soon as her doctor's kind attentions were removed, and she is now Lady Trevlyn.

IV.

THE CLUE OF THE HAUNTED HOUSEBOAT.

It is not an uncommon experience for cases introduced to my notice in a shape verging on the ridiculous to develop by sharp and sudden turns into phases of grimmest tragedy. I was consulted once by a West End barber on the loss of a lady's wig, left with him for repair. The case, when worked out to a finish, disclosed one of the cruellest and most cunningly devised murders of modern times. On another occasion the complaint by a City chophouse-keeper of supposed pilferings by a waiter, led to the timely discovery of a gigantic forgery, which would have gone far towards ruining the Bank of France. I may tell these stories some day, but for the present I only allude to them to show that in the science of detection "small beginnings" are least of all to be despised, and to explain why I allowed Miss Sophia Morrison to babble nonsense to me for the best part of a whole precious hour.

It was on a sultry morning in August that this lady made her appearance at my office—trippingly, and scattering the odour of patchouli around.

"I have heard you are so clever, Mr. Zambra," she began. "Tell me, oh, do tell me, whether you believe in the supernatural—in the weird and awful denizens of the unseen world?"

Her last two words relieved me from the temptation to reply that "seeing was believing," for uncharitable persons might have suggested that the adjectives "weird and awful" were applicable to my visitor herself. Miss Sophia Morrison carried a snappy little Skye terrier under her arm. From this fact, and because she was smartly dressed for five-and-twenty, though never likely to see fifty again, I judged that she belonged to the class of reluctant old maids. The remnants of a neat figure were visible, but despite certain obvious aids from art, her faded face and fleshless cheek-bones would not allow the truth to be burked. She had evidently decided to pit against the ravages of time a gushing girlishness of manner which might have deceived old gentlemen, but which was not an effective weapon against a case-hardened detective.

"I don't believe in anything of the kind," I replied, rather shortly; "but you had better tell me your story. I have had one or two ghost cases,

and I have generally been able to clothe the spirits with flesh and blood before I have finished with them."

"Ah, but you won't this time," she returned. "It is a real ghost—the ghost of a very dear friend of mine, whom I know—positively *know*—to be far away on the stormy sea. It appeared to me last night, and it is all so strange and curious that I came up this morning on purpose to see what you could make of it. I simply adore detectives, and I have long wished for an opportunity of consulting one."

The queer creature paused and giggled; I restrained my impatience with difficulty. "My time is very valuable, madam," I said; "if you will kindly furnish me with particulars I shall be better able to form an opinion on the case."

"Well then," she proceeded, "you must know that we have got a houseboat for the summer on the Thames between Maidenhead and Cookham—in the most delightful spot you could imagine. We have been on board since the middle of July, and it has been just like living in fairyland. The head of the family is Mr. Gordon Lake, of the Stock Exchange. I have no doubt you have heard of him. It was the dear man's own idea to make up this river party, and he must have been repaid over and over again in contemplating the happiness he has given us.

"Mr. Lake is a widower, without any children of his own, but he has the care of his niece Ada Morrison, the orphan daughter of my brother Herbert, who married Gordon Lake's only sister Fanny. When my brother died he left all his money—about a quarter of a million—unconditionally to his wife, and she in turn made her brother Gordon executor of the will, by which she left everything to her little girl. Poor Fanny Morrison died three years after her husband, when Ada was but six years old, and ever since Mr. Gordon Lake and I—an uncle and aunt, you see, from each side of the family—have had charge of Ada. Mr. Lake has looked after her money, and I have superintended her education, residing, at Mr. Lake's request, under his roof for that purpose.

"Alas! our pleasant duty is nearly at an end. Ada is to leave our fostering care to be married six weeks hence. Under her mother's will Mr. Gordon Lake had full power to withhold his consent till she came of age. Is it not a sign of his goodness of heart that he yielded to Ada's wishes at once, though she is only nineteen? Besides having all the trouble of realizing and handing over Ada's large fortune for the settlement, he loses his dear niece's society and the nice sum allowed out of the estate for her maintenance. He not only gives his sanction without a murmur, but lays himself out to make the young people happy by bringing them

together on the houseboat. Isn't it sweet of him?"

"If the match is a suitable one it is only what might be expected of a man of Mr. Lake's reputed wealth," I said. "He is well known to me by hearsay as one of the boldest speculators in Capel Court."

"Ah, well," Miss Sophia went on, "I cannot expect you to appreciate Gordon Lake's kindness as those do who know him best. I was only telling you these family matters to show you of whom the party on the *Firefly*—that is the name of our houseboat—is composed. Till a day or two ago it consisted of myself, Mr. Lake, Ada's *fiancé* Charles Garnett, and Ada herself. Those were all who were permanently located on board, though of course friends often came down to stay with us. In fact, Mr. Lake, in his genial way, used to say that it was a regular 'Liberty Hall.' In addition to ourselves there are four servants, but they only come in the daytime, sleeping at the village a mile away.

"Now I will tell you about the ghost. Four days ago our merry party was deprived of, *I* think, its most attractive member in the most disgustingly sudden fashion. We had planned an excursion to Henley, and we were discussing the arrangements at breakfast when the boy from the post-office came on board with our letters. Mr. Lake had

no sooner opened his daily report from his London manager than he cast a bombshell amongst us by announcing that he must go away to New York at once on important business. There was no getting out of it, he said. He would be back in three weeks, long before the wedding; but he *must* go, or lose an enormous sum of money in a speculation on an American railway. At the same time he begged us to remain just as we were, and he did me the honour to tell the young folks that they must consider me the hostess.

"Well, there was nothing for it but to let the dear man go, and the next day I had a telegram from him from Queenstown, saying that he was safely on board the *Aurania* and just leaving port. The telegram was brought ashore by the pilot. Goodness knows it's been dull enough without him, but everything went on all right till last night. Ada and Charles have been mostly amusing themselves in the punt, while I have passed the time in reading and in wondering whether it was calm on the Atlantic.

"Last night we went to bed about half-past eleven—that is to say, Ada, Charles Garnett, and myself. The servants, you must remember, had all gone ashore for the night a couple of hours earlier. I slept soundly till two, when I was woke up by the rays of the moon falling upon my face through the state-room window. I got up to

pull the curtains closer, and in doing so I chanced to look out toward the river bank. The *Firefly* is moored twenty feet from the bank, and at that place there is a willow coppice running down almost to the water's edge.

"What was my horror to see, as plainly as I see you now, the shadowy figure of Gordon Lake standing a little way back among the trees, watching the houseboat with a gaze that was more than mortal. The paleness of death was on his brow, and his features were set and motionless, but there is not the faintest doubt that the shape and face were those of Gordon Lake—of Gordon Lake who in the flesh is ever so many thousand miles away in the middle of the ocean. I lit my lamp and called softly, and as I did so the figure faded away among the willows and was lost to view. What can the vision have been except his wraith?"

"Wraith or no wraith it does not appear to have done any harm," I said tentatively. "What is it that you want me to do?"

"Well, you see," said the spinster, wriggling a little on the chair, "one can never be quite sure about a ghost till one knows that it is one. The fact is, I am dreadfully anxious about Mr. Lake, and I want to reassure my mind that nothing has happened to him."

"I see," I replied; "you are grasping at straws, and hope I shall be able to prove that your

vision is nothing but a practical joke—some servant made up to resemble Mr. Lake, perhaps, or at worst a burglar masquerading with the intention of robbing you."

"Oh, how delighted I should be!" gushed my visitor. "You see, I have said nothing to Mr. Garnett and Ada—they would only make fun of me."

"Without saying anything further at present, Miss Morrison," I replied, "I don't think you have done amiss in consulting me. The case has points of interest. Is there any way in which I could come down and spend the night on the *Firefly?*"

"Why, yes, of course," said the lady; "come as my guest. I will say that you are the son—I mean the brother—of an old schoolfellow. Ada and Charles are much too taken up with each other to care who and what you are."

So it was arranged that I should go down to Maidenhead by an afternoon train and spend the night on the houseboat in the character of Miss Sophia Morrison's guest. When my quaint client had taken herself off to catch an earlier train, I sat back in my chair and mused for five minutes with my eyes closed. At the end of that period the conclusion I had come to was that I had been retained by a sentimental old fool, but that without her knowing it, it might be anything but a fool's errand on which I was bound. Certain inferences presented themselves, in keeping with more

serious possibilities than practical jokes, or even than burglars, and I determined to see the matter out.

It was past six when the fly from Maidenhead put me down at a riverside hotel a quarter of a mile from where I understood the *Firefly* to be moored. At the foot of the hotel lawn I engaged a waterman to row me up stream to the house-boat, for I wished to avoid wasting time in searching for the latter through a tangle of riparian undergrowth, Miss Morrison having described it as moored off a coppice. We had not gone a hundred yards from the landing-place when my boat passed a punt in which were a nice-looking young fellow in flannels and a very pretty girl in a smart pink boating costume. The punt was made fast by the pole, and the occupants were pretending to fish for gudgeon, though it was easy to see that the rods held a secondary place in their attention. The young man stared hard at me as the boat went by, but the girl took no notice.

"That be one of the gemmen and ladies from the *Firefly*," said my waterman. "They be main fond of fishing, they be; though it isn't much they ketch. Too busy sweethearting for that, I reckon."

Charles Garnett and Ada Morrison, without a doubt, I thought. But what could have made the young man eye me in that peculiar manner? Had Miss Sophia Morrison, unable to keep her secret,

told him that she expected a detective down to hunt for a ghost?

The prettiest spot of colour in all the reaches of the Upper Thames was that made by Mr. Gordon Lake's houseboat. As my wherry drew nearer and I marked the roof and windows gay with flowers, the luxurious deck-chairs, and the polished brass and woodwork; as I caught a glimpse, through the delicate drapery of the dining-saloon windows, of table appointments that would have done credit to a Royal yacht, I could well imagine with what envy the *Firefly* must be regarded by less fortunate frequenters of the river.

Miss Morrison, who had seen my approach from afar, welcomed me in person, and having instructed a solemn servant in livery to see to my bag, led the way into a sumptuously furnished drawing-room.

I had hardly received an affirmative reply to my question whether the reason of my presence on board was still a secret between us, when the sound of laughter and voices were heard, and the engaged couple came in. According to previous arrangement I was introduced as Mr. Summers, and as I shook hands with young Garnett I noticed again the inquiring look with which he had regarded me from the punt. The cause was very soon made known to me; for the hostess, seeing all chance of a confidential talk at an end, suggested that Mr.

Garnett should show me the spare state-room that had been prepared for me. The moment we had passed out of the drawing-room on to the deck, he laid his hand on my shoulder, and half whispered—

"I say, you are Mr. Zambra, the detective, aren't you?"

The young man looked at me with such honest gray eyes that I felt there was no object in trying to deceive him. *He* was not implicated in the theory which induced me to come ghost-hunting for a twaddling old maid.

"Yes," I said, "I may as well admit it; but how do you know me?"

"It is very simple," he replied. "Before I came into my money, a year or two ago, by my father's unexpected death, I was reading for the Bar. I saw you in court once, when you gave evidence in the Senior case. What on earth is that old donkey up to? You won't mind my asking, I hope," he added frankly, "but, as possibly you have been told, I am engaged to Miss Ada Morrison, and I don't like mysteries about where she is concerned. The presence of a man of your profession implies something wrong, and"—here he lowered his voice—"I have been uneasy already."

"You had better show me my state-room," I said significantly.

He took the hint and led me round the outside of

the deck-houses to the entrance to the corridor, on each side of which, at the front of the boat, were the sleeping apartments. At the stern of the vessel, beyond the corridor, and covering nearly the whole width of the deck, were the drawing and dining rooms, and finally the kitchen. As I entered the corridor I noticed that the first of the cabins on the left side, which was that nearest to the bank, had a brass bolt on the *outside* of the door.

"That is a novelty, and a reversal of the usual order of things, surely," I remarked, pointing to the bolt as we passed.

"Yes," said Mr. Garnett, "those are the ladies' state-rooms on that side. Mr. Lake discovered about a fortnight ago that old Miss Morrison—as Ada and I call her—was in the habit of walking in her sleep. When he told her, she was in such a fright lest she should walk overboard that she jumped at his suggestion that she should have a bolt put on the outside of her door, and be bolted in the last thing at night. Not pleasant for Miss Ada Morrison, is it, seeing that she occupies a berth in the next compartment of the ladies' cabin, and has no separate door for her own use."

"The effect being that Miss Ada is locked in too! Who performs the ceremony of shooting the bolt after the ladies have retired?"

"Mr. Lake did till he went away," said Mr. Garnett. "Miss Morrison begged and implored

me to do it after his departure, and just to humour her, and keep her quiet, I consented. Ada says she doesn't mind, as I always undo the bolt the first thing in the morning."

By this time we had reached the compartment of the gentleman's cabin on the other side of the corridor, and the young man sat on the bed while I told him unreservedly the story which Miss Sophia Morrison had brought to me.

"The silly old creature!" he laughed when I had finished; "I am relieved to hear it is nothing worse. She has been setting her cap at Gordon Lake for years, Ada tells me. It is quite possible that she is really so anxious about him that she dreamed this, or thought she saw him while she was in one of her sleep-walking jaunts."

"Tell me," I said, "did any one besides Gordon Lake ever see Miss Morrison walk in her sleep?"

"Not that I know of," was the reply. "He informed her one morning that he had seen her in the small hours walking on deck in her night-dress, and that he had watched her safely back to her cabin, being afraid to alarm her by waking her."

"Would you mind telling me what you meant just now when you said that you had been uneasy already?" I asked.

"Well," replied young Garnett, "I don't know that I ought to do so, as it has no bearing on this ridiculous matter; but you have treated me with

confidence, and I may as well reciprocate. The fact is, I don't trust Gordon Lake. He is a fascinating man of middle age, and a favourite in certain circles; but he is too plausible and mealy-mouthed to suit me. Besides—you won't let this go further—I have been warned."

He fumbled in his pocket, and tossed over to me a letter, which I read as follows:—

"DEAR CHARLEY,

"Knowing that you are engaged to Lake's niece, I thought it as well to tell you that on 'Change he is considered rather shaky just at present. Till your marriage I suppose he has control of your *fiancée's* large fortune, so you had better keep your eye on him. Master Gordon has the reputation of being bold and not over scrupulous; in fact, his enemies say that he is only honest because, so far, he has had no cause to be otherwise. This strictly on the quiet.

"Yours ever,

"FRED MANDERS."

"That is from a friend of mine on the Stock Exchange," said Garnett. "He is junior partner to his father, who is one of the magnates of the City, and he knows a good deal."

"And you feared——"

"That Lake might have sloped with Ada's quarter

of a million," was the reply, "and possibly with the old lady's little pittance as well, for he has the care of that, I believe. There is no question about his having gone to New York. I saw the wire he sent from Queenstown."

"There are indications of a deeper game than that," I said. "I don't want to alarm you needlessly, but it has struck me from the first that this peculiar lady has hit accidentally upon some scheme that will require some caution and nerve."

"You don't apprehend personal danger to Ada, I trust?" exclaimed my companion.

"I have not got to the bottom of the matter yet," I said evasively, "but I shall know more before we are much older. In the mean while I may rely on your support?"

Mr. Garnett made no answer in words, but he did what was more reassuring. He gripped me warmly by the hand, and gave me a look eloquent of gratitude and confidence. Then, as the gong sounded, we both went back to the drawing-room, and thence to the saloon, where dinner was served.

Ada Morrison was a charming girl, full of high spirits, which shone on that occasion all the more brightly perhaps because she alone of the party was ignorant of my calling. The elder Miss Morrison every now and then tried to work the conversation round to Gordon Lake, but I noticed

that the heiress did not respond very freely to the spinster's encomiums on the absent one.

After dinner we adjourned to the roof, where lounge-chairs were set out among the pelargoniums and azaleas. It was a glorious summer evening, but the sun was getting low, and I had work to do before darkness set in. As soon as I decently could, I suggested that Garnett and I should go and smoke our cigars on the bank.

Miss Ada Morrison protested that we could smoke just as well where we were; but her aunt, seeing that I meant business, made things easy for us, and Mr. Garnett and I had soon crossed the intervening twenty feet of water in the dinghy. The bank was low at that spot, and I noticed, too, that there was a greater depth of water than is usual close in shore. At the same time, the *Firefly* was moored farther out in the stream than is customary. The coppice was a damp and desolate spot, with willows clustering thickly to the water's edge, where no one could possibly have any business. I had already ascertained that it was private property, and that persons going to and fro between land and the houseboat had to use a landing-place in the open, lower down.

Somewhat to his surprise, I asked Mr. Garnett to stand still while I made a circuit of the part of the coppice within view of the *Firefly*. My search was almost instantly rewarded, for at the first

round I came upon the track of a footprint—a gentlemanly, neatly booted footprint—leading from the river bank to the more inland recesses of the coppice. I had no difficulty in tracing it right through the willows into a recently mown meadow, where it was undiscernible on the harder ground.

"One thing I have established," I said, when I returned to my companion—"that Miss Morrison's vision was a living fact, wearing a particularly well-made shoe. It is too dark to search further now, but you and I will have to sit up to-night."

"You really mean, then, that some mischief is intended?" said Garnett.

"I will not go so far as that," I said. "It is possible that Miss Morrison's spectre may think better of whatever it intended, but I mean to be on the safe side."

We returned to the houseboat, where the coloured lamps had now been lit, and spent the remainder of the evening with the ladies on the roof, amongst the flowers. A little before ten the servants rowed away down river to the landing-stage, but it was not till an hour later that I prepared for action. Taking Miss Sophia aside, I told her that if I was to fathom the mystery of the ghost everything must go on just as usual on the houseboat, and I begged her to retire for the night and put out her cabin light. She demurred a little at first, but eventually yielded when I threatened to throw up

the case unless all my instructions were acted on. By half-past eleven, therefore, we had the pleasure of saying good night to the ladies.

When they were gone I went round with my young ally and carefully extinguished every light on the boat. Then I brought the dinghy under the counter and told Garnett to come ashore with me. Just as he was stepping in he said that he had not bolted the ladies in as usual. Should he do so?

"No," I said; "we won't have any more of that tomfoolery. Miss Morrison, I suspect, no more walks in her sleep than you do."

A few strokes put us ashore, and, having enjoined the strictest silence, I concealed the dinghy among some osiers a little higher up. Then I chose a similar bed on the shore, exactly opposite the houseboat, and, wading knee-deep in the muddy slush, we hid ourselves completely from view.

"We shall have at least half an hour to wait," I whispered. "I expect the ghost will not arrive at Maidenhead till the last train from London is in; but it's best to be on the safe side."

"What have you got there?" whispered Garnett, noticing something glitter in my hand by the light of the rising moon.

"Handcuffs," I replied shortly. "I mean to capture the ghost this time."

The minutes passed slowly as we crouched in the dank osier bed, but at last the faint cracking

of a twig far off in the coppice reached my straining ears. Five minutes later the figure of a man came stealthily gliding among the trees, and took up a position on the bank not six feet from where we were concealed. A cloud was over the moon, so that it was too dark to see his features, but his general outline showed him to be of middle height, and dressed in the garb of a gentleman. For full ten minutes he stood there, gazing long and earnestly—as I judged from his attitude—at the houseboat, we scarce breathing the while. Then he took a step forward to the water's edge and began fumbling among the roots of the osiers. Just as I saw that he had found what he wanted—the end of a rope that was secured to the bank by an iron peg—I sprang forward. There was a sharp click quickly drowned by a cry of astonished rage, and my handcuffs closed over the wrists of the midnight prowler.

"Gordon Lake himself!" exclaimed Garnett as he followed, cramped and dripping, to the higher ground where I held my prisoner.

* * * * *

Late that night the stockbroker was lodged in Maidenhead police-station on a charge of attempted murder. The rope which Lake was caught manipulating was found to be attached at the other end to a loose plank near the bottom of the houseboat, which he had carefully prepared so that a strong

jerk on the rope would pull it clean out. An enormous leak ten feet long by a foot broad would thus have been caused, through which the water rushing in must quickly have sunk the houseboat at her moorings. It is not likely that the sleeping occupants would have known their danger till the water was in the cabins, but even for that contingency the fiendish ingenuity of the man had provided by persuading the silly old lady that she walked in her sleep, and by thus inducing her to be locked into the cabin. It was not till afterwards that Ada Morrison was told full particulars, and then she threw some light on the matter by relating how several times she had been woke up at night by the sound of rasping and hammering down below amongst the ballast. She had mentioned it to her uncle, who had told her that the noise was caused by rats, but it was doubtless the criminal preparing the plank for his crime.

Needless to say, the pretended departure for America was merely a ruse calculated to remove suspicion in the event of foul play being talked of in connection with the sinking of the houseboat. Lake was keeping dark in London all the time, and though the passage by the *Aurania* was booked in his name, the person who sailed, and who telegraphed from Queenstown, was a confidential clerk.

Gordon Lake was punished according to his

desserts, and it is satisfactory to be able to add that the whole of the younger Miss Morrison's fortune was found intact, though, divested of its care, her uncle was discovered to be absolutely without resources. It was in the hope of re-establishing his shattered business with his niece's money that he formed the plan so happily brought to naught by a foolish woman's superstition.

V.

THE CLUE OF THE FEROCIOUS MASTIFF.

I HAVE been asked by Sebastian Zambra to schedule the particulars of this case myself, because I had opportunities of noting its more minute details before he came upon the scene. Needless to say, anything of a flowery or literary description is not to be expected from a man of my profession. I deal in facts, and in the evidence of facts.

My name is Alfred Duckworth, and I am a solicitor practising at Rylston—a town of some importance in Dorsetshire. My acquaintance with the brothers Lydiate dates from their first appearance in those parts, for I acted for Captain Lydiate when he purchased the house known as Stone Cottage, on the Weymouth road. Afterwards, when we came into residence there with his younger brother Harold, I transacted several small business affairs for him, and in the course

of time got to know them both better, perhaps, than any one in the neighbourhood.

The elder brother, Frederick, or, as he was generally called, Captain Lydiate, when he came to settle in Dorsetshire had recently retired from the Army, and was about thirty-five years of age. He had inherited a competency of £500 or so a year, and as he showed every sign of being a confirmed bachelor, his income was ample for his needs. Harold, the younger by some four or five years, had not been left so well off, his investments bringing him in less than £200 annually, but living as he did with his brother, he had a sufficient surplus after paying his share of the modest house keeping.

The pair spent a quiet, not to say humdrum, existence, occupying themselves in the season by shooting over a neighbouring farm, the sporting rights of which the Captain rented, and at other times in cultivating the garden attached to Stone Cottage. They always struck me as singularly devoted to one another, the Captain being the most vivacious and conversable of the two, while Harold was more retiring and reserved.

Stone Cottage was a mile beyond the outskirts of Rylston. It stood back only about twenty yards from the high-road, by far the larger portion of the garden being at the rear. On the ground-floor, with which we are principally concerned in

the events to be related, the dining-room was on the left of the front door facing the road, and the drawing-room on the right. Behind the dining-room was a small apartment used as a smoking-room and bachelors' den, with a window looking on to the garden at the rear. The nearest house was a farmstead a quarter of a mile away on the Rylston side of Stone Cottage. It was known as Sheepwash Farm, and was occupied by Isaac Hodman, whose shooting Captain Lydiate rented.

The household at the cottage consisted of the Captain, his brother Harold, and two servants—a man and his wife named Barnett. This couple had been in the Lydiates' service for several years at the time of which I write, George Barnett as gardener, and Mrs. Barnett as cook and general servant indoors. The brothers had a large mastiff named Hugo, whose functions were those of a companion and a house-guard. The dog was of a savage disposition—a terror to tramps and strangers—and was even dreaded by tradesmen and others who had legitimate business at the cottage, but to those belonging to the house he was deeply attached.

Such was the composition of the household at Stone Cottage on a certain Tuesday early in September, when the Lydiates had been domiciled there about four years. On that day the gardener—George Barnett—and his wife asked for and

obtained permission to absent themselves during the afternoon and evening in order to attend the funeral of a relative twenty miles off. Mrs. Barnett set out a cold luncheon in the dining-room before starting, and left the house with her husband shortly after twelve o'clock to catch the train at Rylston. At a quarter-past one a tradesman named Saddler called at the cottage to leave some groceries that had been ordered, and in passing the front to go to the back door he saw both the brothers seated in the dining-room at their midday meal. Harold came, in answer to his knock, to take in the parcel, and Saddler noticed nothing peculiar in his demeanour.

That was the last occasion on which the two Lydiates were seen in each other's company. At a quarter to three Harold Lydiate called at a tobacconist's shop in Rylston and bought some cigars. A few minutes later he entered the Blue Posts Hotel in the High Street, and proceeded to the billiard-room, where in the absence of any players of his acquaintance he had several games with the marker. At half-past four he left the hotel, expressing his intention of returning home, and adding that he and the Captain would have to wait on themselves that evening as the servants were away.

So far I have been narrating events which, being easily corroborated by independent testimony,

were never in doubt. I now come to a series of Harold Lydiate's movements which were not capable of proof, as their truth depended solely upon his own unsupported statement. This statement was first made to Isaac Hodman, of Sheep-wash Farm, at whose house Harold Lydiate appeared at a quarter-past five that same afternoon. The young man was greatly agitated, and begged the farmer to accompany him back to Stone Cottage. He had returned, he said, from Rylston, and not having his latchkey with him had knocked at the front door in the expectation that it would be opened by his brother. He had waited a minute or so, and, on his knock not being answered, he had gone round to the rear of the house with the object of looking through the smoking-room window to see if his brother was asleep in his chair. To his horror, he had seen the Captain lying on the floor by the fireplace, with his head in what looked like a pool of blood, while the dog Hugo was standing in the passage, peering into the room round the half-open door. Though the window was open, and he could easily have entered by that means, Harold Lydiate described himself as so upset at what he had seen that he preferred to summon assistance before entering the house.

Isaac Hodman, the farmer, showed himself to be a man of resource, for he not only set out at once to accompany Harold Lydiate to the cottage,

but before starting despatched his son on a pony to Rylston to fetch a surgeon and to notify the police. On arriving at the cottage, Harold and Hodman at once went to the window of the smoking-room, and the state of things inside was found to have in no way changed. The Captain was still lying in the same position on the floor, and the mastiff was still looking inquiringly, and it seemed apprehensively, through the open door from the passage. The dog made no attempt to come to Harold, though he could easily have crossed the room and leapt through the window.

Harold's intense agitation seemed to have greatly abated now that he had a companion, and, though professing the deepest concern about his brother, he did not hesitate to get through the window into the room. After a hasty glance at the prone figure on the floor, he turned to Hodman and exclaimed—

"He is dead! Some one has shot him!"

The farmer followed into the room, and quickly saw that the words were too true. Captain Lydiate was lying before the fireplace, partially on the hearthrug. He lay on his back, with his head inclined over to the left, so that the left cheek nearly rested on the floor. Over the right temple was a bullet-wound, from which the blood had streamed freely on to the carpet.

"Better not touch him till the doctor and the

police come," said the farmer. "I'm afraid it's all up with the Captain. Let's look for the pistol."

A hasty search failed to reveal any signs of such a weapon; and then Harold, whose face bore traces of the most profound grief, suggested that they should go though the house and see if any one was about. All this time the mastiff had stood in the doorway, apparently afraid to enter; but when the younger Lydiate passed out into the passage Hugo welcomed his master with every sign of joy and affection. On Isaac Hodman also attempting to follow, the dog showed his teeth and growled so threateningly that Harold had to shut him up in the kitchen opposite. The pair then went into the other downstair rooms, and found them in perfect order, Harold Lydiate asserting that they were in the same condition as when he left the house after lunch. On proceeding upstairs, however, a very different state of things was disclosed. A dressing-table in Captain Lydiate's room, in a locked drawer of which he kept his valuables, was found overturned, and several articles of jewellery were strewn about. In his ignorance of what his brother had in the drawer Harold professed himself unable to say if anything was missing. In his own room the vestiges of robbery were more transparent. A leather despatch-box was lying on the bed ripped open, and denuded

of its principal contents, which, as Mr. Lydiate informed the farmer, consisted of three twenty-pound notes and six pounds in gold.

Harold Lydiate had just made some remark to the effect that he should not have deplored the loss of the money if his brother's life could have been spared, when there was a knocking at the front door, and they went downstairs to admit Dr. Bannister and Inspector Troll, of Rylston, who had arrived with a couple of constables. The absence of the pistol had already contradicted the idea of suicide, and the doctor had no sooner set eyes on the body than he pronounced that Captain Lydiate for another reason could not possibly have died by his own hand. Had it been so the skin around the wound would have been discoloured by the powder, whereas it was quite clean and unbroken, leaving no doubt that the shot must have been fired at a distance of at least six feet. Dr. Bannister also gave it as his opinion that at six o'clock, when he viewed the body, life had been extinct certainly over three, and possibly as much as four hours.

There is no need that I should further pursue the events of that afternoon, or follow the perambulations and head-shakings of Inspector Troll and his constables. A provincial policeman in charge of his first murder case is not an edifying spectacle to one imbued with a reverence for the law of

evidence, and as I arrived on the scene while the investigation was in progress, I had better stop here, lest my feelings should get the better of me. Suffice it to say that from the very outset I saw that the inspector had made up his mind that my client, Harold Lydiate, had murdered his brother, and that the young man's arrest was only a question of time.

At the inquest which began next day, and lasted over a week, the story which I have given above was pieced together from the mouths of many witnesses. Every item was conclusively proved by independent testimony, except that portion of Harold Lydiate's evidence which related to what occurred at the Cottage after luncheon, and on his first return from Rylston. It was proved that the gardener and his wife were at the other side of the county attending a funeral, and that they only returned late in the evening, ignorant of what had happened. The time of Harold Lydiate's arrival at and departure from Rylston were put beyond doubt by the tobacconist and the people at the hotel. Even the movements of Farmer Hodman and his men, as the nearest neighbours of the deceased, were scrutinized and satisfactorily accounted for. But in the most material point of all, my client was uncorroborated—namely, that when he started at twenty-five minutes past two to walk into Rylston he had left the deceased sitting

in the armchair in the smoking-room in his usual health and spirits.

A mass of extraneous evidence, so called, was produced by the police, with the obvious intention of bespattering my client with suspicion. The pecuniary benefits he would incur by his brother's death were fully gone into, and both the gardener and his wife were bullied and brow-beaten with the palpable object of getting an admission that the brothers lived on bad terms. The worst that could be said by the Barnetts was that the Captain occasionally gave way to sudden and violent paroxysms of temper, but they "could not recollect" any words ever to have passed between the deceased and Mr. Harold. Though an attempt was made to twist this into a suggestion of strained relations between the two, the jury was fair-minded enough to see the weakness of the police case, and, after some discussion, brought in an open verdict of wilful murder against some person unknown.

To the surprise of all logically-minded people, Harold Lydiate was immediately arrested by Inspector Troll on the charge of murdering his brother. I confess I was not prepared for such action in the absence of all tangible proof. The situation had to be faced, however, and the case was gone into all over again before the magistrates, with the result that—the so-called evidence being now dished up by a smart Treasury counsel

—Harold Lydiate found himself committed for trial.

On the whole I was not sorry that matters had reached this head. The case of the prosecution had been laid bare in all its meagre nakedness before the magistrates, and I knew what I had to meet. The Treasury relied practically on the two facts that the mastiff Hugo would never have allowed any one but Harold and the two servants to approach the Captain, and that the younger brother would benefit by the elder's death. The robbery was characterized by the prosecution as a bogus one, got up by Harold himself to account for the crime.

It was at this point that Harold Lydiate himself added a new element of mystery by relating to me in gaol a conversation he had had with his brother a few days before his death. There had been some trivial robbery in the outskirts of Rylston, and the Captain had remarked that they ought to have a pistol handy in case the thieves paid the cottage a visit. He was regretting that they had not such a thing in the house, when he recollected that it was just possible he might have an old army revolver at the bottom of an unpacked Indian bullock-trunk upstairs. He expressed his intention of taking an early opportunity of looking for it, and the subject then dropped. Harold had since looked in the trunk, but had found no pistol. He

had very properly said nothing about the conversation, as he had no certain knowledge of the presence of a revolver in the house, and it would only have been playing into his enemies' hands to hint that there had been one, and that it was since missing.

My client's communication seemed to open up so many possibilities which I was totally unable to fathom, that in casting about for any assistance my thoughts naturally turned to the man who has so quickly taken the lead in the art of scientific detection.

Zambra answered my letter with a telegram telling me to expect him in Rylston the same afternoon. He arrived at my offices in the High Street about two o'clock—a short, square-built man of forty or so, reminding me of the stereotyped pictures of the First Napoleon, but without the "Little Corporal's" arrogance and bluster. Reserve and determination were expressed in the firm, massive jaw, and the clear, grey eyes were at once penetrating and impenetrable. He was clean shaven, because, as he told me later, he was under the frequent necessity of making up his features in some other guise.

The leading points of the case were already familiar to him from the newspaper reports, but he listened gravely while I recounted the particulars, with the addition of the conversation

about the pistol of which Harold Lydiate had so recently informed me.

"The dog is the only witness in the case worth the name," said Zambra immediately, when I came to a finish. "We must try and make him tell us something."

"Inspector Troll thinks he has succeeded in that already," I replied; "I know he has blazed away half a box of cartridges in the attempt."

"Ah!" exclaimed Zambra; "how did he go to work?"

"I believe he had the dog tied up, and that he then fired all round him with a revolver," I replied.

"With the result?" asked Zambra, smiling curiously.

"With the result that if the dog had been loose he would certainly have torn the Inspector in pieces," I said. "That is the strength of Troll's case—that the dog won't allow a stranger to fire a pistol in his presence."

"You don't think our man did it?" said Zambra, changing the subject abruptly, and looking me through and through.

"I am sure he didn't," I replied. "If I had thought so I should not have sent for you. I am aware that if your discoveries went against young Lydiate you would not conceal them."

"That is so," said Zambra. "It is not my

way to screen the guilty. There would appear to be no need to do so in this case, for, guilty or innocent, there is not much chance of a conviction on the stuff the police call evidence."

"You are here to save Harold Lydiate's good name, not his life," I said.

"Good," said Zambra; "now I know how we stand. Let us go to the house and view the scene. The dog is there still, I suppose?"

I explained that Hugo was at the cottage in the care of Barnett and his wife, who remained in charge of the premises. Half an hour later, my dogcart having put us down at the garden gate, we were knocking at the door of Stone Cottage. The summons was answered by Barnett, the gardener, who kept a restraining hand on the mastiff's collar. At Zambra's request the dog was taken away and shut up in an outhouse while he examined the smoking-room.

It was a new education to see the great detective at work. On entering the smoking-room he walked straight to the fireplace and stood with his back to it—I doubt not intentionally—in the exact spot occupied by Captain Lydiate at the moment he was shot. Zambra was silent for fully five minutes, but his eyes roved round the room incessantly, fastening in turn on door and window, and then on every article of furniture in the place.

"Was the room arranged in the same way on

the day of your master's death, my man?" he asked at length of Barnett, who had followed us in.

The gardener said that everything was in exactly the same position, with the exception of the hearthrug, which had been removed by the police owing to its being soaked with blood, and the Captain's tobacco jar, which had been found on the fatal day smashed on the floor, presumably knocked off the table where it stood by his fall.

Zambra's eye immediately measured the distance from the fireplace to the table, and then he referred to the plan with which I had furnished him, showing the position of the body. Again his eye was busy with the distances, after which he went to the table and shook it with his hand. It was an old-fashioned, round, mahogany table, polished on the top, and supported on a single pedestal in the centre. The treatment it was now subjected to showed that the circular top was anything but firmly fixed, almost a touch serving to incline it from its proper plane. The thought that crossed my mind as I watched Zambra's manipulation was, that a mere brush from the dead man's garments in falling would have accounted for the knocking over of the tobacco jar.

Having proved the table's instability, Zambra next examined its surface, patiently and thoroughly, through a powerful pocket lens. When he came

to the side nearest to the door he sank on to his knees and looked long at a scarcely perceptible mark at the extreme edge of the table. Rising, he dived his hand into a hip pocket and produced a revolver, which he held so that it rested on the table with its butt on the abraded mark, and with its muzzle consequently pointing in the direction of the mantelpiece, the weapon in this position being upside down. For quite two minutes he fitted and fiddled with the butt of the revolver, and then quietly replaced it in his pocket.

"Now, Barnett," he said, "one word before we call in the dog. They worried you a good deal at the inquest and before the magistrates about the Captain's temper. Was he really so hasty?"

The man scratched his head before he replied.

"Well," he said, "that be true enough, mind you—but not with Mister Harold. He was always pals with his brother, he was; but with me and the missus and the dogs he would let out vi'lent like if anything didn't please him. A kind gentleman generally, but nasty if rubbed the wrong way. He very nearly struck me once when I forgot to close the cucumber frame."

"Thank you, Barnett," said Zambra; "I want you to assist us now with an experiment on the dog. What the inspector did was quite useless, but I wish to see how Hugo will behave when treated in a certain way. Fetch him here and see

that he doesn't bite Mr. Duckworth. I am not afraid of him."

Barnett returned, leading the mastiff by the collar.

"Is he obedient? Can you do what you like with him?" said Zambra.

"Pretty well," was the reply.

"Make him stand there, then—the other side of the table by the door—that's right. Now come here yourself, in front of the fireplace, and take this pistol; don't be afraid, it isn't loaded."

Barnett did as he was bid, the dog sitting down on his haunches the while, and surveying us calmly.

"Aim at him as if you were going to fire," said Zambra.

The gardener presented the pistol at Hugo's head, but the dog simply blinked at him.

"That's all right," remarked the detective, cheerfully; "he's an excellent witness. Now take the pistol by the barrel and make as if you were going to throw it at him bodily."

Barnett carried out the injunction to the letter, but he had no sooner raised his arm with the pistol high above his head than the dog gave a frightened yelp, and skulked out into the passage, where he stood peering round the doorway, trembling, and with his tail between his legs.

"That will do, Barnett. Take him away and

shut him up," said Zambra. "Now, Mr. Duckworth," he added, when the man had gone with the dog, "I presume you have seen through my theory about the captain's death after that performance?"

"I think you are under the impression that his death was an accident," I replied; "but I do not see very clearly how you arrive at that conclusion."

"In this way," said Zambra. "I saw that the breaking of the tobacco jar was of far greater importance than it was considered by the police. The distance from the table to the spot where the body was found made it highly improbable that the jar was capsized by the deceased in his fall. I found that the table was easily tilted by any pressure from below. What more likely than that the jar was knocked off and broken by the big dog blundering either against the table or underneath it? Then, in examining the surface, I found the slight indented mark which bears an imprint corresponding with the roughed finger-piece of the hammer of a pistol. That gave me a distinct line. After the experiment just now, I feel pretty certain that the dog upset and broke the jar; that Captain Lydiate, who was standing before the fireplace examining a revolver, in a sudden fit of rage flung it at the dog; that the hammer caught in the edge of the table and exploded a chamber

while the barrel was pointing at the deceased's head."

"But the absence of the weapon! The robbery!" I exclaimed.

"One of two things has happened," replied Zambra. "Either our client, on returning from Rylston and before he called in the farmer, saw, by the nature of the wound, that he was likely to be suspected, and therefore hid the pistol and got up the robbery himself, or we are confronted with one of those coincidences which so discount the value of circumstantial evidence. I mean that some person must have come upon the scene, and, finding his opportunity in the master lying dead and the dog cowed by what had happened, must have robbed the house."

After going over the rest of the house we came back to the smoking-room, and Zambra occupied himself in searching for traces of an unauthorized visitor, at the same time confessing himself handicapped by the period of three weeks that had elapsed. At length, however, he called my attention to a reddish smear on the wainscot under the window, and asked if it had been noticed.

I told him yes—that the police believed that Harold Lydiate had put it there subsequently, in order to mislead them. That so sure were they of this that they refused to have the smear analyzed.

Zambra scraped a small portion off with his knife, smelt it, and then placed it on his tongue.

"It is not blood," he said, "but paint of a peculiar kind, and tolerably fresh, too. There is nothing else about of that colour, either. Come! let us go for a stroll outside."

We got through the window, and after passing under a giant yew tree found ourselves in a large garden, bounded on the sides by fields, and at the rear by a lane. We had passed out into the latter through a wicket gate, after spending some time in the garden, and Zambra was standing looking up and down apparently in a brown study, when, without any warning, he darted from my side to a sort of recess in the hedge on the other side of the lane. The place looked as though some one had rested there for a while, for the brambles were trampled down in the ditch, and the earth on the bank was flattened and the weeds crushed. In front of the *al fresco* camping-place was a little heap of long chips and shavings, one or two of which were splashed with paint similar to the smear on the wainscot.

Zambra rose hurriedly from examining the heap.

"This case will be cleared up," he said. "It is now merely a matter of inquiry and common tracing. I must leave you at once, but I will bring the solution to your office in less than three days."

* * * * *

The next day I saw nothing of Zambra, but on the second he walked into my office about noon, accompanied by a constable of the Weymouth force, and by as hang-dog a specimen of the gipsy race as I ever set eyes on. I could see that the detective had scored, though his iron nerves did not allow him the luxury of hysterical triumph.

"Let me introduce you to Mr. Shadrach Cooper," he said. "I have had some little trouble in unearthing him, but there was no mistaking those willow chips and the terra-cotta paint. Travelling basket-work makers are not a big crowd nowadays, and friend Shadrach had got no further than Weymouth, you see. And now, my man, you had better make a clean breast of it. You won't regret such a course, I am very sure."

And then the gipsy, from whom Zambra had extracted a confession of the robbery at Stone Cottage, knocked the bottom out of Inspector Troll's murder case. Cooper had been in the lane, busy with his basket-work, when about two o'clock he was smitten with a desire to explore the Lydiates' garden. He was looking in at the smoking-room window when he heard voices in the passage. To avoid discovery he hastily ensconsced himself in the yew tree, whence he could see into the room. He heard Harold tell the Captain that he was off to Rylston, and a quarter of an hour later the latter got up and stood before

the fireplace, while he examined a pistol which he took from his pocket. The jar episode was described by the gipsy almost in Zambra's own words. The dog blundered against the table, spilling the jar, and the Captain hurled the pistol at him.

Hearing the report and seeing the gentleman fall, Cooper thought it would be a good chance to commit depredations. The dog had rushed away, frightened, into the interior of the house, so that the gipsy got through the window and secured the pistol unmolested. Hugo made for him as he was going upstairs, but Cooper treated him as Barnett had done by Zambra's instruction, pretending to throw the pistol at him. This had the desired effect, and the gipsy left the house unscathed after taking the articles missed.

Keeping the gold, he had burned the notes lest they should be traced, and he had retained the pistol till he was off the premises in order to protect himself against the dog, who, however, showed no inclination to follow him over the scene of the tragedy. The revolver was afterwards found hidden in a hayrick where Cooper had placed it. The man stoutly alleged that if Harold Lydiate had ever appeared to be in real danger of a hostile verdict he should have come forward voluntarily.

I need hardly add that the bill against my client was thrown out by the Grand Jury; and that

popular opinion veered round, as it always does to the winning side. The case was accepted by lawyers and laymen alike as a vindication of the great principle that suspicious circumstances do not constitute reliable evidence.

VI.

THE CLUE OF THE OCTAGON DECANTER.

I HAVE before remarked that it is my practice to master the news items in the daily papers the first thing every morning—professionally, and not for amusement. From my point of view, about the most interesting paragraph on a certain October morning was one supplied by the Central News, and duplicated in several papers, as follows :—

"DASTARDLY OUTRAGE IN NORBITON.

"A wicked attempt to injure life and property was made last night by some as yet unknown miscreant at the house of Mr. Humphrey Burgess, Liverpool Road, Norbiton. Mr. Burgess, who is a popular resident, and a well-known member of the Corn Exchange, was entertaining a select circle of friends at dinner, when what looked like a tin canister was hurled from outside through the

open window with such force that it fell upon the centre of the dining-table. The alarm of the guests was increased when it was seen that a lighted fuse was protruding from the tin, thus pointing to the fact that the contrivance was an infernal machine of some kind. Had it not been for the plucky presence of mind shown by the Honourable Coningsby Surtees, who was one of the guests, in promptly seizing the tin and throwing it back out of the window, the consequences would have been too terrible. The canister had no sooner fallen in the garden outside than it exploded with terrific force, arousing the whole neighbourhood with the noise, and shattering the adjacent windows. The police were quickly on the spot, and are pursuing inquiries which, it is hoped, will lead to the discovery of the author of the outrage."

I had barely finished reading the above when the door was flung violently open, and there stormed into my private room a very important gentleman, in such a state of excitement that he quite ignored the services of my page boy, who hovered in the rear, intent on announcing him in due form.

"Look 'ere," began my visitor, who was elderly, stout, and white-waistcoated, "I'm 'Umphrey Burgess, of the Corn Exchange—private residence, The Lawn, Liverpool Road, Norbiton. If you've

read the morning papers, you know why I'm here —the most owdacious, villainous thing I ever heard tell of. To think that me and my family, and all the nobs as had their legs under my mahogany, is to be blown to kingdom come, and the nasty, mean-spirited 'ound as did it is to go scot free, just because the police ain't got gumption enough to run him in! Why, it licks me, it does; it—— "

"Pardon me," I interpolated, "I have read the account in the newspapers. Do I understand that you want me to discover the person who threw the tin into your house?"

"Discover!" snorted Mr. Burgess, "there ain't much discovery wanted this time, I imagine, seein' that I know the viper just as well as if I'd seen him do it. No, mister; what I require of you is evidence—evidence to convict John Clumber, of The Briary, Kingston-on-Thames, of trying to blow up me and my guests—more especially the Honourable Coningsby Surtees. Why, even these duffing police themselves say Clumber as like as not did it, but they won't lock him up without evidence, and that's what you've got to furnish, seein' that they can't. I'm a warm man—self-made at that—and you won't have cause to regret the terms I shall—— "

"Not a word more on that head," I said; "I have a scale of fixed charges in these matters, and

if I find the author of the outrage, I shall demand neither more nor less. I will accompany you to your house at once, and on the way you can supplement the newspaper information with any further light you can throw on the matter."

Further light! My portly client was a whole electric installation of perfectly dazzling brilliancy on the subject of the outrage; and if from a detective point of view he flickered occasionally, and sometimes went out altogether, it in no way shook his faith in his own illuminating powers. Yet, after making allowance for his utter disregard of evidence, and after discounting the personal feeling he so clearly imported into his statement, it looked very much as if his theory might be the correct one. Whether proof enough to support it would be forthcoming was quite another matter.

In the train between Waterloo and Norbiton, Mr. Burgess informed me that he had an only daughter, Geraldine, who had caused him some trouble by falling in love—"carrying on" he called it—with one John Clumber. This young man was a drawing-master at a ladies' school at Kingston, not a mile from his own residence, and the attachment dated from a couple of years back, when Miss Burgess was a pupil at The Briary. On the girl leaving school, Mr. Clumber had had the audacity to ask permission to visit The Lawn as her accepted suitor, and had met with an in-

dignant paternal refusal, Mr. Burgess at the same time forbidding his daughter to think any more of the drawing-master.

Shortly after this, a suitor, who was more desirable in the corn merchant's eyes, turned up in the person of the Honourable Coningsby Surtees, the eldest son and heir of Lord Kilsany—an Irish viscount. Mr. Burgess evidently hankered after the alliance rather on social than financial grounds, for I gathered that the house of Kilsany was not overburdened with wealth.

"I find the 'pieces' and he finds the blood," said my client, descanting on the steps he had taken to assure his daughter's future as a lady of title.

Miss Geraldine, however, had not so far responded to the advances of Mr. Surtees with sufficient cordiality to justify a public announcement of the match.

"It's all fixed up between me and him," proceeded Mr. Burgess, "and I've lent him a thousand on the strength of it; but somehow the gal holds back, and it's a sure thing that dratted drawing-master is at the bottom of it. I shouldn't be surprised to hear that they communicate, and in any case he would have no difficulty in finding out that the Honourable was coming to our dinner-party last night. Clumber must have thought it a good chance to get square on me and his rival at one

shot—chiefly his rival, I guess—for the infernal thing pitched right in front of the Honourable Coningsby. If that ain't the correct ticket, I'll eat a cornsack, Mr. Zambra. There isn't any one else on the face of the earth that would act like that to me—to me as has always lived clean and paid twenty shillin' in the pound."

"Was Miss Burgess sitting next Mr. Surtees at dinner?" I asked, trying to dodge the pudgy, be-jewelled fingers with which he emphasized his remarks.

"No," was the reply; "she was a goodish way off, and that makes it all the more suspicious against the drawing-master. He's pretty bad, but he's hardly bad enough to try and blow up his sweetheart."

By the time we reached Norbiton I had learned all Mr. Burgess had to tell, and had also listened to a dissertation on the value of "blood" in an emergency. Without "the grand old aristocratic blood of the Kilsanys" the Honourable Coningsby would, in the opinion of my client, have certainly lacked the pluck to seize the hissing canister and hurl it back whence it came.

The Lawn was a typical suburban residence of the better sort, approached by double gates, and standing back some fifty feet from the road. The intervening space was taken up by a fringe of shrubbery, a circular carriage sweep, and a central

grass-plot, upon which, as was plainly visible on turning into the gates, the explosion had taken place. I saw at a glance that the newspaper report was anything but exaggerated, probably because of the late hour at which the outrage took place. There was a great black fissure ploughed up in the grass in front of and a little to the left of the dining-room window, and for several yards round the grass was scorched and withered. At least half a dozen windows in the front of the house were in the hands of the glaziers, and a handsome gas-lamp over the portico was a total wreck.

Having carefully examined the place where the canister exploded, and noted the marks in the turf where it first struck the ground after being hurled back from the window, I asked permission to view the dining-room. Mr. Burgess led the way into a luxurious, but rather florid apartment to the right of the front door, and pointed out the exact spot on the table where the infernal machine fell.

"That's where the Honourable Coningsby was sitting," he said, indicating a place nearly opposite one of the two long windows that looked on to the front. "Clumber must have stood on the edge of the carriage sweep when he threw the thing, and I expect he was out of the gate and halfway up the road by the time it went off."

"How long was it after Mr. Surtees threw the tin out that the explosion occurred?" I asked.

"It might have been thirty seconds, but what with Mrs. Alderman Brown getting under the table, and a couple of the other women in hysterics, we were in such a fluster, I couldn't be sure," said my client.

I was about to put another question to him when a tall young lady, very pretty and graceful, but looking pale and harassed, came into the room, and, seeing us, would have gone out again, had not Mr. Burgess called her back.

"'Ere, Geraldine," he shouted, "just a minute. I'm showin' this gent how that young 'ero saved us all last night. Zambra's the smartest 'tec in town—he is—and he's going to make it 'ot for some one, you know who—not like those owl-faced bobbies that can't see an inch before their noses."

"I am sure no one will rejoice more than I shall, father, if this gentleman or any one else can clear up the mystery," said the girl.

"Contrive to leave me alone with her for a minute," I whispered to Burgess; "perhaps I may worm something out of her."

With a ludicrously knowing wink the corn merchant promptly "remembered that he had forgotten" his pocket-handkerchief, and went away to get one, telling Geraldine to remain till he returned. The moment he was out of the room, I said—

"You might help in this investigation, Miss Burgess—not in the direction of your father's suspicions," I added significantly—"if you would answer two questions. Mr. Surtees is left-handed, is he not?"

"He is," she replied, a puzzled look coming into her face; "at least, he always plays tennis with his left hand."

"Thank you. Now for the second question. I noticed just now, when your father described Mr. Surtees as a hero, that you looked a little contemptuous. May I ask the reason for that? Surely it was a plucky thing to seize what was practically a live shell and hurl it away?"

"It would have been in most people," said the young lady, scanning my face eagerly; "but in this case I regard it as just the reverse. Mr. Surtees is such an arrant coward that I look upon his throwing the tin out of window simply as a sign that he was very much afraid of it. He took the shortest way of getting rid of it; that was all."

I smiled to myself as I wondered what the gentlemen who have been decorated with the Victoria Cross for tossing live shells over parapets would have to say to this theory; and I smiled again, professionally, for I had got what I wanted. I was about to further expand the sympathy which I could see she had already detected in my manner,

when Mr. Burgess returned, and Miss Geraldine was permitted to retire.

I proceeded to delight my client by telling him that the case was going as well as could be wished, that I had extracted an important piece of information from his daughter, and that I had every hope of putting him into a position to apply for a warrant before many days were past. It would be necessary first, I explained, for me to see the inspector at the police-station, and get him to show me the particles of the tin which had been collected, after which I might have to pay a visit to Mr. Surtees in order to obtain from him a more accurate description of the canister. Having obtained "the Honourable's" address in Jermyn Street, I quitted The Lawn, promising to report later on the progress of the inquiry.

At the Kingston police-station I found an inspector in charge who happened to be known to me. He welcomed me with a grin.

"I thought we should have you in the case," he said; "the old gentleman was so mad when we wouldn't lock young Clumber up that I knew he wouldn't rest till he had had a try for further evidence."

"Have you any evidence at all, then—about Clumber, I mean?" said I.

"The very clearest evidence—that he had nothing to do with it," returned the inspector.

"Our inquiries put it beyond doubt that Mr. Clumber, who is a rising artist as well as a drawing-master, was dining at a club in Piccadilly last night with a distinguished member of the Royal Academy. Something to do with celebrating the hanging of a picture, I believe. At any rate, Clumber's time is thoroughly accounted for, and Burgess's notion won't wash. I confess I thought myself that he had spotted the right pea till we clearly proved to the contrary."

My countenance expressed the keen disappointment I did not feel, and I murmured something about beginning all over again.

"Well, of course, you can if you like," said the inspector; "but I expect while you've been after this red herring, our fellows have got the start of you. There's no doubt about it the old man has got business enemies, and Mark Lane is the place to look for clues. Our best detective-sergeant has been there all the morning, with a couple of men from Scotland Yard."

Bidding the inspector good day, I turned my steps to the railway station, where I was fortunate in finding a train on the point of departure for London. Arrived at the Waterloo terminus, I took a cab to the address in Jermyn Street, where Mr. Coningsby Surtees had chambers.

On presenting myself at the door of the suite on the first floor, my knock was answered by a sharp-

looking man of forty, whose appearance was that of the regular bachelor's servant—butler, valet, and groom combined.

My client's card and pencilled introduction procured me prompt admission, and I was shown into a comfortable sitting-room where a sandy-moustached young man was lying on a couch drinking brandy-and-soda. He twiddled the corn merchant's card between a daintily crooked finger and thumb; he put up an eyeglass. In asking me to be seated he addressed me as "Mr. Zambraw." I need say nothing further to describe what manner of man was the Honourable Coningsby Surtees.

"I have called to ask if you can give me a description of the tin used in the outrage last night," I said. "You naturally saw more of it than any one else, as you had it in your hand."

"Well, weally," drawled the dandy, "I was too much occupied, don't you know, in—ah—shying the howwid thing away to notice what it was like. I wather fancy from what I have been—I mean from the shape of it, that it was the sort of tin—aw—in which common people, quite common people, don't you know, keep their lobstaws. I really don't remember. I said it was like a lobstaw tin when I came home, didn't I, Dixon?"

The valet, who, rather to my surprise, had re-

mained hovering about the room, answered in the affirmative.

"Ah!" I exclaimed profoundly, "there is an oilshop where they sell such things close to the school where Clumber is employed. This should prove a most important piece of evidence. By the way, have you, Mr. Surtees, as the instrument by which a great disaster was so gallantly averted, formed any theory as to the author of the outrage?'

"Mine isn't a theowy—it's a conviction," lisped the strange being. "I want to mawwy Gewaldine, and this — aw — Clumbaw wants—confound his impudence—to mawwy Gewaldine too. I'm first favourite with the old man, and so he twies to scwatch me out of the wace by blowing me up. I said so from the vewy first."

"Oh, you did, did you?" I thought. "Well," I added, aloud, "I'm glad I came to you, for I'm pretty sure you've put me on the right track. That oilshop at the corner of the Briary Road, where they sell lobster tins, looks very black, and we ought to be able to apply for a warrant soon. I'm still short of a link to the chain, though."

"Talk it over with Dixon," said Mr. Surtees, rising languidly; "I'm due at the club; but he's clevaw, is Dixon—vewy likely to put you up to a winkle or two." With which final solecism the

heir of the Kilsanys, taking the glossy silk hat and yellow gloves which his servant brought him, sauntered out of the room.

After his master's departure a certain nervousness which had been apparent in Dixon's demeanour left him, and he became the self-possessed confidential man again to the finger-tips.

"The governor's rather flattering if he thinks I can tell you anything you don't know already," he said, "especially as it's plain enough you're after the right party. However, if you'll drink a glass of wine with me in the pantry I shall be honoured, I'm sure."

I consented affably, and Dixon led the way to a little den on the landing which was evidently his own particular workshop. Fashionable garments and shiny boots in various stages of brushing and polishing lay about, and the shelves were stocked with a goodly assortment of wine bottles, liqueur cases, etc. Having ensconced me in a chair in the corner, and ascertained that a sherry and bitters would be acceptable, Dixon busied himself in getting together the necessary ingredients, talking the while.

"You see," he said, "I ought to know as well as any one that the drawing-master is the chap, because, between you and me, I've been watching him and the young lady, by the governor's orders, off and on, and I know they're sweet on each

other. I've seen 'em meet twice in Richmond Park during the last fortnight."

"That's very important!" I ejaculated, as he placed a glass and a bottle of sherry at my side and turned to procure the bitters. He seemed to have some difficulty in finding the latter, for it was not until he had ransacked a couple of shelves that he finally unearthed an octagon cut-glass decanter from a corner cupboard. Handing it to me he requested me to "mix to my taste."

"Yes," he resumed, seating himself with a nip of brandy-and-water on the dresser, "there isn't a shadow of a doubt about it that Clumber is the man, and I should think you would be able to get the proof you want."

As he spoke I was taking a first sip from my wine-glass. Hastily depositing it, I seized the decanter of "bitters," and, extracting the stopper, sniffed inquisitively at the contents. At the same moment Dixon leaped from the dresser and, with a cry of mortification, attempted to take the decanter from me.

"I have given you furniture polish by mistake," he cried; "a thousand pardons—I remember now that the bitters bottle is in the sitting-room; it is a duplicate of this decanter. How could I be so careless as to make such a mistake?" and he kept trying to relieve me of the decanter.

I waved him back. "Sit down, Mr. Dixon," I

said. "You were saying just now that I should be able to get the proof I wanted, and now you have been kind enough to put it into my hands. I was beginning to be a little doubtful as to how I was to fix this crime on to you and your precious master, and I can't be too grateful for your error."

"I don't know what you mean," he said, hanging his head, and looking sulky.

"Oh yes, you do," I replied. "This decanter is a clear indication that you have been preparing explosives late at night when there was no fear of your being interrupted, and when it would be dangerous to have a lighted candle or lamp to work by. You know as well as I do that the decanter is neither more nor less than a 'luminous bottle,' similar to those used in Paris by the night watchmen in magazines where powder and explosives are stored. It is prepared simply by putting a piece of phosphorus into a bottle three parts full of olive oil. To use the light all that is necessary is to remove the cork, allow the air to enter, then re-cork, when the whole empty space in the bottle becomes luminous, and yields a brilliant light. As soon as the light becomes dim its power is restored by opening the bottle and allowing a fresh supply of air to enter. You see, I happen to be as well posted in these foreign dodges as even a cosmopolitan valet, so you'd better make a clean breast of it."

"You've seen enough of the governor not to suspect *him* of putting any one up to throwing a tin of lighted gunpowder into a room where *he* was, I should think," said Dixon, clutching at his last straw—and not such a bad straw either.

"Exactly," I replied; "but, as there doesn't happen to have been a tin of gunpowder thrown into the room at all, your argument is a trifle thin, Dixon. Listen," I proceeded, seeing him again about to interrupt. "I knew the moment I went over the ground this morning that the tin which was thrown into the window, and out again by Mr. Surtees, *was not the one which exploded in the garden.* I found the spot where the tin hit the turf when your master threw it, and from the direction it was taking I saw that it could not possibly have bounded or rolled to the place where the explosion occurred. The tin, which you, my dear Dixon, tossed so deftly into the room, and which your master—as arranged—tossed so valiantly back to you, was a dummy, containing nothing more harmful than a smouldering fuse. As soon as you had recovered the dummy you fired the fuse of the real explosive, which you had already placed in position on the lawn, and then you cut and ran for it. The whole thing was a cruel scheme, designed in the first place to make the Honourable Coningsby appear a hero before a girl whose heart he was vainly trying—for his

own mercenary purposes—to win; and, secondly, to damage—if not ruin entirely—an innocent man who had been successful where he had failed. What is more, the scheme might have succeeded—in part, at any rate—if I hadn't got a hint of the truth through your stupidity, Dixon. In calculating the place to put your explosive *you forgot that your master was left-handed,* and placed it where it would probably have alighted had he been a right-handed man. When I luckily saw where the dummy tin took the ground it was all clear enough, and I only wanted a clincher, like this bottle, to settle the whole affair."

The valet—who had been gazing ruefully at me—collapsed entirely.

"You have got it all just as if you had been there to see," he said; "it's no use trying to contend against you. Look here," he added, "what are you going to do about it—not have me locked up, are you? It was the governor's doing. He had the notion that it would do him good with the girl, and perhaps induce old B. to part with another cheque, besides getting Clumber suspected. I only did the dirty work—fixed up the gunpowder in here, just as you have said—and threw the tin and all. I don't think I ought to bear all the brunt of this."

"Neither shall you," I said, "if you will sign a statement of the affair which I will jot down now.

I don't anticipate that Mr. Burgess will want to prosecute your master, and he can't touch you without him. The worst you have to fear is the loss of your situation, and, if you are not as big a scoundrel as the man you have served, you ought to be glad to be clear of him."

Dixon signed the statement as soon as it was finished, and, armed with it, I repaired once more to Norbiton. The look of blank dismay with which Mr. Burgess listened to my account of the perfidy of his aristocratic guest and would-be son-in-law will not readily pass from my mind. His chagrin, however, changed quickly to righteous wrath, and he sent for his daughter to tell her that she could marry the drawing-master as soon as she liked—"just to spite the young rip who played such a rascally game." I have reason to know that the permission was duly taken advantage of, for I am occasionally invited to the pretty home of Mr. John Clumber, A.R.A., at St. John's Wood, and the charming hostess is the young lady who has figured in this record.

The corn merchant, either with some lingering awe of the aristocracy before his eyes, or perhaps for wiser reasons, decided to leave the Honourable Coningsby Surtees to the punishment of his own discomfiture. The last time I saw this ready-made hero he was in a hansom—or, I should rather say, *on* one, for he occupied the perch behind, and was looking disconsolately for a fare.

VII.

THE CLUE OF THE SEVERED HAND.

The persons assembled in the library at Oswald Manor were Mr. Francis Oswald, a local surgeon named Digby, Superintendent Ramage, of the county police, and myself. The crime which they were relating to me—each from his own particular knowledge of the circumstances—did not, as will be seen, baffle me for long; but it was of a nature so entirely unique in the annals of criminal biology that I cannot omit it from these records.

Briefly, the facts of the case which, at the instance of Mr. Francis Oswald, I had been called in to investigate were these. Three days previously—that is to say, on August 15—Mr. Reginald Oswald, the then proprietor of the Manor, sat down to dinner alone in his dining-room at half-past seven. According to the butler who waited on him, he finished the meal at about a quarter-past eight, after which, following his custom on hot evenings, he settled himself in an armchair by one

of the windows opening on to the lawn, to smoke a cigar over the day's newspapers. Half an hour later the butler brought in a cup of coffee, and after ascertaining that his master would require nothing further, finally retired; for Mr. Oswald, being in the habit of sitting up late, usually closed the windows and put out the lights himself.

None of the servants, therefore, had occasion to enter the dining-room again that night; but on the housemaid going there the first thing in the morning, she was astonished to find her master still sitting, as she thought, asleep in the chair by the open window. Afraid to disturb him, she did not approach closely, but went and told the butler —a privileged old servant—who at once hurried to the room to see if anything was wrong. The butler was horrified to find that his master was stark and cold in death, having been stabbed to the heart with a long, keen clasp-knife, which remained in the wound.

And here comes the crux of the case.

Clutching the handle of the knife, with fingers as stiff as those of the corpse itself, was a woman's hand, neatly amputated at the wrist.

Though the inquest had been held the day before my arrival no new facts had been elucidated, and the case remained precisely as stated above, despite the painstaking efforts of Superintendent Ramage to unravel it.

"And so you see, Mr. Zambra, we are run to a standstill," the superintendent was saying, "although somewhere about there must be as plain a clue as could be wished. Every constable in England is on the look-out for a woman who has recently lost her right hand, but no result has yet been obtained."

"Without in the least disagreeing with you," I replied, "it seems to me there may be a still nearer clue. What about the hand itself?"

"It was in the hope that you might be able to deduce something from the hand that I called you, sir," said Mr. Francis Oswald. "We can get no further than that it belonged to a woman unused to manual labour."

The superintendent had been busy unfastening a handbag, from which he now produced the two objects round which the chief interest of the inquiry centred. One was a long, stag-handled clasp-knife with a five-inch blade, such as is used by sailors and sportsmen; the other was a hand with the delicate nervous fingers still stiffened into a clutching position, though they had been somewhat forced open in order to detach the knife.

"I had the hand washed clear of bloodstains the better to look for distinguishing marks," said Ramage, "and it was thought advisable to separate the knife in case there might be any hint to be got from the handle. You will see that the knife is by

Rowbotham, of Sheffield, and they have wired us that they turn out thousands like it every year. Doubtless any ironmonger would supply one of the same sample."

I made no immediate reply, for I was examining the hand with keen curiosity. The first point to present itself was that the woman, whoever she was, was of the superior classes and had been in the habit of wearing rings—two on the second finger and one on the third. The second point was that the person to whom the superintendent had entrusted the duty of washing the hand had not performed the operation very thoroughly; for towards the end of the forefinger I detected traces of a brownish stain, which at the first glance I took to be the remains of the blood. On using a moistened handkerchief to attempt to remove it, however, I saw that I was mistaken. The stain was of a permanent character, and I pointed out my discovery to the gentlemen present.

"By Jove, Mr. Zambra!" exclaimed the superintendent, "we cannot be too grateful to you. Do you see what your discovery means, and how you have narrowed the inquiry? Those stains proceed from the constant use of cigarettes—I would wager anything—and point to a foreigner as the owner of the hand. English women do not smoke cigarettes habitually to any great extent."

I could not but admire the promptness and

sagacity of Ramage's deductions. As far as they went they were sound, and commended themselves to my own principles of reasoning. But I was by no means sure that the conclusion to which he had jumped so readily—that the stains were caused by cigarettes—was correct.

"That may or may not be so," I said; "but let us leave that for a while and examine the broader aspect of the case. What we have to get at is, how the hand came to be there. I suppose, sir," I added, addressing the doctor, "that it would not be possible for a woman, even if she had the requisite desire and nerve, to amputate her own right hand with her left?"

"It would be out of the question, I think, supposing even that she was possessed of the necessary surgical knowledge; and this operation was undoubtedly performed by a skilled surgeon," was the reply.

"Does not that, then, indicate the presence of a third party on the scene, in which case the owner of this hand need not have been primarily the guilty party?" I said.

"The woman must have struck the blow," said Ramage. "At any rate, it will be near enough for me if I find her. We can go into details afterwards."

"But have you no theory about such an unprecedented occurrence?"

"Nothing very defined, I confess," replied the superintendent. "It seems to me useless to theorize. If, as you suggest, a third party was actually present at the crime, the severance may be due to an attempt on the part of that third party to prevent the blow. Suppose, for instance, that a man, also armed with some sharp, cutting instrument, had been standing by, and suddenly repented of what they were doing. He might have struck off the hand of the murderess, and yet have been too late to prevent the deed."

In answer to my question, Mr. Digby expressed the opinion that the hand had been severed about the same time as the fatal wound was inflicted on Mr. Oswald, thus precluding the idea of a hand having been brought for the purpose by the murderer. He also thought that the amputation must have taken place after the blow was struck, because otherwise the severed member could not have been arranged in the clutching position in which it was found. Even then he was puzzled that the process of amputation had not caused the hand to relax its grasp.

"It might be explained, supposing the owner could have been subjected to an anæsthetic," he added, "but that seems too wildly improbable."

"The whole thing is so wildly improbable that we must look at it from every side," I said. "The

idea of an anæsthetic having been used on the murderess does not seem more out of proportion to the probabilities, than that she should willingly have consented to have her hand cut off after stabbing Mr. Oswald. One thing I am convinced of. Whatever was done was done by premeditation, and a regular prearranged programme was carried out. This woman was in the habit of wearing rings, and they were removed *before* the crime; they could not have been taken from the clasped fingers afterwards."

The superintendent got up to go. He had been fidgeting a good deal since the discovery of the stain, and was evidently anxious to get to work on his cigarette-and-foreigner theory. Before leaving he pressed Mr. Francis Oswald to try and remember if his brother had ever had dealings with foreigners or resided abroad, but to both these questions the answer was in the negative. Mr. Reginald Oswald had always been more or less of an invalid, and had arrived at the age of forty without going further from England than Paris—and that only for a few days many years previously.

The surgeon, Digby, left with the superintendent; and as soon as they were out of the room Mr. Oswald drew his chair closer to mine and uttered the simple word: "Well?" I had better mention here that the gentleman who had then unexpectedly inherited his brother's property was a

barrister in excellent practice, and expected before long to attain to the dignity of "silk." He was a good-looking man of about eight-and-thirty, and, like his brother, was unmarried.

I answered his inquiry with another.

"Did not the feminine element enter into your brother's life at all?" I asked. "Was he entirely free from any of those attachments which, at some period or another, are the lot of most men?"

A look of pain crossed my client's face, and he paused for a moment before replying.

"If I hesitate to answer you," he said, "it is only because the one occasion of the kind has very bitter memories for me, and it happened so long ago that it could not possibly have any bearings on the case in point."

"That is hardly fair to me," I replied. "A woman is undoubtedly at the bottom of this business, either as principal actor or prime cause; and if your brother was not addicted to female society it is all the more necessary that I should be told of the solitary instance that is known."

"It is an old story, and it affects myself as well," he pleaded. "It can have no possible connection with poor Reginald's death."

"Tell me this, then," I persisted. "Is there anything in this old story which would lead your

mind, as a natural sequence, to the subject of photography—probably amateur photography?"

Mr. Oswald winced from the question as though he had been struck.

"Are you gifted with second sight?" he exclaimed. "The two subjects are intimately bound up together."

"Then, in that case," I replied, "it is my belief that in the story you are so loth to confide you hold the key to the mystery of your brother's death. It is my duty to tell you this, but of course it rests with you whether I proceed further in the matter."

He got up and paced the room, evidently in great distress. Then, returning to his chair, he sat down again, and said—

"Will you tell me how it is that you have formed this opinion?"

"From the stain on the hand," I replied. "I thought at first—and I am now sure—that the stain was caused by the use of pyrogallic acid in developing photographic negatives."

"In that case, if I tell you this story it will incriminate a lady whom I know to be absolutely incapable of any crime," he said. "See the position in which I am placed."

"It by no means follows that you will incriminate the owner of the hand," I returned. "All along I have been disinclined to the theory of self-

mutilation, which would imply that we had a maniac to deal with—a female maniac, possessing surgical knowledge, a most improbable combination. Dr. Digby's opinion bears me out in this. I, therefore, look to the presence of some mysterious third person as the explanation, and I shall be much surprised if this third person does not turn out to be the real arch-schemer in the case. It is even likely that the owner of the hand may be the outraged victim of a crime, morally, if not legally, as great as the murder itself."

I saw that my words had made the desired impression. "If that be so," said Mr. Oswald, "I should be the last to wish to keep you in the dark. Listen, while I tell you the story. Twelve years ago, when my brother first came into this property by the death of an uncle, the rector of this parish was the Rev. Gabriel Lennox. He was a widower with an only daughter named Marian—then a girl of nineteen, and as good as she was beautiful. This young lady was the heroine of poor Reginald's one love affair. Thrown into almost daily contact, they became deeply attached to each other, with the result that before very long an engagement ensued. In order to explain my own position, I must tell you that in the course of occasional visits to the manor, I also fell in love with Marian Lennox, but quickly perceiving that I was forestalled, I stood aside in my brother's favour.

"It was toward the close of 1880, I think, that the marriage was arranged to take place during the following spring. During the winter, however, Reginald developed the incurable spinal malady from which he never really recovered, and, though Marian expressed herself ready and willing to marry him as an invalid rather than not at all, my brother broke off the match. I believe Marian felt the dissolution of her hopes very deeply, but there were no recriminations or any semblance of unpleasantness; and when, shortly afterwards, Mr. Lennox left on appointment as Bishop of Huron, in Canada, both he and his daughter parted on friendly terms with Reginald.

"From that day to this neither my brother nor I saw the Lennoxes again, but some four years after their departure we read of the Bishop's death in the newspapers. What became of Marian I have no idea, and I am sure that my brother was equally ignorant of her subsequent career. The connection between photography and this sad little story is that Marian Lennox was an enthusiastic amateur, and had really attained a high proficiency in the art. If one thing more than another stands out clear in my mind about that time it is the frequency with which Miss Lennox used to importune my brother and myself to give her sittings."

Such was the best material I could get together

wherewith to solve the mystery of Reginald Oswald's death, and I left the manor the same evening with instructions to work the inquiry my own way, but to notify Mr. Francis Oswald before allowing the result to become public. Superintendent Ramage was, I knew, fairly started on the basis of the "cigarette-smoking foreigner," and as I was so far not very sure of my ground, I decided not to disturb him with my own theory. I always prefer to work singlehanded, and, moreover, I did not wish to recall Ramage from a chase which might, after all, lead him in the right direction.

The morning after my return to London I set about trying to trace out the whereabouts of Marian Lennox by every means in my power. I inquired of several Canadian clergymen temporarily staying in England; I hunted up one or two gentlemen who I ascertained, by comparing old University Calendars, must have been at college with the late Bishop; I called on every person in the London Directory of the name of Lennox. All my efforts ended in failure to obtain the slightest clue where Miss Lennox had gone on her father's death.

As a last resource I sent a cablegram to the present Bishop of Huron, asking him if it was known what had become of his predecessor's daughters, and I got a reply to the effect that Miss Lennox had left Huron for Montreal im-

mediately after her father's funeral—presumably with the intention of returning to England. This was a slight step in advance, though nine years had elapsed since the Bishop's death, and I had no evidence that the young lady had ever left the Canadian port.

I have faith in first clues, and I turned instinctively to the hand for enlightenment in my dilemma. In thinking the matter out in the solitude of my office, it struck me from my own experience, that photography is a fascinating art which is not lightly dropped by its votaries. Moreover, I had in the stains proof—supposing myself to be on the right track—that in this instance the pursuit had been kept up. Amateurs, I know, are "faddy" in the extreme about the materials they use, and, having once found a dealer who gives them satisfaction, stick to him and swear by him to the exclusion of all others. Suppliers of photographic requisites are not a very numerous body, and I decided to call upon them all in turn, and ascertain if Miss Marian Lennox was still a customer.

It was on the third day of this section of the investigation that success came to me in a small shop in Oxford Street. The proprietor, an elderly man, at first answered my question whether he had a customer named Lennox in the negative; but I judged from his halting manner that the

name was not unfamiliar to him. I pressed him again, and he said—

"I am trying to remember. I believe I had a customer of that name once, a long time ago, but there is certainly none such on my books now. I have it!" he added suddenly. "Of course there was Miss Lennox, whose father was Rector of Budbrook. She went away to Canada or somewhere, and I heard no more of her for years. But when she returned to England she came back to me—only not as Miss Lennox. She is Mrs. Forsyth now, and has been ever since she resumed dealing with me. I sent her some goods only three weeks back."

"Can you give me the address?" I asked, repressing the excitement I felt at the discovery, but hardly able to restrain my impatience as the old man fumbled over the pages of his ledger.

"Here it is," he said at last. "Wait while I copy it down for you;" and he handed me a slip of paper on which was written:

"Mrs. Forsyth,
"c/o Dr. Forsyth, M.R.C.S.,
"Bambridge,
"Caterham Valley."

Another brick on the edifice of proof! Photography in close relation with surgical knowledge!

At seven o'clock that evening a slow train put

me down at the little wayside station of Bambridge Road, which I found was a long two miles from the village of the same name. I noticed that the station-master looked curiously at me when I asked to be directed to Dr. Forsyth's house. It was a mile beyond the village, he said, some little way up a lane which ran to the right out of the high-road. I could not well miss it, as it was the only house for a considerable distance in that direction.

"Rather an out-of-the-way place for the doctor to settle in, isn't it?" I said. "A long way for patients to go."

"Oh, the doctor has got no patients," replied the man, "leastways excepting his wife, I believe. She's been ill for a week or so, but beyond attending to her he don't practise. They say about here that he's a retired ship's doctor; but, however it is, he's not much of a favourite. I don't know what your business may be, but if it isn't likely to be pleasant to him, I should advise you to watch yourself. He's a regular demon, is Forsyth, if he's put out."

I thanked my informant and started on my long walk, feeling my grip of the case tighten every moment. After passing through a straggling village street I again traversed a lonely stretch of high-road and turned into the lane just as a distant church clock struck eight. Following the

lane for a quarter of a mile, I came to the garden gate of an old stone house that looked as if it had seen better days. It was nearly dark now, and as I stood hesitating what course to take, a lamp was lit in one of the lower rooms, and a tall man stepped to the window and pulled the blind down. That decided me. I would creep to the outside of the window and guide my future action by anything I could see or hear.

The turf of an unkept lawn grew right up to the house, so that my footsteps gave no warning sounds as I approached. A corner of the blind had got slightly hitched at the bottom, and, kneeling down, I applied my eye to the aperture. The sight that met my gaze was a startling one, considering the mystery I was charged to unravel, and for a moment I was almost overcome with the completeness of my success. The revelation was so patent, the persons I had been searching for were so obviously before me, that the mere detail of how to draw them into my clutches assumed exaggerated proportions.

Lying on a sofa at the far end of the room was a pale but still beautiful woman of three or four and thirty. She lay upon her back, and stretched across her bosom, swathed in bandages, was a handless right arm, amputated at the wrist. Standing over her was the tall man whom I had seen at the window—a man of fine physique and

handsome features, which, in their passion-stained, strongly marked lineaments, suggested the countenance of a shapely fiend.

"It is no use, Marian," he was saying; "I have told you already that your explanation about the letter is perfectly satisfactory, only I wish it had been given sooner. Must I repeat for the hundredth time that your sad accident had nothing to do with my unfortunate misunderstanding? Must I tell you yet again that your mutilated arm is due entirely to a railway accident, and was in no way dependent on the finding of the letter?"

"I know you of old, you see, Louis," the woman replied. "I cannot help being suspicious. What am I to think when you exercise your horrid power just after our quarrel, when I wake up in this dreadful plight, and all the explanation you can give me is that you took me on a journey, and that I lost my hand in a railway accident?"

She *was* a victim, then! The poor lady was clearly ignorant of the tragedy at Oswald Manor!

"I can tell you no more than the truth," said the man, testily.

"I know what value to put upon your truth, Louis," said Mrs. Forsyth, sadly. "Your story of the railway accident has been concocted to cover some wicked freak of your ungovernable temper, and I pray God I may be the sole sufferer by it. Why else am I kept in this room, and the servants

not allowed to enter? Why else do you stop the newspapers from reaching me, if there is not some ghastly secret to hide? Sometimes during the last few days I have wondered if I am not still under the influence of your evil spells;" and the unhappy woman turned her face to the wall and wept.

What had happened was clear enough to me now. This man-fiend, actuated by some malignant jealousy I could not fathom at present, had hypnotized his wife, and bidden her, while in a trance state, commit the crime of which he was the real author. My difficulty, I foresaw, would be in bringing it home to him without inculpating his innocent accomplice. To see him, however, at any cost, there and then, I was fully determined, and going to the front door I rang the bell.

"I wish to see Dr. Forsyth on business of importance," I said to the frightened-looking maid-servant who answered the door.

She hesitated for a moment, and then, shutting the door in my face, said she would go and ask the master if he would see me. Slipping back to the window, I applied my eye to the aperture to note what effect her announcement would have upon Dr. Forsyth. As I looked he stepped to the door of the room and stood for a minute talking, presumably, to the maid. When he turned back from the door he passed his hand once or twice across his brows, and then stooped and kissed his

wife tenderly on the forehead. More I could not wait to see, for it was time to present myself at the front door to receive the maid's reply.

The result of her inquiry was favourable. I was invited to enter, and, on being shown into a room on the left of the front door, I was told that Dr. Forsyth would be with me almost immediately. The period of waiting I occupied in examining the cylinder of my revolver, and I had barely replaced it in my pocket when the doctor entered. He was smiling softly to himself, and he held a sealed letter in his hand. He took the initiative at once.

"You are a detective, I think?" he began.

"I am," I replied, shortly.

"Only one more question—are you from Scotland Yard or do you act on behalf of a private client—Mr. Francis Oswald, not to mince matters?"

"I am privately employed by the gentleman you name," I said.

"That is well," he replied, evidently relieved. "Read that letter, please. It is my confession."

As he spoke he handed me the envelope, and, turning, seated himself in a chair at the other side of the fireplace. I read the letter with one eye, and watched him with the other; but he made no movement, save that once or twice his hand went up to his mouth to stroke his long black moustache.

This is what I read:—

"I, and I alone, am guilty of the death of Reginald Oswald. Finding in a drawer a letter addressed by him to my wife in endearing terms I foolishly jumped to the conclusion that it was recently written. In this error I was helped by a faulty postmark which made a difference of ten years in the date. I decided to be revenged for what I thought was my wrong, and possessing hypnotic powers, I conceived the idea of making my wife herself the instrument of my vengeance. I threw her into a state of trance and thus forced her to do my will. Taking her down to the neighbourhood of the manor, after studying Oswald's habits, I introduced her into the grounds late on the evening of the 15th of August. I bade her stab him as he sat sleeping by the window, and when she had helplessly complied I amputated her hand as it still clutched the knife. My object was to have irrefragable proof on which to taunt her with having struck the blow. In the state she was in she suffered no pain, and on the return journey I ordered her—unconscious still—to keep both her hands in her muff. We thus got away, and reached home by a circuitous route unobserved and unsuspected.

"On reaching home I restored Mrs. Forsyth to her normal condition of mind, and found, as I expected, that she was in complete ignorance of what had happened. Leading up to my vengeance,

I began speaking of the love letter I had found, and my wife then for the first time proved to me conclusively that it was an old one, written years before I married her, during a courtship of which I had never been told.

"On learning this—with what remorse may be imagined—I forebore to tell her of Oswald's death, and accounted for her mutilation by a railway accident. I trust that the delusion will be mercifully kept up by any one into whose hands this confession falls.

"LOUIS FORSYTH."

I looked up from my reading. Dr. Forsyth was staring at me strangely with wide open eyes.

"You know what this entails," I said. "I must send your servant for the police."

He made no reply, but stared on.

I got up and went over to him. There was an odour of bitter almonds which spoke of prussic acid. Louis Forsyth was stone dead—self-slain on the threshold of discovery.

* * * * *

It was a difficult matter to arrange, but Francis Oswald and I managed it between us. Mrs. Forsyth never knew that her unconscious hand had struck her former lover down, and even the fact of her husband's suicide we were able to keep from her. Forsyth, we found, had been the

surgeon of the steamer in which Miss Lennox returned from Canada, and during the voyage gained the influence over her which resulted in an ill-fated marriage.

Mrs. Forsyth was persuaded to go abroad and reside in Italy—a far happier woman than in the lifetime of the wretched man whose wild temper and uncanny gift went so far towards ruining her peace.

VIII.

THE CLUE OF THE COWHIDE SHRED.

In the heart of the county of Kent, and on the banks of one of the higher tributaries of the Medways, there stands a paper-mill which does a select and profitable business in the better class of news sheets. For many years the mill had been owned and worked by a manufacturer named Abel Dalgety, and it was in consequence of the death of this gentleman that one day last autumn I was knocking at the door of the private residence attached to the works. The letter requesting my presence was signed by one George Greenwood, who described himself as Mr. Dalgety's son-in-law and successor.

The mill fronted the road on the outskirts of a straggling village, which was chiefly populated by the papermaker's "hands." Behind the mill, and for some distance parallel with the road, ran the stream which formed the principal motive power of the factory. The private house of the

proprietor was a smart, square, two-storied building, from its trim appearance in striking contrast to the dingy business premises on which it abutted, and formed an unbroken continuation of the factory at the end nearest the village.

My knock was answered by a neat maid-servant, who showed me into the dining-room at the rear of the house, and went to summon Mr. Greenwood. He came in almost immediately—a well-set-up, healthy-looking man of seven or eight and thirty, with a sunburnt, weather-beaten face that suggested an open-air life—some part of it possibly spent under foreign skies. With him entered a fair-haired, lady-like girl, dressed in deep mourning, whom he introduced as his wife.

"I am glad you have come so promptly," he said, "though I want rather your opinion and advice than to place any definite case in your hands. We had better sit at this window, and then I can explain any details as I go on."

He set three chairs in front of one of the French windows that opened on to a sloping flower-bespangled lawn, at the foot of which, some fifty yards away, ran the mill stream.

"You are probably aware," he went on, when we were seated, "that Mrs. Greenwood and I have experienced a very sad loss by the death of her father last Monday. I am not at all sure that that event is connected with the incident which

has led me to consult you; but you may come to that opinion, and in any case it will be better to take matters in proper order.

"You must know, then, that on Monday last this household consisted of Mr. Dalgety, the proprietor of the mill, of myself, his son-in-law and manager, of my wife, who was Mr. Dalgety's only daughter, and of two maid-servants. There is also a gardener, but he lives in the village, and was off the premises hours before the occurrence I have to relate.

"My late father-in-law was a fine, hale man of sixty, prosperous in business, and of such a genial, generous nature that he was beloved by his work-people and neighbours alike. Since my marriage two years ago—at which time I came to assist him as manager—he has gradually slackened his close attention to details in the work of the mill, and has taken things generally a good deal more easily than before my coming; in fact, it was an open secret that at the end of the year he intended to retire altogether in my favour.

"On Monday we had our evening meal—supper we call it—in this room at the usual hour of seven o'clock. We rose from the table at half-past, I going to the office in the front of the house to finish some accounts, and my wife going to the nursery to get the baby to sleep. Mr. Dalgety expressed his intention of smoking a cigar on the

seat at the foot of the lawn—you see it there—on the bank of the river. It has always been a favourite seat with all of us, and though it is rather close to the brink we never realized that it was dangerous for persons knowing the spot as well as we all did. Seldom an evening passed in fine weather without Mr. Dalgety or myself—very often accompanied by Mrs. Greenwood—using that seat after the day's work was done.

"The maid-servant who was clearing away the supper-things says that Mr. Dalgety lit a cigar and went out of this very window. She watched him cross the lawn, and afterwards, before she finally left the room for the kitchen, she noticed that he was sitting on that seat. It was already getting dusk, but the weather being fine and warm after a heavy thunderstorm in the earlier part of the day, there was nothing at all unusual in Mr. Dalgety remaining out of doors so late. Indeed it was not till nine o'clock, when I left my work to join my wife in the drawing-room, that any one thought of him. Finding that he had not come in, Mrs. Greenwood and I—more as an excuse for a stroll than from any anxiety—decided to go down the garden and fetch him back to the house with us. It was now really dark, and we got close to the seat before we discovered that Mr. Dalgety was not there.

"Thinking he might be somewhere in the garden,

we shouted his name, and it was when we received no reply that we first became alarmed for his safety. We ran back to the house to see if he was there, and on finding he had not come in I procured a lantern and returned to the seat. On examining the bank of the stream just in front of it, I was horrified to see the earth broken away at the edge, thus pointing to the conclusion that my father-in-law, probably on rising to return to the house, had miscalculated the distance to the brink and had fallen into the river.

"My great hope was that, being still vigorous, and formerly, I knew, a powerful swimmer, he might have been carried down stream in the rush from the mill-race, and come to land somewhere beyond the confines of the garden. Hurrying back through the house and into the village, I procured the assistance of several of our hands, and instituted a search along the banks of the stream. In less than an hour Mr. Dalgety's lifeless body was found by one of the party caught in some rushes, at a spot three or four hundred yards away from the garden. Not far off there was also discovered a Panama straw hat belonging to myself. According to the maid-servant, Mr. Dalgety, finding this hat on the dining-room sideboard, had put it on when he left to go to the seat, remarking that it would save him the trouble of fetching his own.

"At the coroner's inquiry which was held next day, the circumstances I have related were fully gone into, and I may say that right through the proceedings there was never the slightest suggestion that Mr. Dalgety came to his end otherwise than by a most lamentable accident. It was so very obvious that he had stumbled on the bank in the darkness and fallen into the river that the question of foul play was not even hinted at. If it had been it would speedily have been put out of court by the fact that it was absolutely impossible for any one to go to the spot where deceased was sitting without passing through the house; for on one side the garden, as you see, is bounded by the factory running right back to the river, at the foot by the stream itself, and on the other side by a high brick wall. Had any one wished to throw suspicion on any occupant of the house, that could at once have been overthrown by the state of the gravel walk on which the seat stands. As I have told you there was a heavy thunder-shower the previous afternoon, and every footmark in the vicinity of the seat could be accounted for. There were no marks whatever, with the exception of those clearly made by Mr. Dalgety himself, and those made subsequently—to within a short distance—by my wife and myself when we went to fetch him in, and later by myself alone when I took the lantern and examined the bank.

Happily no such refutation was necessary, and the jury brought in a unanimous verdict of 'Accidentally drowned.'

"So far my father-in-law's sad death seemed to be surrounded by none of those features which must belong to the cases finding their way into your hands. Our loss has met with an apparently universal sympathy, almost every man, woman, and child of all grades turning out to attend the funeral, which took place on Friday—that is yesterday—afternoon. On returning from the church I received a letter that had come, among others, by the second delivery. That letter, which is anonymous, is of such an unaccountable nature that I was at first minded to take it over to the police-station. After talking it over with my wife, however, I decided on second thoughts to have the benefit of your opinion before mentioning it outside. Here it is—envelope and all; what do you make of it?"

Mr. Greenwood handed me an envelope, which I did not at the moment examine further than to see that it was addressed to him, and bore the London postmark of the previous day. The contents consisted of a sheet of notepaper, upon which were scrawled, right across the page, these words, and these words only:

"Don't flatter yourself that you will escape."

To the eye of the expert the handwriting was

palpably disguised, and on referring to the envelope I saw that it had been written by the same person.

"Have you the slightest suspicion as to the quarter from which this emanated?" I asked.

"Absolutely none," was the reply. "That is why I sent for you. I have no more idea of who could have written it than I have of what it means."

I thought for a moment, and then I said—

"You see, of course, that broadly it is a threat, and, still speaking broadly"—I watched him very narrowly—"it bears a double interpretation."

"I know what you mean," replied my client, looking me straight in the face; "the letter may be a vague threat of personal violence or something of the kind against myself; or the anonymous writer may intend to hint that I have done something of which I shall not escape the consequences."

"Quite so," I said; "and in the latter case, following so closely on Mr. Dalgety's death, it may possibly refer to that. It has struck you so, I think?"

"From the first that was one of the constructions I have put upon it," said Mr. Greenwood, frankly. "That is why I have given you the details of Mr. Dalgety's death so fully; but I can

only assure you that if that is meant it is a most dastardly and unfounded insinuation. I should hardly have called in a detective of your well-known acumen, had it been otherwise," he added, with increasing indignation.

Mrs. Greenwood's hand stole out and rested soothingly on her husband's knee. "I am quite sure Mr. Zambra does not take that view, dear," she said.

"Indeed I do not," I said. "It is quite possible, though, that some person may be going to blackmail you on such a supposition; or, again, it may be a general threat against yourself without reference to the drowning. Have you any enemies?"

"No, indeed," replied Mr. Greenwood, more calmly. "I am on the best of terms with all our people here, for I have always carried out Mr. Dalgety's policy of kindness to the employés. Neither have I any private enemies that I know of. I spent many years abroad, and married very shortly after my return. My acquaintances in this country are very few, and with all of them I have pleasant relations."

"There has been no heartburning or jealousy about Mr. Dalgety's disposition of his property?" I asked.

"None whatever; he left everything to my wife, but as she was his only relative living, there

was no one to feel aggrieved. I myself have private means."

"Excuse the question, but had you any rivals during your courtship?"

Mrs. Greenwood, smiling for the first time, answered the question for her husband, and in the negative. His was the first proposal she had received, and their short engagement had been of the most prosaic order.

"Well," I said, rising, "one apparently trivial item in the case points to this letter being a threat of personal violence. I may be mistaken, and I cannot verify my theory without inspecting the scene of Mr. Dalgety's fall. If Mrs. Greenwood will excuse us, perhaps you will show me round."

On our way across the lawn I noticed what a singularly "boxed-in" place the garden of the mill-house was. I do not mean that it was cramped in area, but that it was so confined on all sides as to be inaccessible except to persons admitted through the house. On the left rose the lofty factory, unbroken on this side by a single door or window in its whole length from the juncture with the house to the river. On the right a high brick wall topped with iron spikes separated the garden from an adjoining field. Such portion of the front as was not occupied by the house was protected by tall railings quite impracticable to any one

but a gymnast to climb. There remained only the river at the extreme end, and on approaching the foot of the lawn I saw at once that the stream, which was thirty-five feet broad, presented an impassable obstacle from that quarter, unless by boat. In answer to my inquiry, Mr. Greenwood said there wasn't a boat on the stream within five miles.

No rain having fallen since the Monday the ground round the seat offered fair scope for diagnosis. The seat was on the landward side of a gravel walk which skirted the foot of the garden. Between the walk and the edge of the bank was a strip of turf two feet wide, so that any one sitting on the seat was quite six feet from the steep drop into the mill race. Leading to the spot were footmarks which it was easy to see belonged to a person who had sat there. There was no trace of the same prints going away from the seat, but straight in front of it, about halfway across the path, there was a very deep imprint of the same foot pointing towards the river. Just at the edge of the turf was another, going in the same direction but looking as if it had dragged somewhat; while further on the turf at the edge was crumbled away. In addition there was a separate set of prints passing to and fro along the path, which Mr. Greenwood explained was made by himself when first examining the spot.

"There is something here that I can't make out at all," I said. "On rising from the seat, instead of turning to the right or left, Mr. Dalgety seems to have given a sort of hop, skip, and jump straight for the river. It is not the action, either, of a man who wanted to throw himself in, because in that case, knowing the ground as he did, he would have cleared the edge."

"Put all idea of suicide out of your mind," said my client; "my father-in-law enjoyed life much too well to want to lose it."

"I am not working on that supposition," I said. "What is that large expanse of park land on the other side of the river?"

"It belongs to Gatwick House, which stands a mile back there among the trees," was the reply. "The property was sold by the executors of the late Lord Gatwick, about six months ago, to a rich American named Walford, who resides there; but I know nothing of him."

"The park is not open to the public, then?" I said.

"No," replied Mr. Greenwood; "I hear that Mr. Walford, in his desire to play the English country gentleman, is very much down on trespassers, and spends a good part of his time riding round the park on the look-out for them. I have seen him myself sometimes galloping about over there in the distance."

"Well," I said, "I must brave this gentleman's wrath, for I want to have a look at the opposite bank. If he turns up I dare say I can pacify him. As a neighbour, there is no use for you to come to loggerheads with the Yankee, so you had better remain here. Which is the nearest way round?"

My client explained that I should have to go through the village and then turn to the left, where a bridge spanned the stream. After crossing this I should notice on my left a high wooden paling, and if I climbed this I should find myself in the park. The lodge gates were a mile further up the road, close to the mansion. Having conducted me back through the house, Mr. Greenwood returned to the garden to await my appearance on the opposite bank, while I proceeded to follow his directions.

It was half an hour before I reached the part of the park that lay behind the mill-house garden. For several hundred yards from the river-bank the park was devoid of large trees, though away in the distance towards the mansion it was thickly studded with clumps of elm and oak. After a glance round to see that the trespass-hating proprietor was not in sight, I made for the point opposite the garden seat, whence Mr. Greenwood was watching my proceedings. Then for a considerable distance I searched for "sign," but with-

out finding a trace of any one having approached the bank.

I was beginning to think of returning, when, at a spot about ten yards from the river, I came upon the trail of a horse going parallel with the stream. Almost immediately after I struck it it stopped at a circular fence of hurdles that had been erected round a sapling elm—evidently as a protection against cows. I saw at once from the marks on the greensward, which was short and turfy, that the rider had dismounted and had hitched his horse to the fence, where, from the trampled condition of the ground, it had remained a considerable time. The two heavy footmarks caused by the rider leaping to the ground were also plainly visible, with curious indents too large for ordinary spurs at the heel.

Suddenly my eye was caught by a peculiar condition of one of the end uprights of the fence, which, from its position in relation to the trampled ground, could not have been the one to which the horse was hitched. The top of the stake was chafed to perfect smoothness, as though a rope or band with a powerful strain on it had been drawn round it. Looking closer I found, caught in a jagged inequality of the wood, a narrow strip of dried but tanned leather, while close to the stake were the footmarks of the rider again firmly planted, with heels dug into the turf. I had got my clue!

I ran hastily to the bank, and shouted to Mr. Greenwood—

"You said this morning that you had no enemies in this country, but carry your mind back to when you were abroad. Can you recollect no one who bears you a grudge? What part of the world did you travel in?"

My client rose from the seat and stood thinking awhile. At length he called across: "The only thing I can remember seems too ridiculous to mention, here in the security of an English county. Eighteen years ago, when I was little more than a boy, I was on a cattle ranch in Texas, and I was instrumental in catching a couple of horse-thieves —brothers—who had robbed our camp. One of the desperadoes was hanged, principally on the strength of my evidence; but the other managed to escape before execution. I heard afterwards that this man had sworn to be revenged on me for his brother's death."

"That settles it," I returned. "Your father-in-law's death was no accident, and the anonymous letter is really intended to threaten you with the fate originally meant to overtake you, but which befell him instead through his wearing your hat in the dusk. Mr. Dalgety was *lassoed* from this bank, and dragged into the river, where he was powerless to swim in the encircling noose. I have found a bit of the raw cowhide lasso, and the chafed stake

round which the murderer took a turn to haul it in. Doubtless he towed the body down stream, and there detached the lasso before leaving the spot."

Mr. Greenwood's reply was drowned in the thunder of approaching horse-hoofs. Turning rapidly, I saw a man on a fine chestnut mare galloping towards me from the direction of Gatwick House. I had barely time to note that the horseman was a well-dressed, tall, muscular man of about fifty, of very dark complexion, when he reined up alongside me. It was easy to see that he was overcome with passion.

"What do you mean, you white trash, by prowling like a coyote around a gentleman's estate?" he cried. "I reckon if I had a lariat with me I'd lash you to the mare and trot you round."

I noted the Americanisms; I noted the fierce glare of hate which had already strayed from my person to settle with increased intensity on Greenwood across the river; I noticed the long Mexican spurs, the prints of which had puzzled me in conjunction with the heel-marks by the stake; and, being pretty sure of my aim, I drew my bow at a venture.

"Perhaps, Mr. Walford," I said quietly, "if you had the lasso with which you were so handy down here the other evening it would do as well?"

He turned on me like a trapped wild cat, and rode right at me with the obvious intention of trampling me underfoot. Then, suddenly checking his mare, he hissed: "Why do I waste my last chance on you! That's the hound I want to get at!" And pulling a revolver from his pocket he commenced firing at Greenwood. The first bullet missed, and just as he was pulling the trigger again I sprang forward and lashed the mare's quarters with a cane I carried. The animal gave a snort of terror, and, swerving round, stumbled and fell with her rider over the bank into the mill stream, while the pistol exploded harmlessly in the air.

* * * * * *

We did what we could to save him for another fate, but the mare's struggles prevented him from freeing himself, and when the two bodies were got out they were both lifeless. I have nothing to add except to say that the lasso, by means of which Walford had undoubtedly drowned Mr. Dalgety in mistake for Greenwood, was found at Gatwick House.

It was proved that Walford, after a wild career "out West," had made a rapid fortune in a silver mine—American fashion—and had come to England to spend it. Whether he came on purpose to carry out his vengeance, or whether his purpose only revived on finding his old enemy

so near, will never be known; but Mr. Greenwood, on viewing the body at close quarters, was able to identify it—allowing for the difference of years—as that of the man he only knew as "Black Pete," the Texan horse-thief.

IX.

THE CLUE OF THE OLD DOUBLOON.

"The police insist that my brother-in-law was robbed and killed by a gang of waterside loafers while he was half-seas-over. I can't let that lie stand. If it is only in justice to poor Bill's character for temperance, I must have the matter cleared up, Mr. Zambra, and I'm told that you're the man to do it."

So spoke Mr. Ambrose Porlock, shipowner, of Southampton, on his meeting me at the Dock Station one September morning a few years back. Mr. Porlock was not one of the magnates of the shipping world, and his appearance was that of a man who had himself risen from the seafaring ranks. In fact, he told me at a later stage that he had followed the sea in his younger days till he found it pay him better to stay at home and mind his business ashore. At present he owned one or two tramp steamers engaged in the orange trade with Spain, and he also let out second-rate steam yachts on rather an extensive scale.

"I will do what I can if you will give me the particulars," I said, as we emerged from the station and passed over to the landing-stage. "The newspapers give but a very meagre account of the occurrence."

"That's just it," said Porlock, coming to anchor against a baggage truck; "that's just it," he repeated petulantly. "Police, newspapers, the public—all of them take it for granted that it's simply a case of a drunken sailor and a 'longshore prowler—a common enough kind of crime in a place like this—and so they seem to have all conspired to treat it as of little importance. I don't say but what the police ain't working the case, but the question is whether they are working it the right way. If they are looking for Bill's murderer among the class of people who lie in wait for drunken seamen, I maintain they're wrong—knowing Bill's habits as I do—and the real chap stands a good chance of going scot-free.

"My brother-in-law—Captain Twentyman as he should be rightly called—was skipper of the *Esmeralda,* a twelve-hundred-ton steamer of mine that's lying out at her moorings ready for sea, and would have been away yesterday if it hadn't been for this. Bill Twentyman has commanded one or other of my vessels ever since he married my sister five-and-twenty years ago, and he was as trustworthy a captain as he was a brave and skilful

seaman. The gentlemen said they wanted a reliable man in command—not a chap who'd go babbling about all he'd seen—so I put Bill into the *Esmeralda* for the voyage. The gentlemen——"

"Pardon me," I interrupted; "do I gather from what you say that the vessel is a yacht which some gentlemen have hired for a pleasure cruise?"

"Well, not exactly," replied Porlock. "The *Esmeralda* is no yacht; she's a twelve-hundred-ton cargo boat, but she is taking out some private passengers for all that. Whether they'll get more pleasure than profit out of the trip is their look-out. The fact is, the vessel has been chartered from me by a London concern, lately formed, called the Spanish Bullion Recovery Company. They are going to send down divers to the wreck of a Spanish galleon which was sunk about the beginning of the century in an engagement with an English frigate off Cadiz, and are confident they'll be able to bring up the best part of the million of treasure with which the galleon was known to have been freighted. I can't say, as a practical man, that I think they stand much chance after all these years, but anyway, they've paid me for the use of my ship, so it's no affair of mine. One of the directors of the company is going out in the *Esmeralda*, and both he and the others are sadly put out at Bill's death, not only because it

has delayed the sailing, but because they liked their skipper.

"All Monday Bill was aboard working double shifts to get in stores and water. There was the grappling gear and the diving apparatus, too, to be shipped, and the crew to be licked into shape, so that it came to be eight o'clock in the evening before he had a moment to himself. Sir Charles Silverlock—that's the old swell of a director who's going out in her—he was on board, and he says he never saw such a whale for work as Captain Twentyman. Well, at eight o'clock Bill ordered away the gig and had himself put ashore at those steps about a hundred yards along there, and he told the men to come and fetch him at half-past ten. They were there punctual enough, but nothing was to be seen of their skipper. After waiting a while one of the men got on to the quay and started to go to the Raleigh Arms, a small hotel just off Dock Street, which was known to be a house of call with the captain when he went ashore. The man hadn't got fifty yards from the steps when he came on poor Bill lying on the ground with his head battered nearly out of shape, and just at the last gasp. As the man reached him he turned on his side and died."

"What about the boat's crew—more especially the man who went ashore to look for him?" I asked.

"Above suspicion, both of them," replied Mr. Porlock. "Sutton, who found him, had sailed with him for years, and is terribly cut up about it. The other man, too, is a steady chap who has been in one or other of my boats for a long time. Besides, they were both turned inside out at the inquest yesterday, and told a perfectly straightforward yarn. It was no shipmate that killed Bill Twentyman."

"Has it transpired how your brother-in-law spent the interval between when he was put ashore and when he was found?" I asked.

"At the Raleigh Arms," was the reply. "He went in there about half-past eight, and he left to go to the boat at a quarter-past ten. He was in the company of one or two brother-captains—old friends and well-known men about here—the best part of the time, except while he was being interviewed by some chap who called to see him about a steward's berth on the *Esmeralda*. He saw this man in a private room at the back of the bar for a time, and then rejoined the others."

"Has anything more been heard of the man who applied for the steward's berth?"

"There wasn't any occasion to," replied Porlock. "We've got our steward engaged ten days ago, and I've no doubt Bill told him so. Of course it's right enough for you to look at it all ways, but I don't think you need pay much attention to the

man who called to see him. Sea-going captains are always being pestered by chaps on the look-out for a job."

"Well," I said, "I shall look into the Raleigh Arms presently. In a case like this it is part of my system to know everything that can be learned about the deceased's last moments. But first I should like to go on board the *Esmeralda* and have a chat with the men—not in the character of a detective, you know—and not because I suspect them," I added quickly, seeing that he looked put out. "I only want to master all the circumstances in which Captain Twentyman was placed at the time of his death."

Porlock assented, and led me along the quay to the landing-steps where we could engage a shore-boat to put us aboard. On our way to the steps he pointed out where Captain Twentyman's body had been found at a spot where his path to the boat would have taken him close to the angle of a great warehouse. The corner of the building would have furnished ample cover to any number of lurking assailants.

A quarter of an hour's row brought us alongside the *Esmeralda*—a two-masted, black-hulled steamer, that had more the air of being a safe and steady cargo-carrier than of the romantic treasure-seeker. As we stepped aboard a man in a blue serge uniform came forward and addressed my client,

jerking his thumb significantly towards the after-part of the vessel, where I caught sight of two gentlemen, seated in deck-chairs.

"Neither Captain Hancock nor Captain Jeffreys takes their fancy, sir," he said. "They've both been aboard and have gone away again disappointed. Either of them would have done, I should have thought. Strange, isn't it, for 'em to be so particular, and they in such a hurry to start, too."

"They'd got too fond of your poor old skipper to take to a new one in a hurry," said Porlock; "but all the same I can't bring the dead to life again, and they'll have to put up with a substitute sooner or later. Better cap'ns than either Jeffreys or Hancock ain't to be found, and if they won't suit I'm hanged if I know where to find them one.

"That's the first mate," continued Porlock, as the man touched his cap and withdrew. "He has just been telling me that the skippers I sent aboard for approval don't please Mr. Hillyar and Sir Charles. I know it's hard to replace Bill, but they were both good men and true I sent them to choose from."

"Who is Mr. Hillyar, and what has he got to do with it?" I asked.

"If you ask me he's got more to do with this venture than any one," replied the owner of the *Esmeralda*. "He's the one who has got up the com-

pany for recovering the treasure, I believe, and it's him that's done all the business about chartering the vessel. A regular tiptop London speculator, he is—with money and brains, I should say," added Mr. Porlock, with fitting reverence for the rare combination.

But his words set me wondering. Could this Hillyar be the same Vincent Hillyar whom I had reason to remember in connection with the Freedom Building Society, the London Poor Man's Bank, and several other high-flying schemes which had ended in the enrichment of the promoter and the ruin of the shareholders? If it was so I did not envy the prospect of those who had risked their money in the Spanish Bullion Recovery Company. They would be more likely to sink their own good English sovereigns in the fathomless ocean of Mr. Vincent Hillyar's pockets, than to recover the treasure of dead-and-gone Spaniards from the bottom of the sea.

The matter was easily settled. Porlock had the agreement for the chartering of the *Esmeralda* in his pocket-book. On referring to it, at my request, he was able to inform me that Mr. Hillyar's Christian name was Vincent.

We had been standing amidships, concealed by the funnel and deckhouses from the gentlemen who were sitting aft, but as my companion returned the agreement to his pocket-book, we

moved into their view, and one of them called out—

"Good morning, Mr. Porlock; we are still without a captain, you see. We couldn't stand those antiquated specimens you sent us. We want a live, enterprising, smart man—not a fogey. Can't you pick us out something more in that line, or shall I set about getting a captain myself? This delay is becoming serious."

Porlock went up to them, while I kept in the background, but near enough to hear what was said. The speaker was a large, powerful, clean-shaven man of about forty, and I had no difficulty in identifying him as the man I had supposed. Mr. Vincent Hillyar was a bit of a celebrity in his way, for he found time amid his financial occupations to represent a rural constituency in Parliament, and his portrait sometimes appeared in the illustrated papers. His companion was a flabby old gentleman with a weak mouth and a watery eye, who seemed to hang on Hillyar's words with sanguine expectation. He was propped up on pillows and swathed in rugs, though the day was far from chilly. He gave one the impression that the voyage ought to do his health good, whatever other benefit he might derive from it. I shrewdly suspected that Sir Charles Silverlock's connection with the company was that of aristocratic decoy duck, and, as likely as not, principal dupe.

The captain difficulty was clearly beginning to worry and puzzle Porlock. "Those were two good men I sent you, sir," he said—"two of the steadiest and most respected captains sailing out of the port of Southampton. They're both pretty much of Bill Twentyman's stamp."

"Ah," replied Mr. Hillyar, changing his leg lazily as he flicked his cigar ash over the rail, "Twentyman was a man in a thousand—a man in a thousand, Mr. Porlock. Twentyman's is a loss we can never repair, eh, Sir Charles?"

The aged baronet mumbled an incoherent but sympathetic reply, and somehow his half-unintelligible words rang a good deal truer than the financier's sonorous phrases.

"I'll tell you what it is, Porlock," proceeded Hillyar, "you must bestir yourself and send us some more samples with a little more dash and go in them, or I shall have to undertake the job myself. We don't want a fossil for this work; in fact, the more devil in him the better, so long as he can handle the ship. He can't go far wrong during the voyage with Sir Charles on board to look after him, so don't bother your head about the morals and steadiness you are so fond of harping about."

"I'll have another try," said Porlock, as he rejoined me. "I can't make him out," he added when we were out of earshot. "If he thinks I'm

going to trust my steamer to some flash young rip who will drink champagne in the cabin all day with that old mummy of a passenger, he's very much mistaken."

"Does Hillyar go with the vessel?" I asked.

"Not he," said my client; "he's only been down here staying at the South Western Hotel, to see to things while the ship was fitting out. He'd have been back in London by now, if it hadn't been for all this pother about choosing a new captain. He'd have saved himself a lot of trouble if he'd have left it to me."

We passed forward and had a talk with the two sailors who had gone to fetch Captain Twenty-man on the fatal night; but the interview only confirmed my client's statement and the opinion of the police. The pair were excellent specimens of the honest, straightforward British shellback, and were obviously as grieved over their captain's tragic fate as they were ignorant of the cause of it.

Satisfied on that head, I suggested a visit to the Raleigh Arms, and, getting into our shore-boat, we quickly reached the landing-place. Ten minutes' walk brought us to the "hotel," which was in reality little more than an old-fashioned inn, low-ceiled and cosy, and depending rather on the regular support of merchant captains and mates than on the chance trade of the public tap-

room. We found the landlord in his parlour at the back — an apartment which opened by a movable glass window on to the private bar used by the better class of customers. Glancing through the window, I saw that at this period of the day, save for one elderly skipper slowly digesting a newspaper over a glass of ale, the private snuggery was empty.

Porlock introduced me to the landlord as a friend of his from London, interested in poor Bill Twentyman's death, and anxious to learn details of his last visit to the Raleigh. It is never difficult to get persons not directly connected with a murder case to talk about it, and I soon knew all that the captain had to tell. Captain Twentyman, he said, had spent the evening much as he usually did when ashore, smoking and yarning with his old friends and acquaintances in the private bar. The only break in this social occupation was when a steward out of place called to see him with a view to an engagement, and Captain Twentyman had left his companions to speak to the applicant.

"Where did the interview take place?" I asked.

"In a little room on the other side of the private bar, which I keep specially for the use of captains who want to transact business here," said the landlord. "I happened to be in the public bar,

you see, when the fellow came in and asked if Captain Twentyman was in the house; so I showed him into that room and went and told the captain. He joined the man, and was gone perhaps a quarter of an hour, after which the steward came out with his box under his arm and went away. The captain rejoined his friends in the private bar."

"How long was the interval between the steward's departure and the captain's setting out to go to the boat?" I asked.

"About half an hour."

"What about this box you mentioned?"

"Oh, there was nothing out of the way in that," laughed the landlord. "I expect it was only his kit-box, containing his spare clothes and such like, in case he should be engaged and have to go straight on board. Most of them come like that, ready for any emergency. No, there was nothing uncommon in the steward's application, unless it was the length of time the captain was in there listening to him. Seeing that he engaged his present steward in that very room not ten days ago, I expected he'd fire this one out very sharp; but there, Bill Twentyman always had a kind heart, and preferred, no doubt, to let him down easy. Perhaps, too, he hankered after this one in place of the other. He was a fine, strong chap, six feet high, with bushy, black whiskers,

brisk and smart, too, not one to shirk his work, I should say."

Still in the character of a friend of the family I expressed a wish to see the room where Twenty-man had received the applicant for a steward's berth. The landlord, being just then called away, deputed Porlock, who knew the ropes, to show me round. Passing through the parlour into the private bar, the latter opened a door at the further side, and preceded me into a room about twelve feet square, which, from its musty odour, could not have been much in request with the customers. It was plainly furnished with a few leather chairs and a round table, on which lay a battered old blotting-book flanked by a pewter inkstand and some split quill pens.

"This is the room," said Porlock. "It isn't much used, as you can see, and I shouldn't be surprised if my brother-in-law was the last to attend to business here. For the life of me, though, I can't see what you are driving at. Bill wasn't killed here."

"I'm not driving at anything particular—at present," was all the answer I vouchsafed to him; for it did not seem necessary to explain to his dull intellect that in following up a murder case I have to tread over again in imagination the exact path by which the victim had unconsciously neared his doom. Looking round the room I found very little

at first sight to guide my footsteps. Here and there on the floor were scattered a few waifs and strays of paper-shavings, such as are used by tradesmen in packing brittle and delicate goods; but there was nothing to denote what the goods had been, or that the shavings had any connection with the case in hand.

Blotting-paper is too often the detective's friend for one of my craft to neglect it, even if in the face of certain disappointment. Almost as a matter of course I opened the dingy old book on the table. A very cursory examination told me that no information was to be gathered from the few dog's-eared and ink-sodden sheets of blotting-paper which it contained, and I was about closing it again when something slipped out of the leather flap or pocket of the cover and fell into the centre of the book. It was a gold coin, rather larger than a sovereign, and for one brief moment I thought it was a relic of some careless foreign skipper who had used the room to pay off his crew. But directly I raised the golden circle to the light, and scrutinized the inscription and date, I knew that I was in possession of the clue. I knew that I had a deeper crime to deal with than mere wanton slaughter by some lurking 'longshore thief.

The coin was an old Spanish doubloon, dated 1794.

I turned to Porlock, who had been looking out

of the window, and had not noticed my discovery.

"Don't you think," I said, "that dressed up in a smart brass-buttoned blue uniform, and with a gold-banded cap, I should about suit Mr. Hillyar as captain of this expedition?"

The owner of the *Esmeralda* was a slow-thinking man, and he stared at me in dumb amazement. His helpless eyes searched my face for a reason for such an extraordinary proposal, and at length I obtained an answering gleam of intelligence.

"You—you have spotted something," he gasped; "but surely—surely it can't be that."

"I'm sure of nothing yet," I replied, slipping the doubloon into my pocket, "but I have formed a theory which I want to test. It is more than a theory—a strong suspicion, in fact—and your aid is necessary to put it to the proof. Will you arrange to have several suits of clothes, such as a rather flash skipper would wear, ready for me to try on at your office in two hours' time? In the mean while we had better separate, for I have several inquiries to pursue. Mr. Hillyar is staying at the South-Western Hotel, I think you said?"

Porlock assented to my request, and promised to have the suits at his office ready for me. He went at once to see about them; and I, after picking up and carefully stowing away the paper-shavings, which had now gained a new signi-

ficance, sought the telegraph-office. There I sent the following wire to a friend on the Stock Exchange :—

"What is position of Spanish Bullion Recovery Company ?"

While waiting for the reply I walked up to the South-Western Hotel and ascertained that Mr. Vincent Hillyar was expected on shore from the *Esmeralda* by seven o'clock, at which hour he had ordered dinner to be ready. I had also a little chat with some of the servants, which ended in my gaining a further insight into the possibilities of the previous Monday night.

In little over an hour the answer to my wire came through in these terms :—

"Shady affair. Most of the shares held by Hillyar, the promoter, and his nominees. Expect they are only waiting to sell them to the public at fictitious price. Hillyar has got that old dotard Silverlock in tow as a decoy; but the latter probably not in secrets of the gang."

After this nothing remained to be done but to interview, and very considerably astonish, the chief constable of the borough, who, however, gave me certain assurances with a very good grace before I had left to keep my appointment at Porlock's office in Water Street.

It was about eight o'clock when I followed a waiter upstairs to the private room at the South

Western Hotel, where Mr. Hillyar was at dinner. A good deal of time and trouble had been spent on my make-up, and in my uniform suit and cunningly adjusted whiskers I had no fear of being recognized as the staid stranger who had accompanied Porlock to the *Esmeralda* earlier in the day. My complexion, too, had been contrived so as to accord with the somewhat rakish demeanour I meant to assume, and was suggestive of "the wine when it is red."

Porlock's pencilled scrawl, asking Mr. Hillyar whether the bearer, Captain Burton, would suit, procured me immediate admission. Stepping jauntily into the comfortable sitting-room, I saw that the promoter had finished dinner, and had drawn his chair to the fire to enjoy a solitary dessert. A great hulking, raw-boned fellow he was, with a frame that would not have disgraced an athlete, had it not been for the evident softening influences of high pressure and high living. All his motions were careless and lazy, as became a man of his size, but they struck me as being studied, and there was an ever-ready watchfulness in his eye which clashed somewhat with the *dolce far niente* of his style.

A look of amused gratification showed itself for a moment as he noted the swagger of my entry, and the fastness of my general appearance.

"Come in and sit down, Captain Burton," he

said pleasantly, pointing to the chair opposite. "Your call is most opportune, for I was beginning to despair of finding a captain to suit me. You've got more the look of the man I want than any I've seen yet, and I'm a pretty good judge of character, you know."

"Oh, my character's all right," I answered, laughing, as I took the chair he offered; "but, after all, seamanship is the chief thing in my profession."

"Quite right," said Hillyar, approvingly, "and I need have no qualms on the subject of your seamanship, for old Porlock wouldn't want to trust his vessel to a duffer."

He pushed the decanters towards me, and a box of cigars. While I was helping myself I felt rather than saw that his eyes were greedily fixed on my face. Had he recognized me, I wondered? Had he become aware of my presence in Southampton? No! Relief came in a minute, for he proceeded—

"You know the job you're going out on—that is, if you do go?"

I nodded assent.

"A bit of a fool's errand, I take it," said I; "but that's no affair of mine so long as I'm paid."

"A fool's errand!" he repeated softly to himself, again with that amused smile. "Well," he added aloud, "you seem to have formed your opinion of

the enterprise already. Would it make any difference to you if I told you that I *knew* that it was a fool's errand, but that there were one or two wise men who were going to make money by it? Would you mind, I say?"

"Why should I," I replied, rather eagerly, "provided I was paid good wages—*very* good wages, indeed?"

"I see that you and I understand each other," said Hillyar, draining his glass with an air of relief. "You can consider yourself engaged for the trip, and you won't have any cause to complain on the score of liberality—over and above, I mean, what Porlock will pay you."

"I'm your man for anything short of scuttling the ship," I said; "I must draw the line at that."

"Pshaw!" said Hillyar; "it's nothing quite so crude as that game;" and rising, he went to a side table and dragged out on to the hearthrug a heavy deal box covered with black canvas. Removing the cover, he unlocked the box and displayed its contents, which, at first sight, might have been taken for the remnants of a Wardour Street curio sale. Packed in paper-shavings was a collection of old Spanish coins of various values, of ancient swords and pistols of foreign make, and three or four bars of gold and silver bullion.

"All you've got to do," said Hillyar, watching

me closely, "is to take charge of this box, and when the steamer reaches the spot marked on the chart as the place where the Spanish galleon is supposed to lie, just take the opportunity of a dark night to heave these trinkets overboard one by one. Some, if not all of them, are sure to be brought up by the diver, and old Silverlock, who goes out with you, is certain to cable the news home to the company—'Great success, enormous treasure recovered, more expected'—and suchlike nonsense. There will be a rush on the part of the public to buy our shares, and I and one or two others in the swim will be able to gratify them to any extent, do you see?"

"By Jove, that's neat!" I exclaimed; "but you don't mean to say that Twentyman——"

Hillyar's back was towards the folding doors which communicated with his bedroom. As I named Twentyman they began to slowly open from within.

"Don't mention that idiot!" interrupted Hillyar, angrily; "we are without witnesses here, Captain Burton, and your interests are ours now, so you had better understand that you have to deal with desperate men. I don't mind telling you as a warning—for there is not a shadow of evidence to prove it—that Twentyman would have been alive now if he hadn't——"

"Been murdered by you to prevent his telling

of your futile attempt to suborn his honesty!" I cried, covering him with a revolver. "That's right, inspector," I added, as four officers rushed upon the furious wretch from the bedroom and quickly overpowered him; "I expected to get you sufficient evidence for an arrest and a conviction, but I hardly expected to get quite such a full confession as well."

"What is it? Who is he?" muttered Hillyar, lying back, handcuffed and panting, in the arm-chair.

"It is Zambra," said the inspector, quietly. "We owe to him the discovery of the clue to the wilful murder of William Twentyman, with which I now charge you."

"Nothing more than this old coin," I said, holding up the doubloon, "which you omitted to re-pack with the others when you tried in the character of a steward to tempt poor Twentyman at the Raleigh Arms. There are plenty of others like it in that box, and the chain is as complete as it need be."

So it proved. Vincent Hillyar will rob the widow and orphan no more.

X.

THE CLUE OF THE HIRED HUSBAND.

My knowledge of Bohemian London is necessarily extensive and peculiar. Familiarity with the undercurrents in which the queer fish of the great city swim is part and parcel of my profession. Theatrical people especially do I frequent in my rare leisure moments, because, sooner or later, from "stars" to stage-door keepers, I am pretty sure to find a use for them.

This, however, is a story of how one of my footlight acquaintances found a use for me. Lionel Montagu was a young gentleman of versatile attainments and some little standing in his profession, though he had not reached that position where chronic engagements are a matter of course. He was of a naturally extravagant disposition, and generally spent his salary some way ahead, with the result that when he was out of collar he was often very hard up indeed.

On one of the occasions when I knew that Lionel Montagu was perforce "resting," he turned up one morning at my office in an obvious state of excitement. My hand intuitively strayed to my waistcoat pocket, for an early visit from Lal Montagu when he was out of an engagement usually meant a request for a loan. To my surprise, however, he waved me deprecatorily from my intention, and said—

"No, it isn't that. I've got too much already—far too much for my piece of mind. It's that that I've come to see you about, for it's in your line—a regular first-class mystery, with limelight and full stage effects."

"There certainly must be a mystery somewhere, Lal, if you are flush of cash after being out of the bills for six weeks," I said.

"Don't chaff," he replied, seriously; "I believe I've got myself, and very likely others as well, into a hole. I want you to get me out of it, or, if you can't do that, at any rate enlighten me as to the size and depth of the hole, for I'm blest if I can fathom it, or even tell exactly where it is."

I told him to be as confidential as he could, and having deposited his glossy hat and cane—Lal Montagu was always smart—he ensconced himself in my best armchair and unburdened himself as follows:—

"As you know, I have been 'resting' rather longer than suits my purse, and as a consequence I have become a diligent student of the advertising columns of the *Era*. When last Saturday's paper appeared I was down to my last half-crown, and tackled the 'Wanted' announcements with unusual fervour. Here was the only one that held out hopes of immediate relief to my existing impecuniosity."

He took from the breast-pocket of his frock coat a sheet of note-paper, on which was pasted a cut-out advertisement, and handed it to me. This was the wording of it:—

"Wanted, to take part in a private entertainment, an actor of ability, used to playing juvenile and leading *rôles*. Exceptional terms offered. Apply to X. Y. Z., at office of this paper."

"Well, you answered it, I suppose?" I said, returning him the advertisement.

"I did—with great promptness," he proceeded. "By eleven o'clock that morning the letter-box of the *Era* contained my application, duly setting forth my capabilities, and enumerating the pieces in which I have been fortunate enough to hit the public taste. By first delivery on Monday,"—he drew forth and handed me another paper—"I received this in reply."

I read the neat, feminine handwriting as under:—

"Buckingham Palace Hotel,
"October 2nd, 1892.

"Mrs. Disney Lovell presents her compliments to Mr. Montagu, and in thanking him for his letter begs to say that she will be happy to receive him at the above address at three o'clock on Monday afternoon, when the nature of her requirements will be fully explained to him. In the meanwhile it is requested that Mr. Montagu will consider this as quite private and confidential, as Mrs. Lovell does not wish it to be known that she is seeking professional assistance."

"Of course," continued Montagu, "I was all cock-a-hoop on getting that letter. I pictured the writer to myself as some *grande dame* of county society staying in town to complete the arrangements for her private theatricals, and I foresaw a good time ahead—probably as a guest in a swell country house for a fortnight, with all found and exes paid, and a tenner or so a week for drilling a band of unruly amateurs. I made up my mind to be punctually on the spot at the appointed hour.

"On reaching the hotel and asking for Mrs. Disney Lovell I was shown into one of the best private sitting-rooms on the first floor. I had hardly had time to admire the signs of unmistakable wealth and luxury about, when a girlish-looking young lady of not more than eighteen or

nineteen entered from what was, I supposed, an *en suite* bedroom, and greeted me with unaffected cordiality. For a moment I imagined that this youthful gusher must be a Miss Lovell, and probably one of my future pupils, but almost the first words she spoke undeceived me, and I knew that I was in the presence of the author of the advertisement herself.

"'I have chosen your letter from ever so many others, Mr. Montagu,' she began, 'because I have so often seen you act, and, if you will allow me to say so, have so greatly admired the ease and finish of your performances.'

"I bowed, highly pleased. Flattery, as I dare say you know, Zambra, is a sure way to an actor's heart, and I expressed my willingness to be of service to her in any way she could name.

"'Ah, that's just it," she continued, with rather an arch glance from under her pretty eyebrows; 'I can't be so sure of that till you've heard all about it. The—performance I am going to give is not of the ordinary kind.'

"'A pastoral play, perhaps, or something in the burlesque line?' I hazarded, becoming interested in her increasing shyness and hesitation.

"'No,' she replied, 'it is nothing even so legitimate as burlesque—at least, not in the ordinary acceptation of the term. The fact is, Mr. Montagu, I want you to help me in a little harmless mas-

querade which I am getting up for the benefit of my father, General Arnold, who has lately returned from India. My poor little story will interest you, even if you decide not to give me the benefit of your great talents, and I will tell it to you in the hope of softening your heart. During the last ten years my father has held a high command in India. When he left England I was only nine years old, and it was settled that I should remain at home to be educated at a ladies' school at Hastings. I need not trouble you with the tedious years I spent there, remaining at school while the others went home for the holidays, and growing up from the little girl I was when I went there, into—what you see me now. It will be sufficient if I tell you that about a year ago I made the acquaintance of Mr. Disney Lovell — a medical student who was staying at Hastings on a holiday. Again I won't bore you with the history of a very commonplace romance, but the long and the short of it is that we fell in love with each other, and in the end Disney persuaded me to run away from school and be married to him.

"'When my father heard of it he was furious, and wrote home saying that he would disown me, that I was no longer his child, and other dreadful things of the kind. I wrote again begging his forgiveness, but to that and subsequent letters he returned no answer, and it was only by reading

of it in the newspapers that I heard of his arrival in England about a fortnight ago. He has retired from the Service, and has taken a house at Twickenham. Disney had plenty of money when we were first married, but you see we have been living on it and it will soon all be gone, so that if we cannot effect a reconciliation with papa I really don't know what will become of us. The trouble is that poor Disney is so frightfully awkward and nervous, that if he were to go with me to beg forgiveness his manner would enrage papa, and probably make the estrangement wider than ever. And yet, Mr. Montagu, I don't like to go alone; it is the regular thing on these occasions —at any rate, on the stage—for the two erring ones to present themselves together.'

"She paused and looked at me shyly, and I began to have an inkling of what was coming.

"'So Disney and I thought,' she continued, 'that if we could only get some nice-looking, gentlemanly man, whose appearance and address would be likely to captivate papa, to accompany me in the character of my husband our chances of success would be greatly improved. There would be very little risk of after discovery, because Disney has been offered an appointment in New York, and if my father will only assist us to set up housekeeping there we shall sail almost immediately. It would be very easy to make an

excuse why my husband should not be seen after the first interview; and even if the real Disney was compelled to put in an appearance it would not so much matter after papa had once forgiven me. He could hardly retract, and I think he is just the man to enjoy the joke. In short, Mr. Montagu, will you take Disney's place and go down to Twickenham with me to-morrow in the character of a suppliant? I am sure you would play the part to perfection; and—and here is a fifty-pound note for you, one of our last, if you will consent to help us.'

"Well," continued Montagu, "it wasn't in me to refuse. I wanted the money badly, you see, and, what is more, I don't mind confessing that her flattering selection of myself, and her pathetic appeal, made an additional impression. I consented to call for her on the following day and escort her to Twickenham, where, in the character of Mr. Disney Lovell, I was to help her beard the paternal lion in his den. She gave me a few simple instructions as to what I was to say and the topics I was to avoid, so that I might, as she laughingly hinted, study my part; and before I left she handed me the fifty-pound note, saying that my reputation enabled her to trust me not to break faith with her.

"I had not the slightest intention of doing so, for the whole thing seemed a harmless proceeding enough. At the appointed hour I called for Mrs.

Lovell at the hotel, and we were soon on our way to General Arnold's suburban haunt. On the way down she enlarged a little upon her instructions of the previous day by giving me a few details of her husband's parentage and professional prospects, so that I might not be nonplused in the event of questions being asked, but she told me not to go into particulars about anything unless pressed. My chief business was to look good and gentlemanly and penitent, and as much as possible leave the talking to her.

"The programme was faithfully carried out. It was evident that my fair employer had already reconnoitred the enemy's country; for on arriving at Arundel Lodge, where General Arnold has taken up his abode, instead of going to the front door she led me round through the garden to the rear of the house. Almost before I could realize that the supreme moment had come she was kneeling at the feet of a stern-visaged, soldierly man, who was sitting in a low Bombay chair in the verandah. I had mentally rehearsed my part with great care, so as to give to my performance just the right amount of manly regret without importing into it any subservience. At first there was very little for me to do except to stand in the background and admire the pace at which my colleague made the running, sobbing pathetically, and fairly taking the old gentleman by storm. But at last a pause on her part

gave me my cue, and I put in a few quietly spoken lines, delivered in a proper tone of dignity and extreme respect, which I flatter myself clinched the whole business. I will not trouble you with the details and by-play, but you can judge of the effect by the result. Ten minutes after we first entered the garden we were sitting one on each side of the General, a thoroughly forgiven couple.

"My new 'father-in-law,' who is a fine peppery old warrior of the ramrod and blue-blazes type, having once retreated from his position, could not make enough of his daughter—Ella, as he called her—or of myself, with whom he was soon on the best of terms, as 'Disney, my boy.' He took us into the house after a while, and showed us about as fine and costly a collection of Indian curios as I have seen, and finally he waxed so confidential that he produced for our inspection an enormous ruby, with the care of which he had been entrusted by the Guicowar of Simlipatam. The jewel, I understood, is not the General's own property, but, after being shown to the Queen, is to be presented, on behalf of the Indian Prince, to the Imperial Institute. The old boy is only waiting till an audience of her Majesty can be arranged to discharge himself of a trust which I can well believe is an onerous one.

"General Arnold pressed us to remain and dine with him, but Mrs. Lovell excused herself on the

ground of a previous engagement; and I was not sorry, for, to tell you the truth, I was beginning to get tired, and perhaps a little bit ashamed, of playing pranks with this hot-tempered, warm-hearted gentleman. My pseudo-wife, however, accepted an engagement for both of us to come and stay with him from Saturday—that is, to-day—till Monday; and then we took our leave, thoroughly established in the General's favour. In the train on the way back to town, Mrs. Lovell said that I had done all that was required of me to her entire satisfaction—so well, indeed, that she would be able to manage her father herself in future. She had accepted the invitation for me for Saturday because she could not well refuse it, but of course I was not really to accompany her. She intended to make the visit alone, or, if she could screw her courage up to it, to take the real husband with her on this occasion. In short, when we parted, the best of friends, at the door of her hotel, I was given to understand that the adventure, so far as I was concerned, was at an end."

Montagu paused in his narrative, but I guessed from his manner that there was more to tell—probably the mainspring of the whole situation, for, so far, there was nothing to account for his sudden repentance.

"Well?" I said; "what is it you want of me?

You have been engaged in a rather fishy transaction, but you don't appear to have done more or less than you undertook to do, with your eyes open, from the first. Where do I come in?"

"See here, Zambra," he went on, pulling himself together; "I may be wrong, and very likely you will laugh at my fears, but listen to what I came upon quite by chance yesterday afternoon. I was strolling in the Strand when my eye was caught by a new pattern rifle in the window of Davis, the gunmaker. I stopped to have a look at it, when whom should I see in the shop beyond but Mrs. Lovell—my fair employer of Tuesday. She was buying cartridges to fit an ornamental, but highly effective, bull-dog revolver!"

"This becomes more interesting," I said.

"Wait a minute," replied Montagu, "I shall interest you more directly. I was so struck with this soft, gushing, young lady's strange purchase that I drew a little way up the street and waited till she came out of the shop. Then I followed her to see what she would do next. After going some little distance she turned into a chemist's shop. The display of scents and patent medicines was so great that the window offered no facilities for seeing what she was up to, and, my curiosity getting the better of me, I followed into the shop just as she was asking for an ounce of laudanum. Strolling to a neighbouring counter I heard her

explaining that she required the drug for tooth-ache, and it was not till she had signed the poisons-book and was leaving the shop that she recognized me. Then it was only with a distant bow and an unmistakable look of annoyance that clearly discountenanced any further approach. After she had gone I had to make some trifling purchase for appearance's sake. The poisons-book was still open on the counter. The signature, with the ink still wet, was not that of Mrs. Lovell, but of Maud Curtice, at an address in Victoria Street—No. 87, Albert Mansions. Now, Zambra, you will understand my position. I assist a woman, for gain, in a certain course of deceit which at the time I believe to be harmless. On the eve of her keeping an engagement which is more or less the result of my fooling, I find her buying pistol cartridges and soporific drugs. Is that not sufficient cause for alarm?"

I did not immediately answer him. Ringing my bell, I summoned an assistant and instructed him to take a cab to Albert Mansions, Victoria Street, and ascertain if any person of the name of Curtice lived at No. 87. On his way back he was to call at the Buckingham Palace Hotel and ask if Mr. and Mrs. Disney Lovell were still there. Then I turned to Montagu.

"You saw no signs of the real husband at the hotel?" I asked.

"No," was the reply.

"Did Mrs. Lovell show any traces of resentment against her father—when she was alone with you, I mean—for his previous treatment of her?"

"On the contrary," said Montagu, "she gushed about him rather more than she gushed about anything else. Called him 'poor old dear,' and laughed about his fiery temper. No, if she bore malice, she did not show it."

"Did her father know her, do you think, the moment she approached him; or did he only realize who she was after she began to appeal to him?"

"I think he spotted us as the runaway couple directly we rounded the corner of the house," replied Montagu. "He began to draw himself up and look starchy, at least. But he unbent very shortly after she knelt sobbing before him."

"And where was this wonderful ruby, that he showed you, kept?"

"General Arnold fetched it from his bedroom, I think," said Montagu. "Anyway, it was not with the other curios, which were in a cabinet in the library. But surely, Zambra, that is pushing it a little too far—to suspect the daughter of robbing her father! I am vaguely uneasy, I know, but I never looked at it in that light."

I replied that his opinion didn't matter a straw, that the affair was mine now, and that the best

thing he could do was to clear out and leave me to work out the case my own way. I promised him, however, that his rash impersonation should have no tragic consequences for the General, and that I would do my best to secure immunity for himself. Before I could get him to leave the office he persisted in badgering me for a final opinion as to Mrs. Lovell's object in buying cartridges and laudanum, and at last I yielded to his importunity. The answer which he extracted from me, as I pushed him out of the door into the passage, consisted of these words—

"The big ruby."

* * * * *

That same night, at nine o'clock, a cheerful party of three was finishing dinner in General Arnold's cosy dining-room at Twickenham. The General, in the happiest of humours, did the honours at the head of the table. On his right sat the young lady whose matrimonial peccadillo had been so recently pardoned, looking charmingly innocent and girlish in a simple evening toilet; on the host's left was the Reverend Anthony Huxtable, Canon of Belchester and Rural Dean of Newport Parva—a portly, clean-shaven cleric who evinced a truly professional appreciation for good cooking. The Canon had turned up unexpectedly during the afternoon, and had been pressed by his old friend the General to dine and

sleep in order to assist at the welcome of his daughter and son-in-law, whom he was expecting on a short visit.

The only bar to the complete satisfaction of the trio was the absence of the aforesaid son-in-law, who, according to Mrs. Lovell's profuse apologies, had been compelled to go to Edinburgh on business connected with his new American appointment. The General had been rather huffy at first at "Disney's" dereliction, but had soon recovered under the influence of his daughter's sunny smiles, and now, at the close of dinner, all was harmony. The Canon, with the ponderous affability of his class, was reminding his fair *vis-à-vis* of various incidents of her childhood, when he had been a guest at the General's house at Cheltenham.

"Do you remember filling my pockets with horse-chestnuts while I was engrossed in a book on the garden-seat," the Canon was saying, "and how I ran after you and caught you?"

"Indeed, I do," replied Mrs. Lovell, "and I remember that you ought to have been a good deal more angry than you were. The dear old garden at Cheltenham—how often I have longed for it during all the weary years at school!"

What was there in this simple reminiscence to bring a twinkle into the old warrior's eye as he listened to the story of the childish escapade?

"And that red-headed governess of yours—Miss

Smith, I recollect her name was—how you used to torment her!" continued the Canon in high glee.

"Poor Miss Smith!" sighed Mrs. Lovell. "I wonder what has become of her? I am afraid she cannot have a very pleasant remembrance of me."

"What a memory you have got, Huxtable!" chuckled the General. "I had almost forgotten Miss Smith's existence till you mentioned her. Yes, Ella was truly a thorn in the side of poor Miss Smith."

And so the evening passed away pleasantly enough. In the drawing-room, after dinner, Mrs. Lovell was prevailed upon to give the gentlemen "a little music," and it is not too much to say that they were both delighted with the brilliancy of her execution and complete mastery over the instrument. Over and over again the General expressed the sentiment of gratitude he felt towards the Hastings schoolmistress for the liberal care she had bestowed on his daughter's education. As for the pompous Canon, he was loud and long in his regrets that his own fireside was not blessed with such delightful harmony. By the time the lady showed signs of wishing to retire for the night, the trio had formed themselves into a mutual admiration society, and were plainly loth to part with each other.

While Mrs. Lovell was saying good night to the

Canon, the General rang the bell and told the maid-servant to put the spirit-case and hot water in the smoking-room, after which hospitable duty he turned and joined the others. At length, with a filial embrace to the old soldier, the girlish figure tripped away to bed, leaving the two gentlemen to the prospect of their nightcap. They did not immediately seek the smoking-room, however. It was not till Mrs. Lovell had been gone quite five minutes that they went into the room at the end of the passage, which was the General's own particular den. The General's hospitality must have vanished suddenly, for though Canon Huxtable appeared to take a keen interest in the spirit-case, and even in the hot water that stood ready, the host did not offer any to his reverend friend. Perhaps it was to prevent being tempted to help himself that the latter, making himself very much at home, asked the General to lock the spirit-case away at once.

An hour later silence and darkness brooded over Arundel House, the former only broken by the stertorous snores which proceeded from General Arnold's bedroom and from that allotted to his friend the portly divine. Twelve and one o'clock were duly chronicled in the deep bass notes of the hall clock, and the minute-hand had passed the half-hour again, when straining ears might have caught the sound of a faint—a very faint—rustling

on the stairs. A moment afterwards a man's head peered over the balustrade of the landing, in time to see, outlined against the glass of the front door, a woman's form stealthily pulling back the bolts and lowering the chain. The head, in which were a pair of keenly attentive eyes, remained just long enough over the balustrade to perceive the front door silently opened and a man admitted, after which the head was quickly withdrawn, and the snoring in the bedrooms went on as before.

General Arnold's bedroom door was locked and the key was on the inside, so that when presently the key-handle began to slowly revolve while the occupant of the room was snoring on the bed ten feet away, there must surely have been something of a phenomenon about. The key turned easily enough up to a certain point and then stopped, but after a few more tries the difficulty was surmounted, the key moved round the whole circle, and the bedroom door glided noiselessly open. Then stepped into the room a woman fully attired in hat and jacket, and a man who was in the act of pocketing a pair of wire nippers. Still the occupant of the bed snored on.

"He is sound enough," whispered the male visitor; "we can safely show a glim from the dark-lantern. Ah!" he continued, as a soft circle of light shone upon a cabinet on the left side of the fireplace, "that is the place, no doubt. Hold the

light, Dolly, while I get to work. No fear of his disturbing us while he kicks up that row."

A shining centre-bit and a pocket-crowbar, neat and dainty as a surgeon's instrument, made their appearance, and a gentle rasping sound contended feebly with the snores from the bed. Closer and closer the woman held the light, and then at last the workman exchanged the centre-bit for the crowbar. To use it he had for just half a second to bring his wrists together in a parallel line. Before they could separate again, a hand passed quickly round him and the two wrists were firmly locked together with a snap. At the same moment the snores on the bed suddenly ceased, and the General had the woman in his clutch in the nick of time to stop her drawing a pistol.

"If you've got the man safe you'd better handcuff this young cat as well, Zambra," said General Arnold. "She is dangerous, I think."

"Zambra, by ——!" exclaimed my first capture. "So much for your chuckled-headed parson, Dolly. Well, that ends it. It's all up, now."

He spoke quietly enough, but from the look he cast upon his accomplice, I think it would have gone hardly with her if he had not been under restraint. When I had them both secure I stepped to the window and whistled for the police, and long before morning broke they were safely under lock and key. The man, as I had expected from

the first, was an expert burglar known as "Jack Sheppard the Second," and the woman who had passed as the General's daughter was his wife. They had learned the story of the runaway match from the society papers in the first place, and had increased their knowledge of material facts by freely bribing the servant at the Hastings school where the real Miss Arnold had been educated.

On learning that the name signed in the poisons-book was not known at Albert Mansions, and that the room at the Buckingham Palace Hotel was only taken for a day for the purpose of Montagu's engagement, I became sure of my ground. When I presented myself at Twickenham, the General entered heart and soul into my scheme for the capture of the burglars in the character of Canon Huxtable—a non-existent personage, whose recognition by "Mrs. Lovell" at once stamped her as an impostor. So also did her reminiscences of the mythical garden at Cheltenham, and of the purely imaginary Miss Smith. After watching the female burglar downstairs to admit her accomplice, I concealed myself under General Arnold's bed while he did the necessary snoring above.

"And now, Zambra," said the General, as I took my leave, "you must do a little commission for me. It is not to break that young actor's head. I will do that myself if I ever come across him. I want you to find my own dear daughter and her

husband, and bring them to me. I can hardly withhold from them the forgiveness I have accorded to these plausible scoundrels."

Within three days the real Mr. and Mrs. Lovell were at Arundel House.

XI.

THE CLUE OF THE DESTITUTE MARINER.

I COULD see at a glance that my visitor was under the influence of fear, and that the sensation was a novelty to him. Indeed, the name on the card that had been brought in to me—that of Philip Magnus—was so closely associated with mighty deeds in the football field and on the running path that I was not prepared to receive a young gentleman of halting speech and trembling knees. As he grew more at home with me, however, it became patent that his manner did not do him justice. He was not so scared as he seemed. It was the old story of a brave man afraid of being thought afraid, and therefore displaying a double fear.

For the rest, he was a fine, well-set-up young fellow enough, hardly looking his five-and-twenty years, and bringing, in his Norfolk jacket and knickerbockers, a breezy whiff of the country into the Strand-sodden atmosphere of my private office.

"The matter on which I want to consult you is so vague and peculiar, and till last night I was so entirely ignorant of it, that I hardly know where to begin," he said. "Do you want to know all my family history, and all that sort of thing, or only just the circumstances that have brought me to you?"

I reassured him with a friendly smile. "The immediate cause of your visit, of course, is the chief thing," I said. "You will probably have to tell me incidentally who you are and where you are living, but I can easily ask you for further details if I want them. If I am not mistaken, you are the Mr. Magnus who was captain of the Oxford football team, and who won the Quarter-mile Amateur Championship?"

My knowledge of his athletic prowess seemed to put him on better terms with himself.

"That is so," he said; "but I fear I have been getting a bit rusty of late, for I have had to play the *rôle* of a country gentleman during the last six months, since I came into my property. You must know that my father died six years ago, about the time I was leaving school to go up to the University. By the terms of his will I did not become my own master till I was five-and-twenty.

"The little place I have now inherited is called Shedfield Grange, near the village of the same

name in Sussex, at the foot of the Southdowns. There are five or six hundred acres, mostly of grass land, on the estate, and I have settled down there with the intention of breeding cattle. During my minority the land was let, and the house was left in charge of William Sutcliffe—a trustworthy old servant of my father's who remains with me now as a sort of butler and general factotum. I must tell you that in the interval between my father's death and my majority I made my home —also under his will—when not at the University or travelling, with a maternal uncle who resides at York, though all my boyhood was spent at the Grange with my father.

"What happened yesterday at the Grange was briefly this. I was strolling about the lawn in front of the house, smoking an after-luncheon pipe, when I saw a man who looked like a broken-down sailor coming along the carriage-drive towards me. He was an elderly man, quite sixty years old, I should say, with dirty iron-grey whiskers meeting under his chin, and with leerily smiling eyes set close together in a face that was the colour of mahogany. For a man dressed almost in rags, and looking as if he hadn't had a square meal for a fortnight, he was the most cheerful rascal you could imagine.

"He came as close as he could without actually stepping on to the lawn, and accosted me.

"'Begging your honour's pardon, sir, but could you see your way to assisting a poor sailor-man that's on his beam-ends through no fault of his own?' he said. 'It's a long tramp from here to Portsmouth, and I'm stone broke.'

"'You don't look as if you'd do much good when you get to Portsmouth,' I replied. 'An almshouse and a pension would be more in your line than hard work, I should think.'

"He gave a curious cackling chuckle at my suggestion, and was about to comment on it when my attention was drawn to my fox-terrier, Gyp, which was sniffing at his tattered pantaloons. Gyp is not particularly friendly to strangers as a rule, and I was the more surprised to see that the dog was inclined to take kindly to the sailor. He, in turn, instead of showing the usual tramp's terror for a dog, stooped down and stroked it, and finally regaled it on a piece of hard crust which he produced from somewhere about his tattered person.

"'I'm mortal fond of dogs,' he said, with one of his curious leers, 'and most of 'em likes me. Your honour's attached to that little beast now, I'd lay a wager—lets him run about the house and sleep in your bedroom as like as not, just the same as if he was a Christian.'

"I told him that Gyp had a pretty good time of it in my bachelor household, and comported

himself as he pleased; and thinking that it is always a sign of merit when a poor man is partial to animals, I handed him half a sovereign to help him on his way. He expressed himself as deeply grateful for the assistance, and took himself off down the drive with a parting hope that I might 'never know what hunger meant.' He even turned round when he had got some little distance and asserted with great confidence that I should never know what it was to be hungry.

"I continued my stroll on the lawn, and the man had been gone some five minutes, when I missed my terrier. Thinking that it had probably followed the friendly old sailor, but not wishing to trust his honesty with a valuable dog too far, I walked down towards the lodge gates, and had nearly reached them when I met Gyp returning. Having come so far, I determined to see if the tramp had started on his way, for it is one thing to assist an unkempt stranger, and another to have him lurking about the premises. Not wishing to hurt the fellow's feelings by appearing suspicious, I did not go out through the gates in order to satisfy my curiosity, but skirting the hedge which separates the grounds from the road, I parted the bushes and looked through. The queer figure in the tattered blue guernsey had just reached a spot close to where I was reconnoitring. He had paused on his way, and was standing in

such a position that his back was towards me and his face turned in the direction of my gates. With his hands raised high above his head, he was uttering what seemed to be some kind of a denunciation or curse; at least, so I gathered from his attitude and the tone of the few words which reached my hiding-place.

"Shipmates and shipmates' sons, even to the third and fourth generation—if so be as I am spared," he hissed, shaking his great seamed paws towards the Grange; and then, turning westward again, he trudged off on the Portsmouth road.

"I had half a mind to follow him and try and elucidate the reason for his changed demeanour, but on second thoughts I decided to let him go his way unquestioned. After all, the ravings of a half-starved beggar did not seem of much importance, and it was more than likely that he was short of a tile. I returned to the house, and for the moment dismissed the incident from my mind.

"I don't think I have yet mentioned to you that my father in his younger days followed the sea, and commanded a succession of fine vessels in the South Pacific trade. William Sutcliffe, the old servant I spoke of, had sailed with him on several voyages as captain's steward, and when my father retired with a modest fortune he took William into his private service. He is a faithful

fellow, getting in years now, but devoted to me personally, as he was to my father before me, and I treat him more as a friend than as a servant.

"Knowing his interest in anything connected with seafaring men, I took the opportunity, while he was waiting on me at my solitary dinner, to tell him of the strange sailor whose immediate wants I had relieved in the afternoon. When I began speaking of the incident William was filling my glass, and I noticed that his hand commenced to shake violently. I had got no further in my narrative than where the man referred to my never knowing what hunger was, when William dropped the dish he was carrying, and blurted out—

"'Good heavens! Master Philip, this is 'most too dreadful. What sort of a sailor-man was it, now, who had speech of you in the garden?'

"As you may suppose, I was completely taken aback by William's strange behaviour, and for the moment I thought the old man had been drinking —he does sometimes—it is his one fault. But I hadn't to look at him twice to see that it was not whisky, but right down genuine blue funk that he was labouring under. Consequently I humoured him with a full description of the tramp; of his carneying, blandly smiling manner; of his wheedling ways with Gyp; and, finally, of the queer

outburst in the road when he thought he was unobserved.

"All the time I was talking William listened with an expression of blank dismay and horror that I had never noticed on his rugged weather-beaten face before. He stood by the sideboard, all regardless of the broken dish, shifting his body from one leg to the other, and unconsciously mopping his brow with the napkin he carried. When I finished by chaffingly asking him what there was in all this to cause him such alarm, he came close up to me, and, shooting furtive glances at the window as though apprehensive of some intruder, said, in a husky voice—

"'You must go away from here at once. Clear right out to-night, and let no one know where you are going to. Don't ask me why, Mr. Philip, but let me go and order the dogcart right away. There's time to catch the 9.50 to town yet.'

"I smiled at the absurdity of his proposition, and, pouring out a glass of wine, told him to drink it and pull himself together. He drained the glass at a gulp, but the only effect it had on him was to make him repeat his request for my prompt departure from Shedfield Grange with redoubled urgency.

"'Now, look here, William,' I said, getting nettled; 'just tell me at once what this means, or I shall think you are qualifying for a lunatic

asylum. Why should I be turned out of house and home because an eccentric tramp visits the place? If you have any reason for your fears you must see that you will have to tell it before I pay any attention to it.'

"'That is just what I can't do, Mr. Philip,' he gasped; 'so help me Heaven, that is just what I dursn't do—not even to you. All I can say is that if you stay here you'll be a dead man before many days are past. Listen to me, Mr. Philip. That same sailor-man came here the morning of the day your father died. The old gentleman was as well as could be in the morning, and that chap turned up after luncheon. They had their bit of a palaver in the garden just as you have had, and by six o'clock that evening the captain was dead. You were away at school at the time or you would bear me out.'

"'What nonsense!' I exclaimed. 'My father's death was well ascertained to have been caused by syncope—failure of the heart's action. If this tramp really came here on the day of his death he could have had no more to do with it than any of the tradesmen who came for orders. You might as well say that I am in danger of my life because the same butcher and baker called to-day that called on the day my father died. You know as well as I do he passed quietly away, sitting in his own armchair.'

"'That may be,' said William, 'but he'd have been alive now if that man hadn't come here. Can't you see, sir,' he added impetuously, 'that I *know something?*'

"'If you do,' I replied, 'it is your duty to put me in a position to know as much as you do. Till then I certainly do not intend to be frightened by any such cock-and-bull yarn as you've been spinning to-night. If I was in any danger the police ought to be warned, but what would they say if I was to go and ask for protection because an extra civil old tramp with a tile off called at the house? Why, they would laugh in my face.'

"My proposition as to the police was a happy one. It silenced William for the moment. He allowed me to finish my dinner in peace, nor did he revert to the subject again during the evening; but in the middle of the night I was awakened by the fox-terrier, who sleeps in my bedroom, scratching and sniffing at the door. Rising hastily, I lit a match and looked out into the passage, to find William stretched across the threshold fast asleep on a mattress which he had brought from his own room. He had taken up his quarters there for the night with the evident intention of guarding me from the mysterious peril which he will not divulge.

"Thinking it useless to disturb him I returned to bed, but before going to sleep again I recognized

that, in justice to my old servant's nerves—and I may add my own—something would have to be done to put an end to this state of things. I decided to take private advice in the morning, with a view to having the matter cleared up without making myself the laughing-stock of the county, and my mind naturally turned to you. That is the whole business, Mr. Zambra, except that I expect to have to add my very earnest apologies for troubling you with a mare's nest."

"It does not at all follow that it is a mare's nest," I replied. "On the contrary, there are points in the very interesting narrative you have unfolded which tend the other way. May I ask if your father was in the habit of talking freely to you about his life at sea?"

"Oh dear, yes," said young Magnus; "nothing pleased him better than to chat about his wanderings. There is scarcely an incident in his career that I am not familiar with."

"There is an exception, then?"

"Well, it hardly amounts to that," said my client. "One topic he certainly avoided, though he never attempted to make any secret of the fact. I refer to the loss of the last vessel he owned and commanded. The ship was burned on a voyage from Honolulu to Calcutta, and my father was only rescued, with a portion of the crew, after days of untold horror and starvation in an open

boat. He and his companions were nearly dead of hunger and thirst when they were taken up by the Pacific Mail packet, and he never cared about referring to the experience."

"Was William Sutcliffe with him on that occasion?"

"He was; but he, too, is not fond of talking about it."

"There was never, I suppose, the slightest question as to the cause of your father's death?"

"No, indeed," replied Mr. Magnus. "Of late years his medical man had been treating him for a weak heart; and when the end came—sudden as it was—it was not otherwise than might have been expected from the nature of his complaint."

"But still it was not incompatible with his having received a shock of some kind which might have hastened death," I said. "I am not heavily engaged to-day, and I think it will be as well if I run down to Shedfield Grange with you. Possibly I may be able to surprise Sutcliffe into some admission which shall give us the key of the situation."

Mr. Magnus readily assented, and we were soon on our way to his Sussex home. In the train I tried to elicit from him whether he had ever noticed any signs of apprehension in his father, but he met the suggestion with a direct denial. There were, however, two indications that Captain

Magnus might have some secret dread hanging over him, both on his own and his son's behalf. Why else did he settle down on retirement in such a secluded spot as Shedfield Grange? Why else did he provide that in case of his own death his only son should not succeed to the property there till many years had passed?

It was nearly six o'clock when the dogcart which Magnus had ordered by telegram to meet us turned into the gates of Shedfield Grange. As we rounded a corner of the drive that brought us in view of the front door, I saw standing on the steps, and shading his eyes in the direction of our approach, an elderly man, whose rather morose cast of countenance lightened visibly as soon as he saw us. At his heels was a smart little fox-terrier, which, however, did not seem to share his human companion's joy at the safe return of the master of the Grange. The terrier had a depressed, hang-dog air, that did not at all tally with its evident high breeding.

"Here is William, still anxious about me," exclaimed Magnus, throwing the reins to the groom; "but what is the matter with Gyp, I wonder? The little beggar is generally halfway down the drive to meet me, but to-night he looks as if he was ashamed of himself. William has infected him with his fears, I suppose."

My host led the way into the house, stopping

as he passed in to tell William to prepare a room for me and to lay an extra cover at the dinner-table. According to previous arrangement the old servant was simply informed that I was a friend, and was left to form his own opinion as to whether my arrival was connected with his own strange conduct. I am inclined to think that he was under that impression, but that his principal feeling was one of relief that his young master had the additional protection of my presence.

Magnus and I talked about different topics at dinner, but I watched William closely, with the result that I became convinced that, with or without cause, the man was in an overwrought, hypersensitive condition. He started at the slightest sound, and once or twice in the course of the meal, when he thought he wasn't noticed, he drew aside the window curtains and examined the fastenings of the shutters. I thought also that I detected from his manner that he had been drinking—not enough to affect his speech or his gait, but sufficiently to take the edge off his senses. I was not sorry for this, as it fell in with an experiment I meant to try on him after dinner.

The fox-terrier Gyp came in for a share of our notice during the meal, owing to its disinclination to take food, and its general snappiness, which, I was given to understand, was quite unusual. Occasionally it would leap upon Magnus's lap and

fawn upon his hands and face with every demonstration of affection, but for the most part it retired into a corner and sat glowering at us from the distance. My client supposed that it had eaten something which disagreed with it, and said he would have it seen to by a "vet" in the morning, if it did not recover.

We sat for a little time over our wine after William had left the room, and then I asked Magnus the name of the ship the burning of which had entailed such hardships on his father and the crew. The name was the *Southern Cross*.

"Very well," I said; "I propose now to try and surprise Sutcliffe into telling me all he knows about the disaster, for I suspect that occurrence may be at the bottom of the mystery. Can you put me in the way of finding him in his own quarters?"

Magnus took me out of the room and pointed to a passage at the end of which a door stood ajar, with a light streaming through the aperture.

"That is his pantry," he said; "you will find him there. I will stay here till you return and try and coax Gyp into a better temper."

He returned to the dining-room, and I crept softly down the passage to the door of the pantry. Peeping in, I saw that William was standing with his back to me at a dresser upon which was some of the glassware that had been used at dinner.

But his ordinary duties were not just then claiming his attention. He was furbishing up an old-fashioned, muzzle-loading pistol, the necessary ammunition for which lay at his side.

I took him quite unawares.

"Strange, isn't it," I said quickly but clearly, "that the ghost of the *Southern Cross* should rise after all these years to threaten the captain's son?"

The moment he turned his panic-stricken face to me I knew that my venture had struck home. But his presence of mind did not desert him. Coming quickly towards me he closed the door, shutting me into the room with him.

"Now, then," he said, "how much do you know?"

"I know a good deal," I answered; "but I am not going to leave here till I know all—mind you, *all*—that happened when the *Southern Cross* was burned. I may as well tell you that I am a detective, and that I am here to protect your master."

"Have you told him yet? It was the captain's wish that he should never know," faltered the trembling man.

"I have not told him anything," I replied, with truth, "and I am not at all sure that I shall tell him unless his safety requires it. It is necessary, however, that you should keep nothing from me, so that I may be ready to help him. This much I

will promise, that what you say shall not be used to your own disadvantage. Mind you, I know the heads of the story already."

This was not quite in accordance with fact, but it had the desired effect of drawing him. He poured himself out a stiff glass of brandy, drank it off, and began—

"When the *Southern Cross* was fairly ablaze, and the skipper saw there was no hope for her, he ordered the crew to the boats. Three boats left the ship, but two of them were never heard of again. I went in the gig with the captain and three other hands—the two brothers Rayburn and Carl Ohlssen, a Swede. The captain's dog Neptune was in the boat also. We had smooth seas, and for a time all went well, but it was when the provisions gave out that the pull came. That happened on the sixteenth day, and by the twentieth we were little better than a boatload of dead-and-alive skeletons. On the twenty-first day, Jock Rayburn, the older of the two brothers, began to make remarks about the captain's dog. Captain Magnus was a terrible hard man, and, weak as he was, he said he'd see the men eat each other before they laid hands on Neptune.

"I was in the stern of the boat with the captain and the dog; the other three were forward, and it was not long before we were divided into two parties, the two Rayburns and the Swede on one

side and me and the captain on the other. We had long given up rowing; all we did was to sit there and glare at each other like so many wolves. At last, on the twenty-second day, that is, six days after we had our last bite of biscuit, Jock Rayburn, who was the hungriest of the three, started to come aft with his sheath knife drawn in his hand. His eyes were set on the dog, and it was easy to see what he meant. The captain let him get close up, and then pulled out his revolver and pointed it at Rayburn's head.

"'If you touch that dog you're a dead man,' said he; 'go forward and bear your trouble like a sailor.'

"So it went on till noon of the twenty-third day, and then I saw that those three forward were juggling with some strips of canvas. I soon tumbled to what devil's game they were at; they were casting lots as to which should die to save the others' lives. I told the captain, who was getting very faint and sick, what they were up to, but he had got past caring. All he said was, 'And a jolly good job too, provided they let us alone.'

"And now, sir, I come to the part that affects myself. Maybe you don't know what hunger is, but if you do you will understand my feelings. *I wanted to be in that lottery.* I wanted to take my chance of life, or at least of a quick, painless death, with the others; but I would not move without the

skipper's permit. When I asked him he looked at me strangely—I think he was off his head—and told me it didn't matter—nothing mattered now, he said, only no one should touch him or Neptune. With that I sang out to the other three, and I was just in time to stand in. Pete Rayburn, the youngest of the two brothers, was drawn, sir, and I shall say no more about what followed, except that at his own request he died by his brother Jock's hand.

"Two hours later the mail steamer hove in sight, and bore right down on us, and I shall never forget Jock Rayburn's face when he saw that if we had held out a little longer his brother's life and his own conscience might have been spared. But it was the captain he chiefly blamed, sir, for not allowing the dog to be touched; and if I hadn't taken the skipper's pistol and defended him—he was too weak himself by then—Rayburn would have done for him before the steamer came up. As it was, Jock Rayburn swore that he would not rest till he had had revenge on every soul in that boat, and on their children and children's children, so long as he should live—on us two men for the part we had taken, and on the captain for being the cause of it. I had sailed with the man before, and I knew that we should have to watch ourselves. Ohlssen, the Swede, was found dead in a lane off Ratcliffe Highway, ten years or more ago, with

a stab wound in his heart, and the man who did it was never found. Seven years ago Rayburn came here and saw the captain, who died the same night. Haven't I cause to be frightened for my young master?"

"And for yourself, too, I should think, if what you have told me is true," I said. "As to the captain's death, though, that was only indirectly caused by this man through the agitation of seeing him. Whatever villainy he may have meditated was baulked by Captain Magnus's weak heart."

The poor fellow broke down and wept.

"I do not care what may befall me," he said, "except that since that dreadful time I have tried to live so as to wipe out that awful crime, if crime it was. I should like to die without such a blot on my name."

"I do not see that there is any necessity why it should become known," I said. "You may rely on my keeping it from every one if I can. I shall try and find this man, and silence him once for all with a pretty strong hint that if he doesn't leave the country for good Ohlssen's murder may crop up unpleasantly for him. That ought to——"

Before I had concluded my sentence there was a knock at the back door close to the pantry, and a maid came in to say that a policeman had called to see Mr. Magnus. William went out to learn what he wanted, and I followed.

"I have been sent by the inspector at Arundel," the constable said, "to see if your governor knows anything of a tramp who died in the workhouse there this evening. There were a few shillings in money, this little brass syringe, and a piece of paper with Mr. Magnus's name and address on it."

"What did the man die of?" I asked, answering for Sutcliffe, who was too agitated to speak.

"Well," said the constable, "it is hardly certain yet. The doctor says he had all the symptoms of hydrophobia when brought in, but he seems to have met with an accident as well. He was found at the bottom of a ditch into which he had fallen, and he had run the point of this syringe into his leg in his fall. His clothes were saturated with aniseed, which leads us to think he was in the dog-stealing line."

The policeman's words rolled the clouds away as by magic, but there was no time to lose.

"I saw a pistol in your pantry just now," I said to William; "is it loaded?"

"Yes," he said.

"Then give it to me at once, and follow me to the dining-room."

Armed with the clumsy but effective weapon, I made my appearance at the dining-room door just in time to see young Magnus trying to defend himself against a furious onslaught from the fox-terrier with a chair. The animal was foaming at

the mouth, and rabidly set on biting his master. I took steady aim and rolled the dog over on the carpet—a harmless heap of quivering flesh.

"Oh, come, I say——" my client began.

Paying no heed to him, I turned the terrier's body over till I found what I expected—a tiny puncture under the left shoulder-blade. The mode of Jock Rayburn's intended vengeance was explained. With his disordered mind still harping on the dog which had played such a terribly negative part in that grim tragedy on the high seas, he had marked down Gyp as the instrument for slaying his old enemy's son. The aniseed used for luring the terrier to him, and the syringe charged with hydrophobic venom, made it all as clear as noonday that Philip Magnus had narrowly escaped a terrible fate. But though I fully convinced him of Rayburn's plot, it was not till a year afterwards, when William Sutcliffe had passed peacefully away, that I fully enlightened him as to the cause of it.

XII.

THE CLUE OF THE MAHOGANY GAVEL.

A YOUNG man, whose evening dress was covered with an inverness cape, bleeding from a bullet-wound in the temple, an opera hat lying a few paces away, and a revolver with one chamber discharged on the seat beside him.

Such was the grisly sight which the flashing bull's-eye of Constable 192 E revealed to the little knot of night birds and late prowlers who had collected as by magic at the sound of firearms. The hour was two o'clock in the morning, and the place was the Thames Embankment, not far from the foot of Villiers Street.

The constable blew his whistle for assistance, and the body, for the young man was quite dead, was removed to the mortuary. In the morning it was recognized as that of Leslie Melville, the only son of a retired Indian officer residing in Lowndes Square. An inquest was held, with the result that

a verdict was recorded of "Suicide while in a state of unsound mind."

The first intimation that I had that my services would be required in connection with the case was not till three days after the inquest, when I received a call from General Melville, the dead man's father. He was a soldierly man of sixty, with close-cropped hair just turning grey, and though he entered the office as erect as a ramrod and with a fine show of stern composure, it was easy to see that he had been sorely stricken by his son's death.

"Doubtless you are familiar with the main details of the occurrence, Mr. Zambra," began the General, after introducing himself; "but there are one or two circumstances in connection with it which make the poor boy's friends loth to accept the verdict of the jury as it stands. There was absolutely no reason—so far as we know—why he should wish to put an end to himself."

"You would imply that Mr. Leslie Melville was the victim of foul play?" I said. "Both the police evidence and the medical testimony on the face of it clearly negatived any such supposition."

"I know they did," replied the General. "The policeman, though he did not actually see the shot fired, swore that he was near enough to have seen any one leaving the spot; and the doctors all agreed that the wound was self-inflicted. Yet

neither his mother nor his sister—and I may add myself—are satisfied. There is the alternative of accident."

I shook my head. "People don't go to the Embankment in the dead of night to play with pistols for amusement," I said. "It is either murder or suicide. Everything—that is, speaking from the point of view of one not as yet behind the scenes—indicates the latter."

"If it is so we must bear our affliction as—as we are trying to bear it," said the old man, struggling not to break down; "but we must have the opinion of a specialist—yours, sir, as the best that can be had—that my son really did take his own life. The happiness of the living, even more than the reputation of the dead, demands that if Leslie committed this rash act we should know why he did it."

His manner seemed to indicate that he was leading up to some disclosure which at the same time he hesitated to impart. It was time to speak plainly.

"If there is any mystery in the business, General," I said, "your surest way to solve it is to tell me everything about your son, his habits and associates, and in what manner his relatives and friends are affected by what has happened. I make it a rule never to take up a case on half-confidences."

General Melville stiffened his back and looked me straight in the face.

"I have no intention of treating you to half-confidences," he said; "I came here to be perfectly frank with you; but you will understand my hesitation when I tell you that my daughter, and my daughter's relations with a gentleman to whom she is engaged, are concerned in the cause of my visit to you. It is not pleasant to lay bare family matters like this to a stranger, even professionally.

"Briefly, this is the position. My son, Leslie, who would have been twenty-two next birthday, was a young fellow neither better nor worse than the majority of moneyed youths of his class, who have time and leisure to knock about London. The boy might have been considered fast by old-fashioned people, but I do not think there was any real harm in him, and I had noticed signs lately which led me to think that his crop of wild oats, such as it was, was pretty nearly sown. He had been steadier and quieter lately, and more at home with his mother and sister.

"Leslie's greatest friend was a young man several years older than himself, named Wilfred Ballantyne. He is of independent means, being the second son of Lord Dawlish, and has chambers in the Albany. The intimacy between the two dates from about two years back, and it had not

been long in force when Leslie brought Ballantyne home and introduced him to Mrs. and Miss Melville and myself. The upshot of this was an attachment between my daughter and her brother's friend, which, after due inquiry, received my sanction. Mr. Ballantyne is undoubtedly well off, and I could discover nothing against his character, the worst that was said of him being that he had thoroughly sobered down after a somewhat wild and stormy youth. I have always found him gentlemanly in his behaviour and excessively devoted in his attentions to my daughter.

"My son and Ballantyne spent much of their time together; there is no doubt that they commenced the evening which terminated so unhappily for all of us in each other's company. Mr. Ballantyne does not show the slightest disposition to conceal the fact. As you have probably seen in the account of the inquest, he stated quite unreservedly that he and Leslie attended the Gaiety Theatre together, and that after supping at a restaurant they parted at half an hour after midnight, opposite Charing Cross Station, he going to his rooms in the Albany, and Leslie proceeding to the District Railway station, with the avowed intention of returning home. I have reason to know that the police made inquiries and satisfied themselves beyond the room for doubt that Ballantyne was in his chambers in the Albany,

and had been there over an hour, when the fatal shot was fired on the Embankment.

"And now I come to the most distressing part of our present dilemma. My daughter Edith, who has been in a state of hysterical excitement since the discovery, has broken off her engagement with Wilfred Ballantyne, alleging that in some way he was concerned in her brother's death. The young man has called every day at my house, but Edith refuses to see or to speak to him again. Her mother has pressed her for her reasons, but she can give none except that she has an intuitive conviction that had it not been for his friendship for Wilfred, Leslie would have been alive still. I have seen Mr. Ballantyne several times since, and I must say that I can discover no grounds for my daughter's treatment of him. He is, beyond all suspicion of pretence, deeply grieved at what has befallen his friend and companion, and really for the moment seems to feel it quite as much as Edith's behaviour to him.

"These are the circumstances which have decided me not to rest till we have got at the real reason for poor Leslie's sad end. If the boy actually did shoot himself purposely we must know why he did it; on the other hand, if he was the victim of an accident or of foul play, his own memory demands an explanation, while in either case my daughter's peace of mind depends upon

the matter being cleared up beyond the possibility of a doubt."

The General came to an end and eyed me impatiently, as though wondering why I had not a solution ready on the spot. The case had certainly increased in interest under his narration, but still there was nothing so far to shake or supplement the evidence adduced at the inquest. My feeling at the moment was that if the young fellow's death was other than an ordinary suicide, it formed the kernel of an uncommonly intricate problem which would tax my powers to the utmost.

"If you have no objection," I said, "I should like to see your son's room and examine his belongings. It is just possible there may be something there to give a new direction to the inquiry. After that I should propose to see Mr. Ballantyne, and question him minutely as to his companion's demeanour at parting. We have absolutely no grounds of suspicion against this gentleman at present, but it will be well for me to see him. When will it be convenient for me to come to your house?"

"Come at once," replied General Melville; "I am only anxious that no time should be lost."

Half an hour later we were standing in an airy bedroom in the General's house in Lowndes Square.

No one would ever have taken it for other than what it was—the private apartment of a latter-day young man of the world. Photographs of well-known actresses were plentiful, and handsomely mounted walking-canes and silver cigarette-cases lay about in profusion. I was given to understand that nothing had been removed from, or added to, the contents of the room save the clothes and articles found on the corpse, which lay neatly arranged on the bed. There was, beside the wearing apparel, a gold watch and chain, between four and five pounds in gold and silver coin, a pencil-case, and a paper packet of cigarettes bearing in addition to the manufacturer's name the rubber stamp of a tobacconist in the Euston Road.

I went systematically through the room, examining the contents of drawers, and inspecting in turn the miscellaneous articles lying about on the mantelpiece and table. All that I found worthy of making a note of was several other packets of cigarettes, some having the contents nearly all consumed, and others nearly full, but all bearing the stamp of the same tobacconist.

"Had your son any business or pleasure likely to take him frequently to the neighbourhood of the Euston Road?" I asked of the General, after showing him the labels.

"I never heard him mention the place," was

the reply. "I fear the more fashionable haunts which young men affect usually claimed him."

All the more reason, I thought, why the Euston Road should receive a little attention from myself. It was evident that Leslie Melville had been there frequently, and the fact of his having said nothing about it might mean a good deal. I kept my intentions to myself, not wishing to raise conjectures and surmises at this stage of the proceedings, and went away to call on Mr. Ballantyne. At my request the General parted from me at his own door, for I wished the interview to be a private one.

On my way to the Albany I changed my mind, and decided to see first the policeman who had come upon the scene on hearing the fatal shot. The man's testimony as given at the inquest had been clear and positive enough when read on paper, but for the purposes of delicate investigation a good deal depended on what sort of an officer he was. I was fortunate in finding 192 E at the station, just come off duty. He was a middle-aged, experienced member of the force, and a very few minutes' conversation with him impressed me with the reliability of his evidence. At the moment when the shot was fired he was about fifty yards off, advancing towards it—near enough to see that the seat was occupied by one person only, though not close enough to observe that person's actions.

He actually saw the flash of the pistol, and as there was an electric lamp a few paces beyond it was impossible for any one to have left the vicinity unknown to him. It was the opinion of the officer that the deceased had deliberately waited to pull the trigger till the approach of a policeman, so that his body might fall into friendly hands, and no one should be suspected of murdering him.

The constable walked down to the Embankment with me, and together we went carefully over the ground, with the result that the dim outline of the murder fiend that had so far faintly overshadowed the case faded away almost conclusively into the distance. When I finally turned my steps towards the Albany, it was with a mind still open, but less imbued with the importance of the visit I was about to make. At present my interest centred in the Euston Road. The place drew me like a magnet; but I work by method, and did not allow myself to be disturbed from my self-set programme.

Mr. Wilfred Ballantyne was in his rooms, and on sending in my card he gave orders for my immediate admission. I found myself in the presence of a tall, fair-haired man of about thirty, who gave one the impression at the outset of having used up his emotions. It was only when I began to speak of his dead friend that he showed himself not so thoroughly *blasé* as his first manner

led me to expect. Directly I mentioned the commission I had received from General Melville—to try and ascertain the true cause of Leslie's death—Wilfred Ballantyne evinced every sign of the most profound grief; his weak blue eyes became suffused with tears, and he even wrung his hands several times while speaking of his friendship for the deceased.

Sentiment is all very well in its way, but I was there on business, and I took an early opportunity of bringing Mr. Ballantyne back from his grief to the region of fact. I put to him several rapid questions in succession as to the movements of the two on the fatal night, and he answered them easily in conformity with the evidence he had given at the inquest. The evening at the theatre, the supper at the restaurant, and the subsequent parting opposite the Charing Cross Station—he described them all in detail without the slightest deviation from his previous account. He expressed himself as deeply anxious to further the object of my inquiry, and he would gladly confide to me any additional particulars as to his friend's demeanour did any such exist, but he was unable to recollect any such. Leslie Melville two hours before he was found a corpse on the Embankment had been to all appearances in his usual health and spirits.

Then in my most matter-of-fact tones I suddenly put the question I had come there to ask—

"Do you know whether Mr. Melville was in the Euston Road that evening!"

If this man was lying to me he lied very well. I had taken the detective's most elementary precaution to manœuvre him into such light as came through the window, and, needless to say, I watched him closely. Not so much as the quiver of an eyelash or a catch in his breath denoted any sensation of alarm at the mention of a locality which I felt sure was in some way associated with his friend. It was just possible that Wilfred Ballantyne's taper fingers, which he had held clasped round his other wrist, may have tightened their clutch as he made reply, but of this I could not be sure. For the rest his appearance was that of puzzled surprise.

"The Euston Road!" he exclaimed. "No, indeed; he certainly was not there while in my company, and I know of nothing that could have taken him in that direction. Why do you ask?"

"A packet of cigarettes was found on him which had been obtained there," I said. "Of course it does not follow that they had been bought that evening."

"I never heard Leslie mention the Euston Road," said Ballantyne, still fondling his wrist thoughtfully. "It is not the sort of neighbourhood he was in the habit of frequenting."

"Ah, well," I said, "it is quite possible the

cigarettes may have come into his possession by chance—have been given to him by a friend, or one of a hundred other accidents;" and I rose to go, feeling that further time spent on Mr. Wilfred Ballantyne would be wasted. Either he could not or would not speak, and much as I pride myself on my diagnosis of human nature, I was not prepared to say which. On the whole, however, I was inclined to believe that his grief for his friend, though possibly exaggerated, was for the most part genuine.

My host rose also, and while I was listening to his last words of regret at his inability to throw any light on the case, my eyes took a comprehensive view of his surroundings. The room was luxuriously furnished in rather feminine taste, and, like Leslie Melville's bedchamber at Lowndes Square, was littered about with paraphernalia cherished by the modern *jeunesse dorée*. One article, however, struck me as a little out of place in such a collection. It lay on the sideboard as though carelessly thrown aside on its owner entering—a little mahogany mallet, or gavel as it is technically called, such as chairmen use at meetings to enforce order. Possibly, I thought, Mr. Ballantyne was in the habit of presiding at Primrose League or other political functions, though from his general style I should never have suspected as much.

On leaving the Albany I repaired to my office, where other work detained me for some considerable time. It was late in the evening before I was free to pursue my inquiries in the Euston Road. The shabby thoroughfare looked more than ever depressing in the damp drizzle of a Scotch mist as I turned out of Gower Street and made my way along the greasy pavement to the tobacconist's shop whence had come Leslie Melville's last smoke.

The murky gas-lamps struggled ineffectually with the gloom, the odour of cheap restaurants was in the air, squalid figures flitted along in the shadows, and again I wondered what could have brought a young man of fashion habitually to a neighbourhood in which the seamy side so glaringly prevailed.

The aspect of the tobacconist's told me at once that the shop was not one which would be likely to be sought out for the special excellence or exclusiveness of its wares. A single counter, at which a tawdry, middle-aged woman was weighing out an ounce of shag for a 'bus-driver, half a dozen suspicious-looking cigar-boxes on the shelf, and a glass case containing a modest assortment of "superior goods"—tinned tobaccos, cigarettes, and the like—these were the limits of the shop's capabilities. Mr. Melville must have bought his cigarettes there because other business took him to the neighbourhood and he sometimes ran short

—not because of any particular affection for the shop itself.

When the 'bus-driver had departed I bought a few cigars, and entered into conversation with the woman. Pointing to the glass case behind her, I hinted my doubts about there being any great demand for smokers' fancy goods in such a neighbourhood. To my delight I found that I had trodden on the good lady's pet corn.

"Oh dear, yes. Don't you make any mistake about that," she said. "We have some proper young swells in here, I can tell you. It's two years or more since they took to coming first. We had that case put there on purpose to hold their stuff."

"Dear me!" I replied, "I shouldn't have thought it. They come in quite regularly, then—these young gentlemen?"

"There's some of 'em in most nights," said the tobacconist, "but it's generally on Tuesdays and Fridays the rush comes. Why, I don't know, unless it be that there's a sing-song or something held about here those nights. It's mostly quite late—getting on for closing time—when the swells drop in."

"I had a young friend called Melville who once used to come up this way to smoking concerts," I said. "Do you know him?"

The shopkeeper shook her head decisively.

"No," she said; "I don't know any of their names. They run in here to buy cigarettes and things and then off again. They don't stop to talk."

I took the hint, whether it was intended or no, and strolled out into the muddy street. The shopwoman had said that Friday was one of the evenings on which her swell customers were most plentiful, and this was a Friday. I determined to prolong my stay in the neighbourhood in the hope of seeing some of the tobacconist's bi-weekly patrons, and of possibly fathoming the reason for their presence so far from their usual haunts.

Sauntering along in an easterly direction, I had nearly reached a by-street that runs at right angles out of the main thoroughfare, when a hansom dashed past me and drew up at the turning. Two well-dressed young fellows of three or four and twenty alighted, and after paying the cabman, disappeared up the by-street. The first cab had hardly driven off when a second pulled up at the corner, and another stylishly groomed young man was disgorged, to be promptly swallowed up in the darkness of the cross-road. It struck me forcibly that I had stumbled on the track of the tobacconist's customers; and then, swift on the heels of that intuition, there came another. What about the chairman's gavel I had seen on Wilfred Ballantyne's sideboard? Here was an assembly

of young men belonging to the ranks in which he was used to mix, meeting, as I had reason to believe, regularly, and with some show of concealment. Could it be that Leslie Melville's friend presided at these secret conclaves, and that he had lied to me as to his knowledge of the Euston Road?

Even as I pondered a third cab arrived and set down two more fares, who followed the same direction as the others. My mind was made up in an instant. Keeping well in the shadow, I set myself to dog the footsteps of the last comers. The street up which they had passed consisted of dingy lodging-houses, and was ill lighted, so that I contrived to be close up with them, and still unperceived, when they paused and knocked at a door some distance up. It was immediately opened, as though a janitor had been in waiting, and as they passed in I distinctly heard each of them say in turn the word "*Mokanna.*" What kind of an assemblage could this be to which the name of Moore's Veiled Prophet formed the password, and to which so many West End loungers were trooping? Anarchy? Nihilism? I wondered. It could not be; the sleek, well-fed appearance of the members had nothing in common with the half-starved, ragged votaries of the bomb.

One fact remained. I was in possession of the countersign, and I meant to use it. After waiting a minute to let the last comers get well into the

interior of the house, I knocked at the door, and had the satisfaction of seeing it promptly opened to me. A man in a gorgeous livery, looking strangely out of place in that dingy street, stood with his hand on the latch, barring my entrance, till I uttered the magic word I had heard the others use. At once the janitor stood on one side for me to pass in. He closed the door behind me, and I was committed to the undertaking, whatever it might portend.

The rooms on the ground floor were, I could see, vacant; and as the sound of voices came from above I made straight for the staircase, assuming the air of one used to the place. On the first-floor landing were several doors, one of which stood wide open, disclosing a brilliantly lighted room with a long table running down the centre, and two rows of chairs set out on either side. At the far end was a chair raised higher than the others, as though for the use of a president. There was not a soul in the room, but from an adjoining chamber came the subdued hum of conversation, and I gathered that the participators in whatever was to take place were waiting other arrivals before proceeding to the main business in the mysterious council chamber. Over the door of the latter, in a massive carved oak frame, hung the legend—

"*Who enters here leaves hope behind.*"

More than ever I felt sure that that house

concealed the secret of Leslie Melville's fate. Entering the empty room, I saw that the windows were draped with heavy stuff curtains, which would afford an effectual hiding-place, and I had barely ensconced myself behind them when the members began to troop into the apartment. To the number of thirteen they came, none of them known to me by sight, but all evidently belonging to the upper classes of society. When the side chairs were all occupied a fourteenth entered and made his way to the president's chair at the head of the table. He carried in his hand a small mahogany gavel like that I had seen at the Albany, and I more than expected to recognize the features of Wilfred Ballantyne in its owner. But it was not so. The chairman of the present meeting was a total stranger to me.

Perfect silence already prevailed in the room, and it could only have been for form's sake that the young man in the chair commenced his speech by tapping three times on the table. His words were so extraordinary that for the moment I could hardly believe my senses, but when, as he proceeded, I saw that I had gained a complete solution of the case in my hands, I set myself to listen calmly, and quickly recognized that an association which has long been known to exist in Vienna and New York had gained a footing in our midst. I was present at a meeting of a "Suicide Club,"

every member of which was pledged in turn, as he should be chosen by ballot, to put an end to himself!

"Fellow-members," began the chairman, "the only business on the *agenda* to-night is to record the due carrying out of the ballot of the fifteenth instant, in which Wilfred Ballantyne, then our president, was drawn as the next member to accord with our rules for self-destruction. Under the fifth rule of our association it is enacted that any member may be released from the consequences of his vow on finding a voluntary substitute from among the other members.

"Gentlemen, this has been done in Wilfred Ballantyne's case, he having formed an attachment which made life seem more valuable than when he joined us. As you are aware, one of our newest members—Leslie Melville—took upon himself the responsibility which rightly belonged to his friend. The facts recorded in the daily papers are sufficient evidence that Mr. Melville has honourably fulfilled the self-imposed conditions of his vow.

"It is further necessary to record my own appointment as president of the English branch in place of Mr. Ballantyne, who, having broken our code, ceases to be a member."

As he ceased speaking he left the chair, and the others silently followed him out of the room. I waited till the staircase was clear, and then slipped

down and out into the street, having heard enough to advise General Melville to pursue the subject of his son's undoubted suicide no further. Whether my face as I passed the hall-porter on my way out warned him that a stranger had been present I do not know, but I can vouch for it that the Suicide Club never met in that house again. The parent association in Vienna having been broken up by the police, it is to be hoped that the English branch has ceased to exist, and that young men who misuse their opportunities have found a more sensible way of treating God's best gift than that of getting rid of it.

As for the wretched Ballantyne, who took such a mean advantage of his friend's desire to spare his sister, he must reap the reward of his own wickedness. No law will touch him; but there are sterner censors than human justice.

THE END.

PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED,
LONDON AND BECCLES.

Edinburgh, August 1894.
Stirling, September 1927.

The Dawn of Light between her last Moments and Eternity.

"As clouds of adversity gathered around, *Marie Antoinette* displayed a Patience and Courage in *Unparalleled Sufferings* such as few Saints and *Martyrs have equalled.* . . . . The *Pure Ore* of her nature was but hidden under the cross of worldliness, and the scorching fire of suffering revealed one of the tenderest hearts, and one of the *Bravest Natures* that history records,

(Which will haunt all who have studied that tremendous drama, THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.)"

All Hope of Succour but from Thee is Past!

. . . . "When one reflects that a century which considered itself enlightened, of the most refined civilization, *ends* with public acts of such *barbarity*, one begins to *doubt* of *Human Nature itself, and fear* that the *brute which is always* in *Human Nature, has the ascendancy!*"—GOWER.

"Power itself hath not *one-half* the Might of Gentleness."

"She who Rocks the Cradle *Rules the World.*"

"Extinguish all emotions of heart and what differences will remain? I do *not* say between man *and brute*, but between *Man* and mere *inanimate Clod!*"

—CICERO.

The Unspeakable Grandeur of the Human Heart.

The Drying up of a single tear has more Honest Fame than Shedding SEAS OF GORE!!!

What is Ten Thousand Times more Horrible than Revolution or War?

☞OUTRAGED NATURE!☜

"O World! O men! what are we, and our best designs, that we must work by crime to punish crime, and slay, as if death had but this one gate?"—BYRON.

"What is Ten Thousand Times more Terrible than *Revolution* or War? Outraged Nature! She kills and kills, and is never tired of killing, till she has taught man the terrible lesson he is so slow to learn—that Nature is only conquered by obeying her . . . . Man has his courtesies in Revolution and War; he spares the *woman and child.* But Nature is fierce when she is offended; she spares neither *woman nor child.* She has no pity, for some awful but most good reason. She is *not* allowed to have any pity. Silently she strikes the sleeping child with as little remorse as she would strike the strong man with musket or the pickaxe in his hand. Oh! would to God that some man had the pictorial eloquence to put before the mothers of England the *mass of preventible suffering*, the mass of preventible agony of mind which exists in England year after year."—KINGSLEY.

MORAL.—Life is a Battle, not a Victory. Disobey ye who will, but ye who disobey must suffer.

[SEE OVER.

LIGHT *versus* DARKNESS.

"It is very characteristic of the late Prince Consort—*a man himself of the purest mind, who powerfully impressed and influenced others by sheer force of his own benevolent nature*—when drawing up the conditions of the annual prize to be given by Her Majesty at Wellington College, to determine that it should be awarded **Not to the Cleverest Boy, nor the most Bookish Boy, nor to the most Precise, Diligent, and Prudent Boy, but to the Noblest Boy, to the Boy who should show the most promise of becoming a Large-Hearted, High-Motived Man.**"—*Smiles.*

"*How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in action how like an Angel! in apprehension how like a God.*"

"**SHAKESPEARE,** the Greatest Genius who has ever yet lived," taught the **Divineness** of **Forgiveness,** of **Perpetual Mercy,** of **Constant Patience,** of **Endless Peace,** of Perpetual Gentleness. If you can show me one who knew things better than this man, show him!! **I know him not!!** If he had appeared as a **Divine,** they would have **Burned Him**; as a **Politician,** they would have **Beheaded Him.**

"**He Taught that Kindness is Nobler than Revenge!!**

The Rev. George Dawson, M.A

"Earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice,

And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The Deeds of Mercy."—Shakespeare.

"And such is Human Life; so gliding on,
It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone!"

What higher aim can man attain than conquest over human pain?

JEOPARDY OF LIFE, THE GREAT DANGER OF DELAY.

You can change the trickling stream, but not the Raging Torrent.

WHAT EVERYBODY SHOULD READ.—How important it is to every individual to have at hand some simple, effective, and palatable remedy, such as **ENO'S "FRUIT SALT,"** to check disease at the onset!!! For this is the time. With very little trouble you can change the course of the trickling mountain stream, but not the rolling river. It will defy all your tiny efforts. I feel I cannot sufficiently impress this important information upon all householders, ship captains, or Europeans generally, who are visiting or residing in any hot or foreign climate. Whenever a change is contemplated likely to disturb the condition of health, let **ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"** be your companion, for under any circumstances its use is beneficial, and never can do harm. When you feel out of sorts, restless, sleepless, yet unable to say why, frequently without any warning you are suddenly seized with lassitude, disinclination for bodily or mental exertion, loss of appetite, sickness, pain in the forehead, dull aching of back and limbs, coldness of the surface, and often shivering, &c., &c., then your whole body is out of order, the spirit of danger has been kindled, but you do not know where it may end; it is a real necessity to have a simple remedy at hand. The pilot can so steer and direct as to bring the ship into safety, but he cannot quell the raging storm. The common idea when not feeling well is: "I will wait and see, perhaps I shall be better to-morrow," whereas had a supply of **ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"** been at hand, and use made of it at the onset, all calamitous results might have been avoided. What dashes to the earth so many hopes, breaks so many sweet alliances, blasts so many auspicious enterprises, as untimely Death?

"I used my 'FRUIT SALT' in my last severe attack of fever, and I have every reason to say I believe it saved my life."—J. C. ENO.

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" prevents any over-acid state of the blood. It should be kept in every bedroom, in readiness for any emergency. Be careful to avoid rash acidulated salines, and use **ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"** to prevent the bile becoming too thick and (impure) producing a gummy, viscous, clammy stickiness or adhesiveness in the mucous membrane of the intestinal canal, frequently the pivot of diarrhœa and disease. **ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"** prevents and removes diarrhœa in the early stages.

CAUTION.—*Examine each Bottle and see the CAPSULE is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation. Prepared only at*

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, LONDON, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S Patent.

A List of Books

PUBLISHED BY

CHATTO & WINDUS

214, Piccadilly, London, W.

ABOUT.—THE FELLAH: An Egyptian Novel. By EDMOND ABOUT. Translated by Sir RANDAL ROBERTS. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

ADAMS (W. DAVENPORT), WORKS BY.

A DICTIONARY OF THE DRAMA. Being a comprehensive Guide to the Plays Playwrights, Players, and Playhouses of the United Kingdom and America Crown 8vo half-bound, **12s. 6d.** [*Preparing.*

QUIPS AND QUIDDITIES. Selected by W. D. ADAMS. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

AGONY COLUMN (THE) OF "THE TIMES," from 1800 to 1870. Edited, with an Introduction, by ALICE CLAY. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

AIDE (HAMILTON), WORKS BY. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

CARR OF CARRLYON. | **CONFIDENCES.**

ALBERT.—BROOKE FINCHLEY'S DAUGHTER. By MARY ALBERT. Post 8vo, picture boards, **2s.**; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

ALDEN.—A LOST SOUL. By W. L. ALDEN. Fcap. 8vo, cl. bds., **1s. 6d.**

ALEXANDER (MRS.), NOVELS BY. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

MAID, WIFE, OR WIDOW? | **VALERIE'S FATE.**

ALLEN (F. M.).—GREEN AS GRASS. By F. M. ALLEN, Author of "Through Green Glasses." Frontispiece by J. SMYTH. Cr. 8vo, cloth ex., **3s. 6d.**

ALLEN (GRANT), WORKS BY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.** each.

THE EVOLUTIONIST AT LARGE. | **COLIN CLOUT'S CALENDAR.**

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

PHILISTIA.	**FOR MAIMIE'S SAKE.**	**THE TENTS OF SHEM.**
BABYLON.	**IN ALL SHADES.**	**THE GREAT TABOO.**
STRANGE STORIES.	**THE DEVIL'S DIE.**	**DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.**
BECKONING HAND.	**THIS MORTAL COIL.**	

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each.

THE DUCHESS OF POWYSLAND. | **BLOOD royal.**

IVAN GREET'S MASTERPIECE, &c. With a Frontispiece by STANLEY L. WOOD.

DR. PALLISER'S PATIENT. Fcap. 8vo, cloth extra, **1s. 6d.**

THE SCALLYWAG. Three Vols., crown 8vo.

ARCHITECTURAL STYLES, A HANDBOOK OF. By A. ROSENGARTEN. Translated by W COLLETT-SANDARS. With 639 Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cl ex., **7s. 6d.**

ART (THE) OF AMUSING: A Collection of Graceful Arts, GAMES, Tricks, Puzzles, and Charades. By FRANK BELLEW. 300 Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., **4s. 6d.**

ARNOLD (EDWIN LESTER), WORKS BY.

THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF PHRA THE PHŒNICIAN. With 12 Illusts. by H. M. PAGET. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.**

THE CONSTABLE OF ST. NICHOLAS. With a Frontispiece by STANLEY WOOD. Crown 8vo, cloth, **3s. 6d.** [*Shortly.*

BIRD LIFE IN ENGLAND. Crown 8vo. cloth extra, **6s.**

ARTEMUS WARD'S WORKS. With Portrait and Facsimile. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**—Also a POPULAR EDITION, post 8vo, picture boards, **2s.**

THE GENIAL SHOWMAN: Life and Adventures of ARTEMUS WARD. By EDWARD P. HINGSTON. With a Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

ASHTON (JOHN), WORKS BY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.** each.
HISTORY OF THE CHAP-BOOKS OF THE 18th CENTURY. With 334 Illusts.
SOCIAL LIFE IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE. With 85 Illustrations.
HUMOUR, WIT, AND SATIRE OF SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. With 82 Illusts.
ENGLISH CARICATURE AND SATIRE ON NAPOLEON THE FIRST. 115 Illusts.
MODERN STREET BALLADS. With 57 Illustrations.

BACTERIA, YEAST FUNGI, AND ALLIED SPECIES, A SYNOPSIS OF. By W. B. GROVE, B.A With 87 Illustrations, Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

BARDSLEY (REV. C. W.), WORKS BY.
ENGLISH SURNAMES: Their Sources and Significations. Cr. 8vo, cloth, **7s. 6d.**
CURIOSITIES OF PURITAN NOMENCLATURE. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

BARING GOULD (S., Author of "John Herring," &c.), NOVELS BY.
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
RED SPIDER. | EVE.

BARR (ROBERT: LUKE SHARP), STORIES BY. Cr. 8vo, cl., **3s. 6d.** ea.
IN A STEAMER CHAIR. With Frontispiece and Vignette by DEMAIN HAMMOND.
FROM WHOSE BOURNE, &c. With 47 Illustrations.

BARRETT (FRANK, Author of "Lady Biddy Fane,") NOVELS BY.
Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each; cloth, **2s. 6d.** each.
FETTERED FOR LIFE.
THE SIN OF OLGA ZASSOULICH.
BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH.
FOLLY MORRISON. | HONEST DAVIE.
LITTLE LADY LINTON.
A PRODIGAL'S PROGRESS.
JOHN FORD; and HIS HELPMATE.
A RECOILING VENGEANCE.
LIEUT. BARNABAS. | FOUND GUILTY.
FOR LOVE AND HONOUR.
THE WOMAN OF THE IRON BRACELETS. Three Vols., crown 8vo.

BEACONSFIELD, LORD. By T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 5s.

BEAUCHAMP.—GRANTLEY GRANGE: A Novel. By SHELSLEY BEAUCHAMP. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

BEAUTIFUL PICTURES BY BRITISH ARTISTS: A Gathering from the Picture Galleries, engraved on Steel. Imperial 4to, cloth extra, gilt edges, **21s.**

BECHSTEIN.—AS PRETTY AS SEVEN, and other German Stories. Collected by LUDWIG BECHSTEIN. With Additional Tales by the Brothers GRIMM, and 98 Illustrations by RICHTER. Square 8vo, cloth extra, **6s. 6d.**; gilt edges, **7s. 6d.**

BEERBOHM.—WANDERINGS IN PATAGONIA; or, Life among the Ostrich Hunters. By JULIUS BEERBOHM. With Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cl. extra, **3s. 6d.**

BENNETT (W. C., LL.D.), WORKS BY. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s.** each.
A BALLAD HISTORY OF ENGLAND. | SONGS FOR SAILORS.

BESANT (WALTER), NOVELS BY.
Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.** each; cl. limp, **2s. 6d.** each.
ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN. With Illustrations by FRED. BARNARD.
THE CAPTAINS' ROOM, &c. With Frontispiece by E. J. WHEELER.
ALL IN A GARDEN FAIR. With 6 Illustrations by HARRY FURNISS.
DOROTHY FORSTER. With Frontispiece by CHARLES GREEN.
UNCLE JACK, and other Stories. | CHILDREN OF GIBEON.
THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN. With 12 Illustrations by A. FORESTIER.
HERR PAULUS: His Rise, his Greatness, and his Fall.
FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM. With Illustrations by A. FORESTIER and F. WADDY.
TO CALL HER MINE, &c. With 9 Illustrations by A. FORESTIER.
THE BELL OF ST. PAUL'S.
THE HOLY ROSE, &c. With Frontispiece by F. BARNARD.
ARMOREL OF LYONESSE: A Romance of To-day. With 12 Illusts. by F. BARNARD.
ST. KATHERINE'S BY THE TOWER. With 12 page Illustrations by C. GREEN.
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each.
VERBENA CAMELLIA STEPHANOTIS, &c. | THE IVORY GATE: A Novel.
FIFTY YEARS AGO. With 144 Plates and Woodcuts. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.**
THE EULOGY OF RICHARD JEFFERIES. With Portrait. Cr. 8vo, cl. extra, **6s.**
THE ART OF FICTION. Demy 8vo, **1s.**
LONDON. With 124 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, **18s.**
THE REBEL QUEEN: A Novel. Three Vols., crown 8vo.
WALTER BESANT: A Study. By JOHN UNDERHILL. With Photograph Portraits. Crown 8vo, Irish linen, **6s.** *[Shortly.*

BESANT (WALTER) AND JAMES RICE, NOVELS BY.

Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.** each; cl. limp, **2s. 6d.** each.

READY-MONEY MORTIBOY.
MY LITTLE GIRL.
WITH HARP AND CROWN.
THIS SON OF VULCAN.
THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY.
THE MONKS OF THELEMA.
BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.
THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET.
THE SEAMY SIDE.
THE CASE OF MR. LUCRAFT, &c.
'TWAS IN TRAFALGAR'S BAY, &c.
THE TEN YEARS' TENANT, &c.

*** There is also a LIBRARY EDITION of the above Twelve Volumes, handsomely set in new type, on a large crown 8vo page, and bound in cloth extra, **6s.** each.

BEWICK (THOMAS) AND HIS PUPILS.

By AUSTIN DOBSON. With 95 Illustrations. Square 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

BIERCE.—IN THE MIDST OF LIFE: Tales of Soldiers and Civilians,

By AMBROSE BIERCE. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

BLACKBURN'S (HENRY) ART HANDBOOKS.

ACADEMY NOTES, separate years, from 1875-1887, 1889-1892, each **1s.**
ACADEMY NOTES, 1893. With Illustrations. **1s.**
ACADEMY NOTES, 1875-79. Complete in One Vol., with 600 Illusts. Cloth limp, **6s.**
ACADEMY NOTES, 1880-84. Complete in One Vol. with 700 Illusts Cloth limp, **6s.**
GROSVENOR NOTES, 1877. 6d.
GROSVENOR NOTES, separate years, from 1878 to 1890, each **1s.**
GROSVENOR NOTES, Vol. I., 1877-82. With 300 Illusts. Demy 8vo, cloth limp, **6s.**
GROSVENOR NOTES, Vol. II., 1883-87. With 300 Illusts. Demy 8vo, cloth limp, **6s.**
GROSVENOR NOTES, Vol. III., 1888-90. With 230 Illusts. Demy 8vo, cloth, **3s. 6d.**
THE NEW GALLERY, 1888-1892. With numerous Illustrations, each **1s.**
THE NEW GALLERY, 1893. With Illustrations. **1s.**
THE NEW GALLERY, Vol. I., 1888-1892. With 250 Illusts. Demy 8vo, cloth, **6s.**
ENGLISH PICTURES AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY. 114 Illustrations. **1s.**
OLD MASTERS AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY. 128 Illustrations. **1s. 6d.**
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY. 242 Illusts. cl., **3s.**
THE PARIS SALON, 1893. With Facsimile Sketches. **3s.**
THE PARIS SOCIETY OF FINE ARTS, 1893. With Sketches. **3s. 6d.**

BLAKE (WILLIAM): India-proof Etchings from his Works by WILLIAM BELL SCOTT.

With descriptive Text. Folio, half-bound boards, **21s.**

BLIND (MATHILDE), Poems by. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 5s. each.

THE ASCENT OF MAN.
DRAMAS IN MINIATURE. With a Frontispiece by FORD MADOX BROWN.
SONGS AND SONNETS. Fcap. 8vo, vellum and gold.

BOURNE (H. R. FOX), WORKS BY.

ENGLISH MERCHANTS: Memoirs in Illustration of the Progress of British Commerce. With numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**
ENGLISH NEWSPAPERS: The History of Journalism. Two Vols., demy 8vo, cl., **25s.**
THE OTHER SIDE OF THE EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION. Cr. 8vo, **6s.**

BOWERS.—LEAVES FROM A HUNTING JOURNAL.

By GEORGE BOWERS. Oblong folio, half-bound, **21s.**

BOYLE (FREDERICK), WORKS BY.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
CHRONICLES OF NO-MAN'S LAND. | **CAMP NOTES.** | **SAVAGE LIFE.**

BRAND'S OBSERVATIONS ON POPULAR ANTIQUITIES; chiefly

illustrating the Origin of our Vulgar Customs, Ceremonies, and Superstitions. With the Additions of Sir HENRY ELLIS, and Illustrations. Cr. 8vo. cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

BREWER (REV. DR.), WORKS BY.

THE READER'S HANDBOOK OF ALLUSIONS, REFERENCES, PLOTS, AND STORIES. Fifteenth Thousand. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**
AUTHORS AND THEIR WORKS, WITH THE DATES: Being the Appendices to "The Reader's Handbook," separately printed. Crown 8vo, cloth limp, **2s.**
A DICTIONARY OF MIRACLES. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

BREWSTER (SIR DAVID), WORKS BY.

Post 8vo, cl. ex., **4s. 6d.** each.
MORE WORLDS THAN ONE: Creed of Philosopher and Hope of Christian. Plates.
THE MARTYRS OF SCIENCE: GALILEO, TYCHO BRAHE, and KEPLER. With Portraits.
LETTERS ON NATURAL MAGIC. With numerous Illustrations.

BRILLAT-SAVARIN.—GASTRONOMY AS A FINE ART.

By BRILLAT-SAVARIN. Translated by R. E. ANDERSON, M.A. Post 8vo, half-bound, **2s.**

BRET HARTE, WORKS BY.

LIBRARY EDITION. In Seven Volumes, crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.** each.

BRET HARTE'S COLLECTED WORKS. Arranged and Revised by the Author.
Vol. I. Complete Poetical and Dramatic Works. With Steel Portrait.
Vol. II. Luck of Roaring Camp—Bohemian Papers—American Legends.
Vol. III. Tales of the Argonauts—Eastern Sketches.
Vol. IV. Gabriel Conroy. | Vol. V. Stories—Condensed Novels, &c.
Vol. VI. Tales of the Pacific Slope.
Vol. VII. Tales of the Pacific Slope—II. With Portrait by John Pettie, R.A.

THE SELECT WORKS OF BRET HARTE, in Prose and Poetry With Introductory Essay by J. M. Bellew, Portrait of Author, and 50 Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., **7s. 6d.**
BRET HARTE'S POETICAL WORKS. Hand-made paper & buckram. Cr. 8vo, **4s. 6d.**
THE QUEEN OF THE PIRATE ISLE. With 28 original Drawings by Kate Greenaway, reproduced in Colours by Edmund Evans. Small 4to, cloth, **5s.**

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each.

A WAIF OF THE PLAINS. With 60 Illustrations by Stanley L. Wood.
A WARD OF THE GOLDEN GATE. With 59 Illustrations by Stanley L. Wood.
A SAPPHO OF GREEN SPRINGS, &c. With Two Illustrations by Hume Nisbet.
COLONEL STARBOTTLE'S CLIENT, AND SOME OTHER PEOPLE. With a Frontispiece by Fred. Barnard.
SUSY: A Novel. With Frontispiece and Vignette by J. A. Christie.
SALLY DOWS, &c. With 47 Illustrations by W. D. Almond, &c.
A PROTÉGÉE OF JACK HAMLIN'S. With numerous Illustrations. [*Shortly.*

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

GABRIEL CONROY. | **THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP, &c.**
AN HEIRESS OF RED DOG, &c. | **CALIFORNIAN STORIES.**

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** each.

FLIP. | **MARUJA.** | **A PHYLLIS OF THE SIERRAS.**

Fcap. 8vo, picture cover, **1s.** each.

THE TWINS OF TABLE MOUNTAIN. | **JEFF BRIGGS'S LOVE STORY.**
SNOW-BOUND AT EAGLE'S.

BRYDGES.—UNCLE SAM AT HOME. By Harold Brydges. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

BUCHANAN'S (ROBERT) WORKS. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.** each.

SELECTED POEMS OF ROBERT BUCHANAN. With Frontispiece by T. Dalziel.
THE EARTHQUAKE; or, Six Days and a Sabbath.
THE CITY OF DREAM: An Epic Poem. With Two Illustrations by P. Macnab.
THE WANDERING JEW: A Christmas Carol. Second Edition.
THE OUTCAST: A Rhyme for the Time. With 15 Illustrations by Rudolf Blind, Peter Macnab, and Hume Nisbet. Small demy 8vo, cloth extra, **8s.**
ROBERT BUCHANAN'S COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS. With Steel-plate Portrait. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD.
A CHILD OF NATURE. Frontispiece.
GOD AND THE MAN. With 11 Illustrations by Fred. Barnard.
THE MARTYRDOM OF MADELINE. With Frontispiece by A. W. Cooper.
LOVE ME FOR EVER. Frontispiece.
ANNAN WATER. | **FOXGLOVE MANOR.**
THE NEW ABELARD.
MATT: A Story of a Caravan. Front.
THE MASTER OF THE MINE. Front.
THE HEIR OF LINNE.
WOMAN AND THE MAN. 2 vols., crown 8vo.

BURTON (CAPTAIN).—THE BOOK OF THE SWORD: Being a History of the Sword and its Use in all Countries, from the Earliest Times. By Richard F. Burton. With over 400 Illustrations. Demy 4to, cloth extra, **32s.**

BURTON (ROBERT).

THE ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY: A New Edition, with translations of the Classical Extracts. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**
MELANCHOLY ANATOMISED Being an Abridgment, for popular use, of Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

CAINE (T. HALL), NOVELS BY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** each.

SHADOW OF A CRIME. | **A SON OF HAGAR.** | **THE DEEMSTER.**

CAMERON (COMMANDER).—THE CRUISE OF THE "BLACK PRINCE" PRIVATEER. By V. Lovett Cameron, R.N. Post 8vo, boards, **2s.**

CAMERON (MRS. H. LOVETT), NOVELS BY. Post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.** each.

JULIET'S GUARDIAN. | **DECEIVERS EVER.**

CARLYLE (THOMAS) ON THE CHOICE OF BOOKS. With Life by R. H. SHEPHERD, and Three Illustrations. Post 8vo, cloth extra, **1s. 6d.**

CORRESPONDENCE OF THOMAS CARLYLE AND R. W. EMERSON, 1834 to 1872. Edited by C. E. NORTON. With Portraits. Two Vols., crown 8vo, cloth, **24s.**

CARLYLE (JANE WELSH), LIFE OF. By Mrs. ALEXANDER IRELAND. With Portrait and Facsimile Letter. Small demy 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

CHAPMAN'S (GEORGE) WORKS. Vol. I. contains the Plays complete, including the doubtful ones. Vol. II., the Poems and Minor Translations, with an Introductory Essay by ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. Vol. III., the Translations of the Iliad and Odyssey. Three Vols., crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.** each.

CHATTO AND JACKSON.—A TREATISE ON WOOD ENGRAVING. By W. A. CHATTO and J. JACKSON. With 450 fine Illusts. Large 4to, hf.-bd., **28s.**

CHAUCER FOR CHILDREN: A Golden Key. By Mrs. H. R. HAWEIS. With 8 Coloured Plates and 30 Woodcuts. Small 4to, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

CHAUCER FOR SCHOOLS. By Mrs. H. R. HAWEIS. Demy 8vo. cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

CLARE.—FOR THE LOVE OF A LASS: A Tale of Tynedale. By AUSTIN CLARE. Post 8vo, picture boards, **2s.**; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

CLIVE (MRS. ARCHER), NOVELS BY. Post 8vo, illust. boards **2s.** each

PAUL FERROLL. | **WHY PAUL FERROLL KILLED HIS WIFE.**

CLODD.—MYTHS AND DREAMS. By EDWARD CLODD, F.R.A.S. Second Edition, Revised. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

COBBAN (J. MACLAREN), NOVELS BY.

THE CURE OF SOULS. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**
THE RED SULTAN. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**
THE BURDEN OF ISABEL. Three Vols, crown 8vo.

COLEMAN (JOHN), WORKS BY.

PLAYERS AND PLAYWRIGHTS I HAVE KNOWN. Two Vols., 8vo, cloth, **24s.**
CURLY: An Actor's Story. With 21 Illusts. by J. C. DOLLMAN. Cr. 8vo, cl., **1s. 6d.**

COLERIDGE.—THE SEVEN SLEEPERS OF EPHESUS. By M. E. COLERIDGE. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, **1s. 6d.**

COLLINS (C. ALLSTON).—THE BAR SINISTER. Post 8vo, 2s.

COLLINS (MORTIMER AND FRANCES), NOVELS BY.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

FROM MIDNIGHT TO MIDNIGHT. | **BLACKSMITH AND SCHOLAR.**
TRANSMIGRATION. | **YOU PLAY ME FALSE.** | **A VILLAGE COMEDY.**

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

SWEET ANNE PAGE. | **FIGHT WITH FORTUNE.** | **SWEET & TWENTY.** | **FRANCES.**

COLLINS (WILKIE), NOVELS BY.

Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.** each; cl. limp, **2s. 6d.** each.

ANTONINA. With a Frontispiece by Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A.
BASIL. Illustrated by Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A., and J. MAHONEY.
HIDE AND SEEK. Illustrated by Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A., and J. MAHONEY.
AFTER DARK. Illustrations by A. B. HOUGHTON. | **THE TWO DESTINIES.**
THE DEAD SECRET. With a Frontispiece by Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A.
QUEEN OF HEARTS. With a Frontispiece by Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A.
THE WOMAN IN WHITE. With Illusts. by Sir J. GILBERT, R.A., and F. A. FRASER.
NO NAME. With Illustrations by Sir J. E. MILLAIS, R.A., and A. W. COOPER.
MY MISCELLANIES. With a Steel-plate Portrait of WILKIE COLLINS.
ARMADALE. With Illustrations by G. H. THOMAS.
THE MOONSTONE. With Illustrations by G. DU MAURIER and F. A. FRASER.
MAN AND WIFE. With Illustrations by WILLIAM SMALL.
POOR MISS FINCH. Illustrated by G. DU MAURIER and EDWARD HUGHES.
MISS OR MRS.? With Illusts. by S. L. FILDES, R.A., and HENRY WOODS, A.R.A.
THE NEW MAGDALEN. Illustrated by G. DU MAURIER and C. S. REINHARDT.
THE FROZEN DEEP. Illustrated by G. DU MAURIER and J. MAHONEY.
THE LAW AND THE LADY. Illusts. by S. L. FILDES, R.A., and SYDNEY HALL.
THE HAUNTED HOTEL. Illustrated by ARTHUR HOPKINS.

THE FALLEN LEAVES. | **HEART AND SCIENCE.** | **THE EVIL GENIUS.**
JEZEBEL'S DAUGHTER. | **"I SAY NO."** | **LITTLE NOVELS.**
THE BLACK ROBE. | **A ROGUE'S LIFE.** | **THE LEGACY OF CAIN.**

BLIND LOVE. With Preface by WALTER BESANT, and Illusts. by A. FORESTIER.

COLLINS (JOHN CHURTON, M.A.), BOOKS BY.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF TENNYSON. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**
JONATHAN SWIFT: A Biographical and Critical Study. Crown 8vo, cloth extra **8s.**

COLMAN'S (GEORGE) HUMOROUS WORKS: "Broad Grins," "My Nightgown and Slippers," &c. With Life and Frontis. Cr. 8vo, cl. extra, **7s. 6d.**

COLMORE.—A VALLEY OF SHADOWS. By G. COLMORE, Author of "A Conspiracy of Silence." Two Vols., crown 8vo.

COLQUHOUN.—EVERY INCH A SOLDIER: A Novel. By M. J. COLQUHOUN. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

CONVALESCENT COOKERY: A Family Handbook. By CATHERINE RYAN. Crown 8vo, **1s.**; cloth limp, **1s. 6d.**

CONWAY (MONCURE D.), WORKS BY.
DEMONOLOGY AND DEVIL-LORE. 65 Illustrations. Two Vols., 8vo, cloth **28s.**
A NECKLACE OF STORIES. 25 Illusts. by W. J. HENNESSY. Sq. 8vo, cloth, **6s.**
GEORGE WASHINGTON'S RULES OF CIVILITY. Fcap. 8vo, Jap. vellum, **2s. 6d.**

COOK (DUTTON), NOVELS BY.
PAUL FOSTER'S DAUGHTER. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.**
LEO. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

COOPER (EDWARD H.)—GEOFFORY HAMILTON. Cr. 8vo, 3s. 6d.

CORNWALL.—POPULAR ROMANCES OF THE WEST OF ENGLAND; or, The Drolls, Traditions, and Superstitions of Old Cornwall. Collected by ROBERT HUNT, F.R.S. Two Steel-plates by GEO. CRUIKSHANK. Cr. 8vo, cl., **7s. 6d.**

COTES.—TWO GIRLS ON A BARGE. By V. CECIL COTES. With 44 Illustrations by F. H. TOWNSEND. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

CRADDOCK.—THE PROPHET OF THE GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS. By CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK. Post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.**; cl. limp, **2s. 6d.**

CRELLIN (H. N.)—THE NAZARENES: A Drama. Crown 8vo, 1s.

CRIM.—ADVENTURES OF A FAIR REBEL. By MATT CRIM. With a Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

CROKER (B.M.), NOVELS BY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** each.

PRETTY MISS NEVILLE.	**DIANA BARRINGTON.**	
A BIRD OF PASSAGE.	**PROPER PRIDE.**	**"TO LET."**

A FAMILY LIKENESS. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

CRUIKSHANK'S COMIC ALMANACK. Complete in Two SERIES: The FIRST from 1835 to 1843; the SECOND from 1844 to 1853. A Gathering of the BEST HUMOUR of THACKERAY, HOOD, MAYHEW, ALBERT SMITH, A'BECKETT, ROBERT BROUGH, &c. With numerous Steel Engravings and Woodcuts by CRUIKSHANK, HINE, LANDELLS, &c. Two Vols., crown 8vo, cloth gilt, **7s. 6d.** each.
THE LIFE OF GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. By BLANCHARD JERROLD. With 84 Illustrations and a Bibliography. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

CUMMING (C. F. GORDON), WORKS BY. Demy 8vo, cl. ex., **8s. 6d.** each.
IN THE HEBRIDES. With Autotype Facsimile and 23 Illustrations.
IN THE HIMALAYAS AND ON THE INDIAN PLAINS. With 42 Illustrations.
TWO HAPPY YEARS IN CEYLON. With 28 Illustrations.
VIA CORNWALL TO EGYPT. With Photogravure Frontis. Demy 8vo, cl., **7s. 6d.**

CUSSANS.—A HANDBOOK OF HERALDRY; with Instructions for Tracing Pedigrees and Deciphering Ancient MSS., &c. By JOHN E. CUSSANS. With 408 Woodcuts and 2 Coloured Plates. Fourth edition, revised, crown 8vo, cloth, **6s.**

CYPLES (W.)—HEARTS of GOLD. Cr. 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, bds., 2s.

DANIEL.—MERRIE ENGLAND IN THE OLDEN TIME. By GEORGE DANIEL. With Illustrations by ROBERT CRUIKSHANK. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

DAUDET.—THE EVANGELIST; or, Port Salvation. By ALPHONSE DAUDET. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

DAVENANT.—HINTS FOR PARENTS ON THE CHOICE OF A PROFESSION FOR THEIR SONS. By F. DAVENANT, M.A. Post 8vo, **1s.**; cl., **1s. 6d.**

DAVIES (DR. N. E. YORKE-), WORKS BY. Cr. 8vo, **1s.** ea.; cl., **1s. 6d.** ea.
ONE THOUSAND MEDICAL MAXIMS AND SURGICAL HINTS.
NURSERY HINTS: A Mother's Guide in Health and Disease.
FOODS FOR THE FAT: A Treatise on Corpulency, and a Dietary for its Cure.
AIDS TO LONG LIFE. Crown 8vo, **2s.**; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

DAVIES' (SIR JOHN) COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS, for the first time Collected and Edited, with Memorial-Introduction and Notes, by the Rev. A. B. GROSART, D.D. Two Vols., crown 8vo, cloth boards, **12s.**

DAWSON.—THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH: A Novel of Adventure. By ERASMUS DAWSON, M.B. Edited by PAUL DEVON. With Two Illustrations by HUME NISBET. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

DE GUERIN.—THE JOURNAL OF MAURICE DE GUERIN. Edited by G. S. TREBUTIEN. With a Memoir by SAINTE-BEUVE. Translated from the 20th French Edition by JESSIE P. FROTHINGHAM. Fcap, 8vo, half-bound, **2s. 6d.**

DE MAISTRE.—A JOURNEY ROUND MY ROOM. By XAVIER DE MAISTRE. Translated by HENRY ATTWELL. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

DE MILLE.—A CASTLE IN SPAIN. By JAMES DE MILLE. With a Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

DERBY (THE).—THE BLUE RIBBON OF THE TURF: A Chronicle of the RACE FOR THE DERBY, from Diomed to Donovan. With Brief Accounts of THE OAKS. By LOUIS HENRY CURZON. Crown 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

DERWENT (LEITH), NOVELS BY. Cr. 8vo, cl., **3s. 6d.** ea.; post 8vo, bds., **2s.** ea.

OUR LADY OF TEARS. | **CIRCE'S LOVERS.**

DICKENS (CHARLES), NOVELS BY. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

SKETCHES BY BOZ. | **NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.**
THE PICKWICK PAPERS. | **OLIVER TWIST.**

THE SPEECHES OF CHARLES DICKENS, 1841–1870. With a New Bibliography. Edited by RICHARD HERNE SHEPHERD. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**—Also a SMALLER EDITION, in the *Mayfair Library*, post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

ABOUT ENGLAND WITH DICKENS. By ALFRED RIMMER. With 57 Illustrations by C. A. VANDERHOOF, ALFRED RIMMER, and others. Sq. 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

DICTIONARIES.

A DICTIONARY OF MIRACLES: Imitative, Realistic, and Dogmatic. By the Rev. E. C. BREWER, LL.D. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

THE READER'S HANDBOOK OF ALLUSIONS, REFERENCES, PLOTS, AND STORIES. By the Rev. E. C. BREWER, LL.D. With an ENGLISH BIBLIOGRAPHY. Fifteenth Thousand. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

AUTHORS AND THEIR WORKS, WITH THE DATES. Cr. 8vo, cloth limp, **2s.**

FAMILIAR SHORT SAYINGS OF GREAT MEN. With Historical and Explanatory Notes. By SAMUEL A. BENT, A.M. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

SLANG DICTIONARY: Etymological, Historical, and Anecdotal. Cr. 8vo, cl., **6s. 6d.**

WOMEN OF THE DAY: A Biographical Dictionary. By F. HAYS. Cr. 8vo, cl., **5s.**

WORDS, FACTS, AND PHRASES: A Dictionary of Curious, Quaint, and Out-of-the-Way Matters. By ELIEZER EDWARDS. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

DIDEROT.—THE PARADOX OF ACTING. Translated, with Annotations, from Diderot's "Le Paradoxe sur le Comédien," by WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK. With a Preface by HENRY IRVING. Crown 8vo, parchment, **4s. 6d.**

DOBSON (AUSTIN), WORKS BY.

THOMAS BEWICK & HIS PUPILS. With 95 Illustrations. Square 8vo, cloth, **6s.**

FOUR FRENCHWOMEN. With 4 Portraits. Crown 8vo, buckram, gilt top, **6s.**

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY VIGNETTES. Crown 8vo, buckram, gilt top, **6s.**—A SECOND SERIES, uniform in size and price, is now in preparation.

DOBSON (W. T.)—POETICAL INGENUITIES AND ECCENTRICITIES. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

DONOVAN (DICK), DETECTIVE STORIES BY.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** each.

THE MAN-HUNTER. | **WANTED!** | **A DETECTIVE'S TRIUMPHS.**
CAUGHT AT LAST! | **IN THE GRIP OF THE LAW.**
TRACKED AND TAKEN. | **FROM INFORMATION RECEIVED.**
WHO POISONED HETTY DUNCAN? | **LINK BY LINK.**
SUSPICION AROUSED.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** each.

THE MAN FROM MANCHESTER. With 23 Illustrations.

TRACKED TO DOOM. With 6 full-page Illustrations by GORDON BROWNE.

DOYLE (CONAN).—THE FIRM OF GIRDLESTONE. By A. CONAN DOYLE, Author of "Micah Clarke." Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

DRAMATISTS, THE OLD. With Vignette Portraits. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., **6s.** per Vol.
BEN JONSON'S WORKS. With Notes Critical and Explanatory, and a Biographical Memoir by Wm. Gifford. Edited by Col. Cunningham. Three Vols.
CHAPMAN'S WORKS. Complete in Three Vols. Vol. I. contains the Plays complete; Vol. II., Poems and Minor Translations, with an Introductory Essay by A. C. Swinburne; Vol. III., Translations of the Iliad and Odyssey.
MARLOWE'S WORKS. Edited, with Notes, by Col. Cunningham. One Vol.
MASSINGER'S PLAYS. From Gifford's Text. Edit by Col. Cunningham. One Vol.

DUNCAN (SARA JEANNETTE), WORKS BY.
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.** each.
A SOCIAL DEPARTURE: How Orthodocia and I Went round the World by Ourselves. With 111 Illustrations by F. H. Townsend.
AN AMERICAN GIRL IN LONDON. With 80 Illustrations by F. H. Townsend.
THE SIMPLE ADVENTURES OF A MEMSAHIB. Illustrated by F. H. Townsend.

DYER.—THE FOLK-LORE OF PLANTS. By Rev. T. F. Thiselton Dyer, M.A. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

EARLY ENGLISH POETS. Edited, with Introductions and Annotations, by Rev. A. B. Grosart, D.D. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, **6s.** per Volume.
FLETCHER'S (GILES) COMPLETE POEMS. One Vol.
DAVIES' (SIR JOHN) COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS. Two Vols.
HERRICK'S (ROBERT) COMPLETE COLLECTED POEMS. Three Vols.
SIDNEY'S (SIR PHILIP) COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS. Three Vols.

EDGCUMBE.—ZEPHYRUS: A Holiday in Brazil and on the River Plate. By E. R. Pearce Edgcumbe. With 41 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.**

EDWARDES (MRS. ANNIE), NOVELS BY:
A POINT OF HONOUR. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**
ARCHIE LOVELL. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.**

EDWARDS (ELIEZER).—WORDS, FACTS, AND PHRASES: A Dictionary of Curious, Quaint, and Out-of-the-Way Matters. By Eliezer Edwards. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

EDWARDS (M. BETHAM-), NOVELS BY.
KITTY. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**
FELICIA. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

EGERTON.—SUSSEX FOLK & SUSSEX WAYS. By Rev. J. C. Egerton. With Introduction by Rev. Dr. H. Wace, and 4 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo, cloth ex., **5s.**

EGGLESTON (EDWARD).—ROXY: A Novel. Post 8vo, illust. bds., 2s.

ENGLISHMAN'S HOUSE, THE: A Practical Guide to all interested in Selecting or Building a House; with Estimates of Cost, Quantities, &c. By C. J. Richardson. With Coloured Frontispiece and 600 Illusts. Crown 8vo, cloth, **7s. 6d.**

EWALD (ALEX. CHARLES, F.S.A.), WORKS BY.
THE LIFE AND TIMES OF PRINCE CHARLES STUART, Count of Albany (The Young Pretender). With a Portrait. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**
STORIES FROM THE STATE PAPERS. With an Autotype. Crown 8vo, cloth, **6s.**

EYES, OUR: How to Preserve Them from Infancy to Old Age. By John Browning, F.R.A.S. With 70 Illusts. Eighteenth Thousand. Crown 8vo, **1s.**

FAMILIAR SHORT SAYINGS OF GREAT MEN. By Samuel Arthur Bent, A.M. Fifth Edition, Revised and Enlarged. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

FARADAY (MICHAEL), WORKS BY. Post 8vo, cloth extra, **4s. 6d.** each.
THE CHEMICAL HISTORY OF A CANDLE: Lectures delivered before a Juvenile Audience. Edited by William Crookes, F.C.S. With numerous Illustrations.
ON THE VARIOUS FORCES OF NATURE, AND THEIR RELATIONS TO EACH OTHER. Edited by William Crookes, F.C.S. With Illustrations.

FARRER (J. ANSON), WORKS BY.
MILITARY MANNERS AND CUSTOMS. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**
WAR: Three Essays, reprinted from "Military Manners." Cr. 8vo, **1s.**; cl., **1s. 6d.**

FENN (G. MANVILLE), NOVELS BY.
THE NEW MISTRESS. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.**
WITNESS TO THE DEED. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

FIN-BEC.—THE CUPBOARD PAPERS: Observations on the Art of Living and Dining. By FIN-BEC. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

FIREWORKS, THE COMPLETE ART OF MAKING; or, The Pyrotechnist's Treasury. By THOMAS KENTISH. With 267 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo, cl., **5s.**

FITZGERALD (PERCY, M.A., F.S.A.), WORKS BY.

THE WORLD BEHIND THE SCENES. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

LITTLE ESSAYS: Passages from Letters of CHARLES LAMB. Post 8vo, cl., **2s. 6d.**

A DAY'S TOUR: Journey through France and Belgium. With Sketches. Cr. 4to, **1s.**

FATAL ZERO. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**: post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

BELLA DONNA. | **LADY OF BRANTOME.** | **THE SECOND MRS. TILLOTSON.**
POLLY. | **NEVER FORGOTTEN.** | **SEVENTY-FIVE BROOKE STREET.**

LIFE OF JAMES BOSWELL (of Auchinleck). With an Account of his Sayings, Doings, and Writings; and Four Portraits. Two Vols., demy 8vo, cloth, **24s.**

FLAMMARION (CAMILLE), WORKS BY.

POPULAR ASTRONOMY: A General Description of the Heavens. By CAMILLE FLAMMARION. Translated by J. ELLARD GORE, F.R.A.S. Illust. by numerous Figures, Plates, Photographs, &c. Medium 8vo, cl. ex., **12s. 6d.** [*Preparing.*

URANIA: A Romance. Translated by A. R. STETSON. With 87 Illustrations by DE BIELER, MYRBACH, &c. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.**

FLETCHER'S (GILES, B.D.) COMPLETE POEMS: Christ's Victorie in Heaven, Christ's Victorie on Earth, Christ's Triumph over Death, and Minor Poems. With Notes by Rev. A. B. GROSART, D.D. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, **6s.**

FLUDYER (HARRY) AT CAMBRIDGE. Post 8vo, **1s.**; cloth limp, **1s. 6d.**

FONBLANQUE (ALBANY).—FILTHY LUCRE. Post 8vo, illust. bds., 2s.

FRANCILLON (R. E.), NOVELS BY.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

ONE BY ONE. | **QUEEN COPHETUA.** | **A REAL QUEEN.** | **KING OR KNAVE?**

OLYMPIA. Post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.** | **ESTHER'S GLOVE.** Fcap. 8vo, pict. cover, **1s.**

ROMANCES OF THE LAW. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

ROPES OF SAND. With 31 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

FREDERIC (HAROLD), NOVELS BY. Post 8vo, illust. bds., 2s. each.

SETH'S BROTHER'S WIFE. | **THE LAWTON GIRL.**

FRENCH LITERATURE, A HISTORY OF. By HENRY VAN LAUN. Three Vols., demy 8vo, cloth boards, **7s. 6d.** each.

FRERE.—PANDURANG HARI; or, Memoirs of a Hindoo. With Preface by Sir BARTLE FRERE. Crown 8vo, cloth, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.**

FRISWELL (HAIN).—ONE OF TWO: A Novel. Post 8vo, illust. bds., 2s.

FROST (THOMAS), WORKS BY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each.

CIRCUS LIFE AND CIRCUS CELEBRITIES. | **LIVES OF THE CONJURERS.**

THE OLD SHOWMEN AND THE OLD LONDON FAIRS.

FRY'S (HERBERT) ROYAL GUIDE TO THE LONDON CHARITIES. Showing their Name, Date of Foundation, Objects, Income, Officials, &c. Edited by JOHN LANE. Published Annually. Crown 8vo, cloth, **1s. 6d.**

GARDENING BOOKS. Post 8vo. **1s.** each; cloth limp, **1s. 6d.** each.

A YEAR'S WORK IN GARDEN AND GREENHOUSE: Practical Advice as to the Management of the Flower, Fruit, and Frame Garden. By GEORGE GLENNY.

HOUSEHOLD HORTICULTURE. By TOM and JANE JERROLD. Illustrated.

THE GARDEN THAT PAID THE RENT. By TOM JERROLD.

OUR KITCHEN GARDEN: The Plants we Grow, and How we Cook Them. By TOM JERROLD. Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6*d.*

MY GARDEN WILD, AND WHAT I GREW THERE. By FRANCIS G. HEATH. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, **6s.**

GARRETT.—THE CAPEL GIRLS: A Novel. By EDWARD GARRETT. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, THE. 1s. Monthly. In addition to Articles upon subjects in Literature, Science, and Art, **"TABLE TALK"** by SYLVANUS URBAN, and **"PAGES ON PLAYS"** by JUSTIN H. MCCARTHY, appear monthly.

*** *Bound Volumes for recent years kept in stock,* **8s. 6d.** *each. Cases for binding,* **2s.**

GENTLEMAN'S ANNUAL, THE. Published Annually in November. **1s.** The 1893 Annual, by T. W. SPEIGHT, is entitled **"BURGO'S ROMANCE."**

GERMAN POPULAR STORIES. Collected by the Brothers GRIMM and Translated by EDGAR TAYLOR. With Introduction by JOHN RUSKIN, and 22 Steel Plates after GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. Square 8vo, cloth, **6s. 6d.**; gilt edges, **7s. 6d.**

GIBBON (CHARLES), NOVELS BY.
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
ROBIN GRAY. | **LOVING A DREAM.** | **THE GOLDEN SHAFT.**
THE FLOWER OF THE FOREST. | **OF HIGH DEGREE.**

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
THE DEAD HEART. | **IN LOVE AND WAR.**
FOR LACK OF GOLD. | **A HEART'S PROBLEM.**
WHAT WILL THE WORLD SAY? | **BY MEAD AND STREAM.**
FOR THE KING. | **A HARD KNOT.** | **THE BRAES OF YARROW.**
QUEEN OF THE MEADOW. | **FANCY FREE.** | **IN HONOUR BOUND.**
IN PASTURES GREEN. | **HEART'S DELIGHT.** | **BLOOD-MONEY.**

GIBNEY (SOMERVILLE).—SENTENCED! Cr. 8vo, 1s.; cl., 1s. 6d.

GILBERT (WILLIAM), NOVELS BY. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
DR. AUSTIN'S GUESTS. | **JAMES DUKE, COSTERMONGER.**
THE WIZARD OF THE MOUNTAIN. |

GILBERT (W. S.), ORIGINAL PLAYS BY. Two Series, 2s. 6d. each.
The FIRST SERIES contains: The Wicked World—Pygmalion and Galatea—Charity—The Princess—The Palace of Truth—Trial by Jury.
The SECOND SERIES: Broken Hearts—Engaged—Sweethearts—Gretchen—Dan'l Druce—Tom Cobb—H.M.S. "Pinafore"—The Sorcerer—Pirates of Penzance.

EIGHT ORIGINAL COMIC OPERAS written by W. S. GILBERT. Containing: The Sorcerer—H.M.S. "Pinafore"—Pirates of Penzance—Iolanthe—Patience—Princess Ida—The Mikado—Trial by Jury. Demy 8vo. cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

THE "GILBERT AND SULLIVAN" BIRTHDAY BOOK: Quotations for Every Day in the Year, Selected from Plays by W. S. GILBERT set to Music by Sir A. SULLIVAN. Compiled by ALEX. WATSON. Royal 16mo, Jap. leather, **2s. 6d.**

GLANVILLE (ERNEST), NOVELS BY.
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
THE LOST HEIRESS: A Tale of Love, Battle, and Adventure. With 2 Illusts.
THE FOSSICKER: A Romance of Mashonaland. With 2 Illusts. by HUME NISBET.
A FAIR COLONIST. With a Frontispiece. Cr. 8vo, cl. extra, **3s. 6d.** [*Shortly.*

GLENNY.—A YEAR'S WORK IN GARDEN AND GREENHOUSE: Practical Advice to Amateur Gardeners as to the Management of the Flower, Fruit, and Frame Garden. By GEORGE GLENNY. Post 8vo, **1s.**; cloth limp, **1s. 6d.**

GODWIN.—LIVES OF THE NECROMANCERS. By WILLIAM GODWIN. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s.**

GOLDEN TREASURY OF THOUGHT, THE: An Encyclopædia of QUOTATIONS. Edited by THEODORE TAYLOR. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, **7s. 6d.**

GOODMAN.—THE FATE OF HERBERT WAYNE. By E. J. GOODMAN, Author of "Too Curious." Crown 8vo, cloth, **3s. 6d.**

GOWING.—FIVE THOUSAND MILES IN A SLEDGE: A Midwinter Journey Across Siberia. By LIONEL F. GOWING. With 30 Illustrations by C. J. UREN, and a Map by E. WELLER. Large crown 8vo, cloth extra, **8s.**

GRAHAM.—THE PROFESSOR'S WIFE: A Story By LEONARD GRAHAM. Fcap. 8vo, picture cover, **1s.**

GREEKS AND ROMANS, THE LIFE OF THE, described from Antique Monuments. By ERNST GUHL and W. KONER. Edited by Dr. F. HUEFFER. With 545 Illustrations. Large crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

GREENWOOD (JAMES), WORKS BY. Cr. 8vo. cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each.
THE WILDS OF LONDON. | **LOW-LIFE DEEPS.**

GREVILLE (HENRY), NOVELS BY:
NIKANOR. Translated by ELIZA E. CHASE. With 8 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**
A NOBLE WOMAN. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

GRIFFITH.—CORINTHIA MARAZION: A Novel. By CECIL GRIFFITH, Author of "Victory Deane," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

GRUNDY.—THE DAYS OF HIS VANITY: A Passage in the Life of a Young Man. By SYDNEY GRUNDY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

HABBERTON (JOHN, Author of "Helen's Babies"), NOVELS BY. Post 8vo, illustrated boards **2s.** each; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** each.
BRUETON'S BAYOU. | **COUNTRY LUCK.**

HAIR, THE: Its Treatment in Health, Weakness, and Disease. Translated from the German of Dr. J. PINCUS. Crown 8vo, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**

HAKE (DR. THOMAS GORDON), POEMS BY. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., **6s.** each.
NEW SYMBOLS. | **LEGENDS OF THE MORROW.** | **THE SERPENT PLAY.**
MAIDEN ECSTASY. Small 4to, cloth extra, **8s.**

HALL.—SKETCHES OF IRISH CHARACTER. By Mrs. S. C. HALL. With numerous Illustrations on Steel and Wood by MACLISE, GILBERT, HARVEY, and GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. Medium 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

HALLIDAY (ANDR.).—EVERY-DAY PAPERS. Post 8vo, bds., 2s.

HANDWRITING, THE PHILOSOPHY OF. With over 100 Facsimiles and Explanatory Text. By DON FELIX DE SALAMANCA. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

HANKY-PANKY: Easy Tricks, White Magic, Sleight of Hand, &c. Edited by W. H. CREMER. With 200 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **4s. 6d.**

HARDY (LADY DUFFUS).—PAUL WYNTER'S SACRIFICE. 2s.

HARDY (THOMAS).—UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE. By THOMAS HARDY, Author of "Tess." With Portrait and 15 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

HARPER (CHARLES G.), WORKS BY. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, **16s.** each.
THE BRIGHTON ROAD. With Photogravure Frontispiece and 90 Illustrations.
FROM PADDINGTON TO PENZANCE: The Record of a Summer Tramp. 105 Illusts.

HARWOOD.—THE TENTH EARL. By J. BERWICK HARWOOD. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

HAWEIS (MRS. H. R.), WORKS BY. Square 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.** each.
THE ART OF BEAUTY. With Coloured Frontispiece and 91 Illustrations.
THE ART OF DECORATION. With Coloured Frontispiece and 74 Illustrations.
THE ART OF DRESS. With 32 Illustrations. Post 8vo, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**
CHAUCER FOR SCHOOLS. Demy 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**
CHAUCER FOR CHILDREN. 38 Illusts. (8 Coloured). Sm. 4to, cl. extra, **3s. 6d.**

HAWEIS (Rev. H. R., M.A.).—AMERICAN HUMORISTS: WASHINGTON IRVING, OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, ARTEMUS WARD, MARK TWAIN, and BRET HARTE. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

HAWLEY SMART.—WITHOUT LOVE OR LICENCE: A Novel. By HAWLEY SMART. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

HAWTHORNE.—OUR OLD HOME. By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Annotated with Passages from the Author's Note-book, and Illustrated with 31 Photogravures. Two Vols., crown 8vo, buckram, gilt top, **15s.**

HAWTHORNE (JULIAN), NOVELS BY.
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
GARTH. | **ELLICE QUENTIN.** | **BEATRIX RANDOLPH.** | **DUST.**
SEBASTIAN STROME. | **DAVID POINDEXTER.**
FORTUNE'S FOOL. | **THE SPECTRE OF THE CAMERA.**
Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
MISS CADOGNA. | **LOVE—OR A NAME.**
MRS. GAINSBOROUGH'S DIAMONDS. Fcap. 8vo. illustrated cover, **1s.**

HEATH.—MY GARDEN WILD, AND WHAT I GREW THERE. By FRANCIS GEORGE HEATH. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, **6s.**

HELPS (SIR ARTHUR), WORKS BY. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** each.
ANIMALS AND THEIR MASTERS. | **SOCIAL PRESSURE.**
IVAN DE BIRON: A Novel. Cr. 8vo, cl. extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.**

HENDERSON.—AGATHA PAGE: A Novel. By ISAAC HENDERSON. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

HENTY.—RUJUB, THE JUGGLER. By G. A. HENTY. With 8 Illustrations by STANLEY L. WOOD. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, **5s.**

HERMAN.—A LEADING LADY. By HENRY HERMAN, joint-Author of "The Bishops' Bible." Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**; cloth extra, **2s. 6d.**

HERRICK'S (ROBERT) HESPERIDES, NOBLE NUMBERS, AND COMPLETE COLLECTED POEMS. With Memorial-Introduction and Notes by the Rev. A. B. GROSART, D.D.; Steel Portrait, &c. Three Vols., crown 8vo, cl. bds., **18s.**

HERTZKA.—FREELAND: A Social Anticipation. By Dr. THEODOR HERTZKA. Translated by ARTHUR RANSOM. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

HESSE-WARTEGG.—TUNIS: The Land and the People. By Chevalier ERNST VON HESSE-WARTEGG. With 22 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

HILL (JOHN, M.A.), WORKS BY.

TREASON-FELONY. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

THE COMMON ANCESTOR. Three Vols., crown 8vo. *[Shortly.*

HINDLEY (CHARLES), WORKS BY.

TAVERN ANECDOTES AND SAYINGS: Including Reminiscences connected with Coffee Houses, Clubs, &c. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, **3s. 6d.**

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF A CHEAP JACK. Cr. 8vo, cloth ex., **3s. 6d.**

HOEY.—THE LOVER'S CREED. By Mrs. CASHEL HOEY. Post 8vo, 2s.

HOLLINGSHEAD (JOHN).—NIAGARA SPRAY. Crown 8vo, 1s.

HOLMES.—THE SCIENCE OF VOICE PRODUCTION AND VOICE PRESERVATION. By GORDON HOLMES, M.D. Crown 8vo, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**

HOLMES (OLIVER WENDELL), WORKS BY.

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST-TABLE. Illustrated by J. GORDON THOMSON. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**—Another Edition, in smaller type, with an Introduction by G. A. SALA. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s.**

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST-TABLE and **THE PROFESSOR AT THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.** In One Vol. Post 8vo, half-bound, **2s.**

HOOD'S (THOMAS) CHOICE WORKS, in Prose and Verse. With Life of the Author, Portrait, and 200 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

HOOD'S WHIMS AND ODDITIES. With 85 Illustrations. Post 8vo, printed on laid paper and half-bound, **2s.**

HOOD (TOM).—FROM NOWHERE TO THE NORTH POLE: A Noah's Arkæological Narrative. By TOM HOOD. With 25 Illustrations by W. BRUNTON and E. C. BARNES. Square 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, **6s.**

HOOK'S (THEODORE) CHOICE HUMOROUS WORKS; including his Ludicrous Adventures, Bons Mots, Puns, and Hoaxes. With Life of the Author, Portraits, Facsimiles, and Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

HOOPER.—THE HOUSE OF RABY: A Novel. By Mrs. GEORGE HOOPER. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

HOPKINS.—"'TWIXT LOVE AND DUTY:" A Novel. By TIGHE HOPKINS. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

HORNE.—ORION: An Epic Poem. By RICHARD HENGIST HORNE. With Photographic Portrait by SUMMERS. Tenth Edition. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, **7s.**

HUNGERFORD (MRS.), Author of "Molly Bawn," **NOVELS BY.**

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** each.

A MAIDEN ALL FORLORN. | **IN DURANCE VILE.** | **A MENTAL STRUGGLE.**
MARVEL. | **A MODERN CIRCE.**

LADY VERNER'S FLIGHT. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

THE RED-HOUSE MYSTERY. Two Vols., crown 8vo. *[Shortly.*

HUNT.—ESSAYS BY LEIGH HUNT: A TALE FOR A CHIMNEY CORNER, &c. Edited by EDMUND OLLIER. Post 8vo, printed on laid paper and half-bd., **2s.**

HUNT (MRS. ALFRED), NOVELS BY.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

THE LEADEN CASKET. | **SELF-CONDEMNED.** | **THAT OTHER PERSON.**

THORNICROFT'S MODEL. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

MRS. JULIET. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

HUTCHISON.—HINTS ON COLT-BREAKING. By W. M. HUTCHISON. With 25 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

HYDROPHOBIA: An Account of M. PASTEUR'S System; Technique of his Method, and Statistics. By RENAUD SUZOR, M.B. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

IDLER (THE): A Monthly Magazine. Edited by JEROME K. JEROME and ROBERT E. BARR. Profusely Illustrated. Sixpence Monthly.—Vols. I., II., and III. now ready, cloth extra, **5s.** each; Cases for Binding, **1s. 6d.**

INGELOW (JEAN).—FATED TO BE FREE. Post 8vo, illustrated bds., **2s.**

INDOOR PAUPERS. By ONE OF THEM. Crown 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

INNKEEPER'S HANDBOOK (THE) AND LICENSED VICTUALLER'S MANUAL. By J. TREVOR-DAVIES. Crown 8vo, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**

IRISH WIT AND HUMOUR, SONGS OF. Collected and Edited by A. PERCEVAL GRAVES. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

JAMES.—A ROMANCE OF THE QUEEN'S HOUNDS. By CHARLES JAMES. Post 8vo, picture cover, **1s.**; cloth limp, **1s. 6d.**

JAMESON.—MY DEAD SELF. By WILLIAM JAMESON. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**; cloth, **2s. 6d.**

JANVIER.—PRACTICAL KERAMICS FOR STUDENTS. By CATHERINE A. JANVIER. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

JAY (HARRIETT), NOVELS BY. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
THE DARK COLLEEN. | **THE QUEEN OF CONNAUGHT.**

JEFFERIES (RICHARD), WORKS BY. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** each.
NATURE NEAR LONDON. | **THE LIFE OF THE FIELDS.** | **THE OPEN AIR.**
*** Also the HAND-MADE PAPER EDITION, crown 8vo, buckram, gilt top, **6s.** each.

THE EULOGY OF RICHARD JEFFERIES. By WALTER BESANT. Second Edition With a Photograph Portrait. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

JENNINGS (H. J.), WORKS BY.
CURIOSITIES OF CRITICISM. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**
LORD TENNYSON: A Biographical Sketch. With a Photograph. Cr. 8vo, cl., **6s.**

JEROME.—STAGELAND. By JEROME K. JEROME. With 64 Illustrations by J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE. Square 8vo, picture cover, **1s.**; cloth limp, **2s.**

JERROLD.—THE BARBER'S CHAIR; & THE HEDGEHOG LETTERS. By DOUGLAS JERROLD. Post 8vo, printed on laid paper and half-bound, **2s.**

JERROLD (TOM), WORKS BY. Post 8vo, **1s.** each; cloth limp, **1s. 6d.** each.
THE GARDEN THAT PAID THE RENT.
HOUSEHOLD HORTICULTURE: A Gossip about Flowers. Illustrated.
OUR KITCHEN GARDEN: The Plants, and How we Cook Them. Cr. 8vo, cl., **1s. 6d.**

JESSE.—SCENES AND OCCUPATIONS OF A COUNTRY LIFE. By EDWARD JESSE. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s.**

JONES (WILLIAM, F.S.A.), WORKS BY. Cr. 8vo, cl. extra, **7s. 6d.** each.
FINGER-RING LORE: Historical, Legendary, and Anecdotal. With nearly 300 Illustrations. Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged.
CREDULITIES, PAST AND PRESENT. Including the Sea and Seamen, Miners, Talismans, Word and Letter Divination, Exorcising and Blessing of Animals, Birds, Eggs, Luck, &c. With an Etched Frontispiece.
CROWNS AND CORONATIONS: A History of Regalia. With 100 Illustrations.

JONSON'S (BEN) WORKS. With Notes Critical and Explanatory, and a Biographical Memoir by WILLIAM GIFFORD. Edited by Colonel CUNNINGHAM. Three Vols., crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.** each.

JOSEPHUS, THE COMPLETE WORKS OF. Translated by WHISTON. Containing "The Antiquities of the Jews" and "The Wars of the Jews." With 52 Illustrations and Maps. Two Vols., demy 8vo, half-bound, **12s. 6d.**

KEMPT.—PENCIL AND PALETTE: Chapters on Art and Artists. By ROBERT KEMPT. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

KERSHAW.—COLONIAL FACTS AND FICTIONS: Humorous Sketches. By MARK KERSHAW. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**; cloth, **2s. 6d.**

KEYSER.—CUT BY THE MESS: A Novel. By ARTHUR KEYSER. Crown 8vo, picture cover, **1s.**; cloth limp, **1s. 6d.**

KING (R. ASHE), NOVELS BY. Cr. 8vo, cl., **3s. 6d.** ea.; post 8vo, bds., **2s.** ea.
A DRAWN GAME. | **"THE WEARING OF THE GREEN."**
Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
PASSION'S SLAVE. | **BELL BARRY.**

KNIGHT.—THE PATIENT'S VADE MECUM: How to Get Most Benefit from Medical Advice. By WILLIAM KNIGHT, M.R.C.S., and EDWARD KNIGHT, L.R.C.P. Crown 8vo, **1s.**; cloth limp, **1s. 6d.**

KNIGHTS (THE) OF THE LION: A Romance of the Thirteenth Century. Edited, with an Introduction, by the MARQUESS of LORNE, K.T. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex. **6s.**

LAMB'S (CHARLES) COMPLETE WORKS, in Prose and Verse, including "Poetry for Children" and "Prince Dorus." Edited, with Notes and Introduction, by R. H. SHEPHERD. With Two Portraits and Facsimile of a page of the "Essay on Roast Pig." Crown 8vo, half-bound, **7s. 6d.**

THE ESSAYS OF ELIA. Post 8vo, printed on laid paper and half-bound, **2s.**

LITTLE ESSAYS: Sketches and Characters by CHARLES LAMB, selected from his Letters by PERCY FITZGERALD. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

THE DRAMATIC ESSAYS OF CHARLES LAMB. With Introduction and Notes by BRANDER MATTHEWS, and Steel-plate Portrait. Fcap. 8vo, hf.-bd., **2s. 6d.**

LANDOR.—CITATION AND EXAMINATION OF WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, &c., before Sir THOMAS LUCY, touching Deer-stealing, 19th September, 1582. To which is added, **A CONFERENCE OF MASTER EDMUND SPENSER** with the Earl of Essex, touching the State of Ireland, 1595. By WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. Fcap. 8vo, half-Roxburghe, **2s. 6d.**

LANE.—THE THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS, commonly called in England **THE ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS.** Translated from the Arabic, with Notes, by EDWARD WILLIAM LANE. Illustrated by many hundred Engravings from Designs by HARVEY. Edited by EDWARD STANLEY POOLE. With a Preface by STANLEY LANE-POOLE. Three Vols., demy 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.** each.

LARWOOD (JACOB), WORKS BY.

THE STORY OF THE LONDON PARKS. With Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cl. extra, **3s. 6d.**

ANECDOTES OF THE CLERGY: The Antiquities, Humours, and Eccentricities of the Cloth. Post 8vo, printed on laid paper and half-bound, **2s.**

Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** each.

FORENSIC ANECDOTES. | **THEATRICAL ANECDOTES.**

LEIGH (HENRY S.), WORKS BY.

CAROLS OF COCKAYNE. Printed on hand-made paper, bound in buckram, **5s.**

JEUX D'ESPRIT. Edited by HENRY S. LEIGH. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

LEYS (JOHN).—THE LINDSAYS: A Romance. Post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.**

LIFE IN LONDON; or, The History of JERRY HAWTHORN and CORINTHIAN TOM. With CRUIKSHANK'S Coloured Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.** [*New Edition preparing.*

LINTON (E. LYNN), WORKS BY. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** each.

WITCH STORIES. | **OURSELVES:** ESSAYS ON WOMEN.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

SOWING THE WIND.
PATRICIA KEMBALL.
ATONEMENT OF LEAM DUNDAS.
THE WORLD WELL LOST.
UNDER WHICH LORD?
"MY LOVE!" | **IONE.**
PASTON CAREW, Millionaire & Miser.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

THE REBEL OF THE FAMILY. | **WITH A SILKEN THREAD.**

THE ONE TOO MANY. Three Vols., crown 8vo. [*Shortly.*

FREESHOOTING: Extracts from the Works of Mrs. LYNN LINTON. Post 8vo, cloth, **2s. 6d.**

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS. With numerous Illustrations on Steel and Wood. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

LUCY.—GIDEON FLEYCE: A Novel. By HENRY W. LUCY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

MACALPINE (AVERY), NOVELS BY.

TERESA ITASCA. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **1s.**

BROKEN WINGS. With 6 Illusts. by W. J. HENNESSY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

MACCOLL (HUGH), NOVELS BY.

MR. STRANGER'S SEALED PACKET. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

EDNOR WHITLOCK. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

MACDONELL.—QUAKER COUSINS: A Novel. By AGNES MACDONELL. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

McCARTHY (JUSTIN, M.P.), WORKS BY.

A HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES, from the Accession of Queen Victoria to the General Election of 1880. Four Vols. demy 8vo, cloth extra, **12s.** each.—Also a POPULAR EDITION, in Four Vols., crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.** each.—And a JUBILEE EDITION, with an Appendix of Events to the end of 1886, in Two Vols., large crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.** each.

A SHORT HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES. One Vol., crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.** —Also a CHEAP POPULAR EDITION, post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

A HISTORY OF THE FOUR GEORGES. Four Vols. demy 8vo, cloth extra, **12s.** each. [Vols. I. & II. *ready.*

Cr. 8vo, cl. extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.** each; cl. limp, **2s. 6d.** each.

THE WATERDALE NEIGHBOURS.
MY ENEMY'S DAUGHTER.
A FAIR SAXON.
LINLEY ROCHFORD.
DEAR LADY DISDAIN.
MISS MISANTHROPE.
DONNA QUIXOTE.
THE COMET OF A SEASON.
MAID OF ATHENS.
CAMIOLA: A Girl with a Fortune.

THE DICTATOR. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

RED DIAMONDS. Three Vols., crown 8vo.

"THE RIGHT HONOURABLE." By JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M.P., and Mrs. CAMPBELL-PRAED. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

McCARTHY (JUSTIN H.), WORKS BY.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. Four Vols., 8vo, **12s.** each. [Vols. I. & II. *ready.*

AN OUTLINE OF THE HISTORY OF IRELAND. Crown 8vo, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**

IRELAND SINCE THE UNION: Irish History, 1798-1886. Crown 8vo, cloth, **6s**

HAFIZ IN LONDON: Poems. Small 8vo, gold cloth, **3s. 6d.**

HARLEQUINADE: Poems. Small 4to, Japanese vellum, **8s.**

OUR SENSATION NOVEL. Crown 8vo, picture cover, **1s.**; cloth limp, **1s. 6d.**

DOOM! An Atlantic Episode. Crown 8vo, picture cover, **1s.**

DOLLY: A Sketch. Crown 8vo, picture cover, **1s.**; cloth limp, **1s. 6d.**

LILY LASS: A Romance. Crown 8vo, picture cover, **1s.**; cloth limp, **1s. 6d.**

THE THOUSAND AND ONE DAYS: Persian Tales. With 2 Photogravures by STANLEY L. WOOD. Two Vols., crown 8vo, half-bound, **12s.**

MACDONALD (GEORGE, LL.D.), WORKS BY.

WORKS OF FANCY AND IMAGINATION. Ten Vols., cl. extra, gilt edges, in cloth case, **21s.** Or the Vols. may be had separately, in grolier cl., at **2s. 6d.** each.

Vol. I. WITHIN AND WITHOUT.—THE HIDDEN LIFE.
" II. THE DISCIPLE.—THE GOSPEL WOMEN.—BOOK OF SONNETS.—ORGAN SONGS.
" III. VIOLIN SONGS.—SONGS OF THE DAYS AND NIGHTS.—A BOOK OF DREAMS.—ROADSIDE POEMS.—POEMS FOR CHILDREN.
" IV. PARABLES.—BALLADS.—SCOTCH SONGS.
" V. & VI. PHANTASTES: A Faerie Romance. | Vol. VII. THE PORTENT.
" VIII. THE LIGHT PRINCESS.—THE GIANT'S HEART.—SHADOWS.
" IX. CROSS PURPOSES.—THE GOLDEN KEY.—THE CARASOYN.—LITTLE DAYLIGHT
" X. THE CRUEL PAINTER.—THE WOW O' RIVVEN.—THE CASTLE.—THE BROKEN SWORDS.—THE GRAY WOLF.—UNCLE CORNELIUS.

POETICAL WORKS OF GEORGE MACDONALD. Collected and arranged by the Author. 2 vols., crown 8vo, buckram, **12s.**

A THREEFOLD CORD. Edited by GEORGE MACDONALD. Post 8vo, cloth, **5s.**

HEATHER AND SNOW: A Novel. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

MACGREGOR.—PASTIMES AND PLAYERS: Notes on Popular Games. By ROBERT MACGREGOR. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

MACKAY.—INTERLUDES AND UNDERTONES; or, Music at Twilight. By CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

MACLISE PORTRAIT GALLERY (THE) OF ILLUSTRIOUS LITERARY CHARACTERS: 85 PORTRAITS; with Memoirs — Biographical, Critical, Bibliographical, and Anecdotal—illustrative of the Literature of the former half of the Present Century, by WILLIAM BATES, B.A. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

MACQUOID (MRS.), WORKS BY. Square 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.** each.

IN THE ARDENNES. With 50 Illustrations by THOMAS R. MACQUOID.

PICTURES AND LEGENDS FROM NORMANDY AND BRITTANY. With 34 Illustrations by THOMAS R. MACQUOID.

THROUGH NORMANDY. With 92 Illustrations by T. R. MACQUOID, and a Map.

THROUGH BRITTANY. With 35 Illustrations by T. R. MACQUOID, and a Map.

ABOUT YORKSHIRE. With 67 Illustrations by T. R. MACQUOID.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

THE EVIL EYE, and other Stories. | **LOST ROSE.**

MAGIC LANTERN, THE, and its Management: including full Practical Directions. By T. C. HEPWORTH. 10 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**

MAGICIAN'S OWN BOOK, THE: Performances with Cups and Balls, Eggs, Hats, Handkerchiefs, &c. All from actual Experience. Edited by W. H. CREMER. With 200 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **4s. 6d.**

MAGNA CHARTA: An Exact Facsimile of the Original in the British Museum, 3 feet by 2 feet, with Arms and Seals emblazoned in Gold and Colours, **5s.**

MALLOCK (W. H.), WORKS BY.

THE NEW REPUBLIC. Post 8vo, picture cover, **2s.**; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**
THE NEW PAUL & VIRGINIA: Positivism on an Island. Post 8vo, cloth, **2s. 6d.**
POEMS. Small 4to, parchment, **8s.**
IS LIFE WORTH LIVING? Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**
A ROMANCE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. Crown 8vo, cloth, **6s.**

MALLORY'S (SIR THOMAS) MORT D'ARTHUR: The Stories of King Arthur and of the Knights of the Round Table. (A Selection.) Edited by B. MONTGOMERIE RANKING. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s.**

MARK TWAIN, WORKS BY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.** each.

THE CHOICE WORKS OF MARK TWAIN. Revised and Corrected throughout by the Author. With Life, Portrait, and numerous Illustrations.
ROUGHING IT, and **INNOCENTS AT HOME.** With 200 Illusts. by F. A. FRASER.
MARK TWAIN'S LIBRARY OF HUMOUR. With 197 Illustrations.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra (illustrated), **7s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.** each.

THE INNOCENTS ABROAD; or, New Pilgrim's Progress. With 234 Illustrations. (The Two-Shilling Edition is entitled **MARK TWAIN'S PLEASURE TRIP.**)
THE GILDED AGE. By MARK TWAIN and C. D. WARNER. With 212 Illustrations.
THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER. With 111 Illustrations.
A TRAMP ABROAD. With 314 Illustrations.
THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER. With 190 Illustrations.
LIFE ON THE MISSISSIPPI. With 300 Illustrations.
ADVENTURES OF HUCKLEBERRY FINN. With 174 Illusts. by E. W. KEMBLE.
A YANKEE AT THE COURT OF KING ARTHUR. With 220 Illusts. by BEARD.
MARK TWAIN'S SKETCHES. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**
THE STOLEN WHITE ELEPHANT, &c. Cr. 8vo, cl., **6s.**; post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.**

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each.

THE AMERICAN CLAIMANT. With 81 Illustrations by HAL HURST, &c.
THE £1,000,000 BANK-NOTE, and other New Stories.

MARLOWE'S WORKS. Including his Translations. Edited, with Notes and Introductions, by Col. CUNNINGHAM. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

MARRYAT (FLORENCE), NOVELS BY. Post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.** each.

A HARVEST OF WILD OATS.	**FIGHTING THE AIR.**
OPEN! SESAME!	**WRITTEN IN FIRE.**

MASSINGER'S PLAYS. From the Text of WILLIAM GIFFORD. Edited by Col. CUNNINGHAM. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

MASTERMAN.—HALF-A-DOZEN DAUGHTERS: A Novel. By J. MASTERMAN. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

MATTHEWS.—A SECRET OF THE SEA, &c. By BRANDER MATTHEWS. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

MAYHEW.—LONDON CHARACTERS AND THE HUMOROUS SIDE OF LONDON LIFE. By HENRY MAYHEW. With Illusts. Crown 8vo, cloth, **3s. 6d.**

MENKEN.—INFELICIA: Poems by ADAH ISAACS MENKEN. With Illustrations by F. E. LUMMIS and F. O. C. DARLEY. Small 4to, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

MERRICK.—THE MAN WHO WAS GOOD. By LEONARD MERRICK, Author of "Violet Moses," &c. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

MEXICAN MUSTANG (ON A), through Texas to the Rio Grande. By A. E. SWEET and J. ARMOY KNOX. With 265 Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

MIDDLEMASS (JEAN), NOVELS BY. Post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.** each.

TOUCH AND GO.	**MR. DORILLION.**

MILLER.—PHYSIOLOGY FOR THE YOUNG; or, The House of Life. By Mrs. F. FENWICK MILLER. With Illustrations. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

MILTON (J. L.), WORKS BY. Post 8vo, **1s.** each; cloth, **1s. 6d.** each.
THE HYGIENE OF THE SKIN. With Directions for Diet, Soaps, Baths, &c.
THE BATH IN DISEASES OF THE SKIN.
THE LAWS OF LIFE, AND THEIR RELATION TO DISEASES OF THE SKIN.
THE SUCCESSFUL TREATMENT OF LEPROSY. Demy 8vo, **1s.**

MINTO (WM.)—WAS SHE GOOD OR BAD? Cr. 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

MITFORD (BERTRAM), NOVELS BY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each.
THE GUN-RUNNER: A Romance of Zululand. With Frontispiece by S. L. Wood.
THE LUCK OF GERARD RIDGELEY. With a Frontispiece by Stanley L. Wood.
STEPHEN RENSHAW'S QUEST. With a Frontispiece. [*Shortly.*

MOLESWORTH (MRS.), NOVELS BY.
HATHERCOURT RECTORY. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**
THAT GIRL IN BLACK. Crown 8vo, cloth, **1s. 6d.**

MOORE (THOMAS), WORKS BY.
THE EPICUREAN; and ALCIPHRON. Post 8vo, half-bound, **2s.**
PROSE AND VERSE. With Suppressed Passages from the Memoirs of Lord Byron. Edited by R. H. Shepherd. With Portrait. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., **7s. 6d.**

MUDDOCK (J. E.), STORIES BY.
STORIES WEIRD AND WONDERFUL. Post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.**; cloth, **2s. 6d.**
THE DEAD MAN'S SECRET; or, The Valley of Gold. With Frontispiece by F. Barnard. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**
FROM THE BOSOM OF THE DEEP. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**
MAID MARIAN AND ROBIN HOOD: A Romance of Old Sherwood Forest. With 12 Illustrations by Stanley L. Wood. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.**

MURRAY (D. CHRISTIE), NOVELS BY.
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.	HEARTS.	BY THE GATE OF THE SEA.
JOSEPH'S COAT.	WAY OF THE WORLD	A BIT OF HUMAN NATURE.
COALS OF FIRE.	A MODEL FATHER.	FIRST PERSON SINGULAR.
VAL STRANGE.	OLD BLAZER'S HERO.	CYNIC FORTUNE.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each.
BOB MARTIN'S LITTLE GIRL. | TIME'S REVENGES.
A WASTED CRIME. Two Vols., crown 8vo.
THE MAKING OF A NOVELIST: An Experiment in Autobiography. With a Collotype Portrait and Vignette. Crown 8vo, Irish linen, **6s.**

MURRAY (D. CHRISTIE) & HENRY HERMAN, WORKS BY.
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
ONE TRAVELLER RETURNS. | PAUL JONES'S ALIAS. | THE BISHOPS' BIBLE.

MURRAY (HENRY), NOVELS BY.
A GAME OF BLUFF. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**; cloth, **2s. 6d.**
A SONG OF SIXPENCE. Post 8vo, cloth extra, **2s. 6d.**

NEWBOLT.—TAKEN FROM THE ENEMY. By Henry Newbolt. Fcap. 8vo, cloth boards, **1s. 6d.**

NISBET (HUME), BOOKS BY.
"BAIL UP!" Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**
DR. BERNARD ST. VINCENT. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**
LESSONS IN ART. With 21 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **2s. 6d.**
WHERE ART BEGINS. With 27 Illusts. Square 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

NORRIS (W. E.) ST. ANN'S: A Novel. Two Vols. [*Shortly.*

O'HANLON (ALICE), NOVELS BY. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
THE UNFORESEEN. | CHANCE? OR FATE?

OHNET (GEORGES), NOVELS BY. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
DOCTOR RAMEAU. | A LAST LOVE.
A WEIRD GIFT. Crown 8vo, cloth, **3s. 6d.**, post 8vo, picture boards, **2s.**

OLIPHANT (MRS.), NOVELS BY. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
THE PRIMROSE PATH. | WHITELADIES.
THE GREATEST HEIRESS IN ENGLAND.

O'REILLY (HARRINGTON).—LIFE AMONG THE AMERICAN INDIANS: Fifty Years on the Trail. 100 Illusts. by P. Frenzeny. Crown 8vo, **3s. 6d.**

O'REILLY (MRS.).—PHŒBE'S FORTUNES. Post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.**

OUIDA, NOVELS BY. Cr. 8vo, cl., **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo. illust. bds., **2s.** each

HELD IN BONDAGE.	FOLLE-FARINE.	MOTHS.
TRICOTRIN.	A DOG OF FLANDERS.	PIPISTRELLO.
STRATHMORE.	PASCAREL.	A VILLAGE COMMUNE.
CHANDOS.	TWO LITTLE WOODEN SHOES.	IN MAREMMA.
CECIL CASTLEMAINE'S GAGE.	SIGNA.	BIMBI. | SYRLIN.
IDALIA.	IN A WINTER CITY.	WANDA.
UNDER TWO FLAGS.	ARIADNE.	FRESCOES. | OTHMAR.
PUCK.	FRIENDSHIP.	PRINCESS NAPRAXINE.
		GUILDEROY. | RUFFINO.

Square 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.** each.

BIMBI. With Nine Illustrations by EDMUND H. GARRETT.

A DOG OF FLANDERS, &c. With Six Illustrations by EDMUND H. GARRETT.

SANTA BARBARA, &c. Square 8vo, cloth, **6s.**; crown 8vo, cloth, **3s. 6d.**

TWO OFFENDERS. Square 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.** [*Shortly.*

WISDOM, WIT, AND PATHOS, selected from the Works of OUIDA by F. SYDNEY MORRIS. Post 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.** CHEAP EDITION, illustrated boards, **2s.**

PAGE (H. A.), WORKS BY.

THOREAU: His Life and Aims. With Portrait. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

ANIMAL ANECDOTES. Arranged on a New Principle. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.**

PARLIAMENTARY ELECTIONS AND ELECTIONEERING, A HISTORY OF, from the Stuarts to Queen Victoria. By JOSEPH GREGO. A New Edition, with 93 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

PASCAL'S PROVINCIAL LETTERS. A New Translation, with Historical Introduction and Notes by T. M'CRIE, D.D. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s.**

PAUL.—GENTLE AND SIMPLE. By MARGARET A. PAUL. With Frontispiece by HELEN PATERSON. Crown 8vo, cloth, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.**

PAYN (JAMES), NOVELS BY.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

LOST SIR MASSINGBERD.	A GRAPE FROM A THORN.
WALTER'S WORD.	FROM EXILE.
LESS BLACK THAN WE'RE PAINTED.	THE CANON'S WARD.
BY PROXY. | FOR CASH ONLY.	THE TALK OF THE TOWN.
HIGH SPIRITS.	HOLIDAY TASKS.
UNDER ONE ROOF.	GLOW-WORM TALES.
A CONFIDENTIAL AGENT.	THE MYSTERY OF MIRBRIDGE.
	THE WORD AND THE WILL.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

HUMOROUS STORIES.	FOUND DEAD.
THE FOSTER BROTHERS.	GWENDOLINE'S HARVEST.
THE FAMILY SCAPEGRACE.	A MARINE RESIDENCE.
MARRIED BENEATH HIM.	MIRK ABBEY. | SOME PRIVATE VIEWS.
BENTINCK'S TUTOR.	NOT WOOED, BUT WON.
A PERFECT TREASURE.	TWO HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD.
A COUNTY FAMILY.	THE BEST OF HUSBANDS.
LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON.	HALVES. | THE BURNT MILLION.
A WOMAN'S VENGEANCE.	FALLEN FORTUNES.
CARLYON'S YEAR. | CECIL'S TRYST.	WHAT HE COST HER.
MURPHY'S MASTER.	KIT: A MEMORY.
AT HER MERCY.	A PRINCE OF THE BLOOD.
THE CLYFFARDS OF CLYFFE.	SUNNY STORIES.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each.

A TRYING PATIENT, &c. With a Frontispiece by STANLEY L. WOOD.

IN PERIL AND PRIVATION: Stories of MARINE ADVENTURE. With 17 Illusts.

NOTES FROM THE "NEWS." Crown 8vo, portrait cover, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**

PENNELL (H. CHOLMONDELEY), WORKS BY. Post 8vo, cl., **2s. 6d.** each.

PUCK ON PEGASUS. With Illustrations.

PEGASUS RE-SADDLED. With Ten full-page Illustrations by G. DU MAURIER.

THE MUSES OF MAYFAIR. Vers de Société, Selected by H. C. PENNELL.

PHELPS (E. STUART), WORKS BY. Post 8vo **1s.** each; cloth **1s. 6d.** each.

BEYOND THE GATES. \| OLD MAID'S PARADISE. \| BURGLARS IN PARADISE.

JACK THE FISHERMAN. Illustrated by C. W. REED. Cr. 8vo, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**

PIRKIS (C. L.), NOVELS BY.

TROOPING WITH CROWS. Fcap. 8vo, picture cover, **1s.**

LADY LOVELACE. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

PLANCHE (J. R.), WORKS BY.
THE PURSUIVANT OF ARMS. With Six Plates, and 209 Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cl. **7s. 6d.**
SONGS AND POEMS, 1819-1879. Introduction by Mrs. MACKARNESS. Cr. 8vo, cl., **6s.**

PLUTARCH'S LIVES OF ILLUSTRIOUS MEN. With Notes and Life of Plutarch by J. and WM. LANGHORNE. Portraits. Two Vols., demy 8vo, **10s. 6d.**

POE'S (EDGAR ALLAN) CHOICE WORKS, in Prose and Poetry. Introduction by CHAS. BAUDELAIRE, Portrait, and Facsimiles. Cr. 8vo, cloth, **7s. 6d.**
THE MYSTERY OF MARIE ROGET, &c. Post 8vo. illustrated boards, **2s.**

POPE'S POETICAL WORKS. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s.

PRAED (MRS. CAMPBELL), NOVELS BY. Post 8vo, illust. bds.. **2s.** ea.
THE ROMANCE OF A STATION. | THE SOUL OF COUNTESS ADRIAN.
OUTLAW AND LAWMAKER. Three Vols., crown 8vo.

PRICE (E. C.), NOVELS BY.
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards. **2s.** each.
VALENTINA. | THE FOREIGNERS. | MRS. LANCASTER'S RIVAL.
GERALD. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

PRINCESS OLGA.—RADNA; or, The Great Conspiracy of 1881. By the Princess OLGA. Crown 8vo. cloth extra, **6s.**

PROCTOR (RICHARD A., B.A.), WORKS BY.
FLOWERS OF THE SKY. With 55 Illusts. Small crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**
EASY STAR LESSONS. With Star Maps for Every Night in the Year. Cr. 8vo, **6s.**
FAMILIAR SCIENCE STUDIES. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**
SATURN AND ITS SYSTEM. With 13 Steel Plates. Demy 8vo, cloth ex., **10s. 6d.**
MYSTERIES OF TIME AND SPACE. With Illustrations. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**
THE UNIVERSE OF SUNS. With numerous Illustrations. Cr. 8vo, cloth ex., **6s.**
WAGES AND WANTS OF SCIENCE WORKERS. Crown 8vo, **1s. 6d.**

PRYCE.—MISS MAXWELL'S AFFECTIONS. By RICHARD PRYCE. Frontispiece by HAL LUDLOW. Cr. 8vo, cl., **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illust. boards., **2s.**

RAMBOSSON.—POPULAR ASTRONOMY. By J. RAMBOSSON, Laureate of the Institute of France. With numerous Illusts. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

RANDOLPH.—AUNT ABIGAIL DYKES: A Novel. By Lt.-Colonel GEORGE RANDOLPH, U.S.A. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

READE (CHARLES), NOVELS BY.
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, illustrated, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.** each.
PEG WOFFINGTON. Illustrated by S. L. FILDES, R.A.—Also a POCKET EDITION, set in New Type, in Elzevir style, fcap. 8vo, half-leather, **2s. 6d.**—And a Cheap POPULAR EDITION of PEG WOFFINGTON and CHRISTIE JOHNSTONE, the two Stories in One Volume, medium 8vo. **6d.**; cloth, **1s.**
CHRISTIE JOHNSTONE. Illustrated by WILLIAM SMALL.—Also a POCKET EDITION, set in New Type, in Elzevir style, fcap. 8vo, half-leather, **2s. 6d.**
IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND. Illustrated by G. J. PINWELL.—Also a Cheap POPULAR EDITION, medium 8vo, portrait cover. **6d.**; cloth, **1s.**
COURSE OF TRUE LOVE NEVER DID RUN SMOOTH. Illust. HELEN PATERSON.
THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A THIEF, &c. Illustrated by MATT STRETCH.
LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG. Illustrated by M. ELLEN EDWARDS.
THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE. Illusts. by Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A., and C. KEENE.
THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH. Illustrated by CHARLES KEENE.
HARD CASH. Illustrated by F. W. LAWSON.
GRIFFITH GAUNT. Illustrated by S. L. FILDES, R.A., and WILLIAM SMALL.
FOUL PLAY. Illustrated by GEORGE DU MAURIER.
PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE. Illustrated by ROBERT BARNES.
A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION. Illustrated by EDWARD HUGHES and A. W. COOPER.
A SIMPLETON. Illustrated by KATE CRAUFURD.
THE WANDERING HEIR. Illust. by H. PATERSON, S. L. FILDES, C. GREEN, &c.
A WOMAN-HATER. Illustrated by THOMAS COULDERY.
SINGLEHEART AND DOUBLEFACE. Illustrated by P. MACNAB.
GOOD STORIES OF MEN AND OTHER ANIMALS. Illust. by E. A. ABBEY, &c.
THE JILT, and other Stories. Illustrated by JOSEPH NASH.
A PERILOUS SECRET. Illustrated by FRED. BARNARD.
READIANA. With a Steel-plate Portrait of CHARLES READE.
BIBLE CHARACTERS: Studies of David, Paul, &c. Fcap. 8vo, leatherette, **1s.**
THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH. With an Introduction by WALTER BESANT Elzevir Edition. 4 vols., post 8vo, each with Front., cl. ex., gilt top, **14s.** the set.
SELECTIONS FROM THE WORKS OF CHARLES READE. Cr. 8vo, buckram **6s.**

RIDDELL (MRS. J. H.), NOVELS BY.
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
THE PRINCE OF WALES'S GARDEN PARTY. | **WEIRD STORIES.**
Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
THE UNINHABITED HOUSE. | **HER MOTHER'S DARLING.**
MYSTERY IN PALACE GARDENS. | **THE NUN'S CURSE.**
FAIRY WATER. | **IDLE TALES.**

RIMMER (ALFRED), WORKS BY. Square 8vo, cloth gilt, **7s. 6d.** each.
OUR OLD COUNTRY TOWNS. With 55 Illustrations.
RAMBLES ROUND ETON AND HARROW. With 50 Illustrations.
ABOUT ENGLAND WITH DICKENS. With 58 Illusts. by C. A. VANDERHOOF, &c.

RIVES (Amélie).—BARBARA DERING. By AMÉLIE RIVES, Author of "The Quick or the Dead?" Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

ROBINSON CRUSOE. By DANIEL DEFOE. (MAJOR'S EDITION.) With 37 Illustrations by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. Post 8vo, half-bound, **2s.**

ROBINSON (F. W.), NOVELS BY.
WOMEN ARE STRANGE. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**
THE HANDS OF JUSTICE. Cr. 8vo, cloth ex., **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.**

ROBINSON (PHIL), WORKS BY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.** each.
THE POETS' BIRDS. | **THE POETS' BEASTS.**
THE POETS AND NATURE: REPTILES, FISHES, AND INSECTS.

ROCHEFOUCAULD'S MAXIMS AND MORAL REFLECTIONS. With Notes, and an Introductory Essay by SAINTE-BEUVE. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s.**

ROLL OF BATTLE ABBEY, THE: A List of the Principal Warriors who came from Normandy with William the Conqueror, and Settled in this Country, A.D. 1066–7. With Arms emblazoned in Gold and Colours. Handsomely printed, **5s.**

ROWLEY (HON. HUGH), WORKS BY. Post 8vo, cloth, **2s. 6d.** each.
PUNIANA: RIDDLES AND JOKES. With numerous Illustrations.
MORE PUNIANA. Profusely Illustrated.

RUNCIMAN (JAMES), STORIES BY. Post 8vo, bds., **2s.** ea.; cl., **2s. 6d.** ea.
SKIPPERS AND SHELLBACKS. | **GRACE BALMAIGN'S SWEETHEART.**
SCHOOLS AND SCHOLARS.

RUSSELL (W. CLARK), BOOKS AND NOVELS BY:
Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.** each; post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.** each; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** ea.
ROUND THE GALLEY-FIRE. | **A BOOK FOR THE HAMMOCK.**
IN THE MIDDLE WATCH. | **MYSTERY OF THE "OCEAN STAR."**
A VOYAGE TO THE CAPE. | **THE ROMANCE OF JENNY HARLOWE**
Cr. 8vo, cl. extra, **3s. 6d.** ea.; post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.** ea.; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** ea
AN OCEAN TRAGEDY. | **MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.**
ALONE ON A WIDE WIDE SEA.
ON THE FO'K'SLE HEAD. Post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.**; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

SAINT AUBYN (ALAN), NOVELS BY.
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.** each.
A FELLOW OF TRINITY. Note by OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES and Frontispiece.
THE JUNIOR DEAN.
Fcap. 8vo, cloth boards, **1s. 6d.** each.
THE OLD MAID'S SWEETHEART. | **MODEST LITTLE SARA.**
THE MASTER OF ST. BENEDICT'S. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**
TO HIS OWN MASTER. Three Vols., crown 8vo.

SALA (G. A.).—GASLIGHT AND DAYLIGHT. Post 8vo, boards, 2s.

SANSON.—SEVEN GENERATIONS OF EXECUTIONERS: Memoirs of the Sanson Family (1688 to 1847). Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

SAUNDERS (JOHN), NOVELS BY.
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
GUY WATERMAN. | **THE LION IN THE PATH.** | **THE TWO DREAMERS.**
BOUND TO THE WHEEL. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

SAUNDERS (KATHARINE), NOVELS BY.
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
MARGARET AND ELIZABETH. | **HEART SALVAGE.**
THE HIGH MILLS. | **SEBASTIAN.**
JOAN MERRYWEATHER. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**
GIDEON'S ROCK. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

SCOTLAND YARD, Past and Present: Experiences of 37 Years. By Ex-Chief-Inspector CAVANAGH. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**; cloth, **2s. 6d.**

SECRET OUT, THE: One Thousand Tricks with Cards; with Entertaining Experiments in Drawing-room or "White Magic." By W. H. CREMER. With 300 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **4s. 6d.**

SEGUIN (L. G.), WORKS BY.

THE COUNTRY OF THE PASSION PLAY (OBERAMMERGAU) and the Highlands of Bavaria. With Map and 37 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

WALKS IN ALGIERS. With 2 Maps and 16 Illusts. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

SENIOR (WM.).—BY STREAM AND SEA. Post 8vo, cloth, **2s. 6d.**

SHAKESPEARE FOR CHILDREN: LAMB'S TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE. With Illusts., coloured and plain, by J. MOYR SMITH. Cr. 4to, **3s. 6d.**

SHARP.—CHILDREN OF TO-MORROW: A Novel. By WILLIAM SHARP. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

SHELLEY.—THE COMPLETE WORKS IN VERSE AND PROSE OF PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. Edited, Prefaced, and Annotated by R. HERNE SHEPHERD. Five Vols., crown 8vo, cloth boards, **3s. 6d.** each.

POETICAL WORKS, in Three Vols.:

Vol. I. Introduction by the Editor; Posthumous Fragments of Margaret Nicholson; Shelley's Correspondence with Stockdale; The Wandering Jew; Queen Mab, with the Notes; Alastor, and other Poems; Rosalind and Helen; Prometheus Unbound; Adonais, &c.

Vol. II. Laon and Cythna; The Cenci; Julian and Maddalo; Swellfoot the Tyrant; The Witch of Atlas; Epipsychidion; Hellas.

Vol. III. Posthumous Poems; The Masque of Anarchy; and other Pieces.

PROSE WORKS, in Two Vols.:

Vol. I. The Two Romances of Zastrozzi and St. Irvyne; the Dublin and Marlow Pamphlets; A Refutation of Deism; Letters to Leigh Hunt, and some Minor Writings and Fragments.

Vol. II. The Essays; Letters from Abroad; Translations and Fragments, Edited by Mrs. SHELLEY. With a Bibliography of Shelley, and an Index of the Prose Works.

SHERARD (R. H.).—ROGUES: A Novel. Crown 8vo, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**

SHERIDAN (GENERAL). — PERSONAL MEMOIRS OF GENERAL P. H. SHERIDAN. With Portraits and Facsimiles. Two Vols., demy 8vo, cloth, **24s.**

SHERIDAN'S (RICHARD BRINSLEY) COMPLETE WORKS. With Life and Anecdotes. Including his Dramatic Writings, his Works in Prose and Poetry, Translations, Speeches and Jokes. 10 Illusts. Cr. 8vo, hf.-bound, **7s. 6d.**

THE RIVALS, THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL, and other Plays. Post 8vo, printed on laid paper and half-bound, **2s.**

SHERIDAN'S COMEDIES: THE RIVALS and **THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.** Edited, with an Introduction and Notes to each Play, and a Biographical Sketch, by BRANDER MATTHEWS. With Illustrations. Demy 8vo, half-parchment, **12s. 6d.**

SIDNEY'S (SIR PHILIP) COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS, including all those in "Arcadia." With Portrait, Memorial-Introduction, Notes, &c. by the Rev. A. B. GROSART, D.D. Three Vols., crown 8vo, cloth boards, **18s.**

SIGNBOARDS: Their History. With Anecdotes of Famous Taverns and Remarkable Characters. By JACOB LARWOOD and JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN. With Coloured Frontispiece and 94 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

SIMS (GEORGE R.), WORKS BY.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each: cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** each.

ROGUES AND VAGABONDS.
THE RING O' BELLS.
MARY JANE'S MEMOIRS.
MARY JANE MARRIED.
TALES OF TO-DAY.
DRAMAS OF LIFE. With 60 Illustrations.
TINKLETOP'S CRIME. With a Frontispiece by MAURICE GREIFFENHAGEN.
ZEPH: A Circus Story, &c.

Crown 8vo, picture cover, **1s.** each; cloth, **1s. 6d.** each.

HOW THE POOR LIVE; and **HORRIBLE LONDON.**
THE DAGONET RECITER AND READER: being Readings and Recitations in Prose and Verse, selected from his own Works by GEORGE R. SIMS.
THE CASE OF GEORGE CANDLEMAS. | **DAGONET DITTIES.**

SISTER DORA: A Biography. By MARGARET LONSDALE. With Four Illustrations. Demy 8vo, picture cover, **4d.**; cloth, **6d.**

SKETCHLEY.—A MATCH IN THE DARK. By ARTHUR SKETCHLEY Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

SLANG DICTIONARY (THE): Etymological, Historical, and Anecdotal. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s. 6d.**

SMITH (J. MOYR), WORKS BY.

THE PRINCE OF ARGOLIS. With 130 Illusts. Post 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**
TALES OF OLD THULE. With numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, **6s.**
THE WOOING OF THE WATER WITCH. Illustrated. Post 8vo, cloth, **6s.**

SOCIETY IN LONDON. By A FOREIGN RESIDENT. Crown 8vo, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**

SOCIETY IN PARIS: The Upper Ten Thousand. A Series of Letters from Count PAUL VASILI to a Young French Diplomat. Crown 8vo. cloth, **6s.**

SOMERSET. — SONGS OF ADIEU. By Lord HENRY SOMERSET. Small 4to, Japanese vellum, **6s.**

SPALDING.—ELIZABETHAN DEMONOLOGY: An Essay on the Belief in the Existence of Devils. By T. A. SPALDING, LL.B. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.**

SPEIGHT (T. W.), NOVELS BY.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

THE MYSTERIES OF HERON DYKE. | **HOODWINKED; and THE SANDYCROFT MYSTERY.**
BY DEVIOUS WAYS, &c. | **[TRAGEDY.**
THE GOLDEN HOOP. | **BACK TO LIFE. | THE LOUDWATER**

Post 8vo, cloth limp, **1s. 6d.** each.

A BARREN TITLE. | **WIFE OR NO WIFE?**
THE SANDYCROFT MYSTERY. Crown 8vo, picture cover, **1s.**

SPENSER FOR CHILDREN. By M. H. TOWRY. With Illustrations by WALTER J. MORGAN. Crown 4to, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

STARRY HEAVENS (THE): A POETICAL BIRTHDAY BOOK. Royal 16mo, cloth extra, **2s. 6d.**

STAUNTON.—THE LAWS AND PRACTICE OF CHESS. With an Analysis of the Openings. By HOWARD STAUNTON. Edited by ROBERT B. WORMALD. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.**

STEDMAN (E. C.), WORKS BY.

VICTORIAN POETS. Thirteenth Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **9s.**
THE POETS OF AMERICA. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **9s.**

STERNDALE. — THE AFGHAN KNIFE: A Novel. By ROBERT ARMITAGE STERNDALE. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.**

STEVENSON (R. LOUIS), WORKS BY. Post 8vo, cl. limp, **2s. 6d.** each.

TRAVELS WITH A DONKEY. Seventh Edit. With a Frontis. by WALTER CRANE.
AN INLAND VOYAGE. Fourth Edition. With a Frontispiece by WALTER CRANE.

Crown 8vo, buckram, gilt top, **6s.** each.

FAMILIAR STUDIES OF MEN AND BOOKS. Sixth Edition.
THE MERRY MEN. Third Edition. | **UNDERWOODS:** Poems. Fifth Edition.
MEMORIES AND PORTRAITS. Third Edition.
VIRGINIBUS PUERISQUE, and other Papers. Seventh Edition. | **BALLADS.**
ACROSS THE PLAINS, with other Memories and Essays.

NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS. Eleventh Edition. Crown 8vo, buckram, gilt top, **6s.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**
THE SUICIDE CLUB; and **THE RAJAH'S DIAMOND.** (From NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS.) With Six Illustrations by J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.**
PRINCE OTTO. Sixth Edition. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**
FATHER DAMIEN: An Open Letter to the Rev. Dr. Hyde. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, hand-made and brown paper, **1s.**

STODDARD. — SUMMER CRUISING IN THE SOUTH SEAS. By C. WARREN STODDARD. Illustrated by WALLIS MACKAY. Cr. 8vo, cl. extra, **3s. 6d.**

STORIES FROM FOREIGN NOVELISTS. With Notices by HELEN and ALICE ZIMMERN. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

STRANGE MANUSCRIPT (A) FOUND IN A COPPER CYLINDER. With 19 Illustrations by GILBERT GAUL. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** [*Preparing.*

STRANGE SECRETS. Told by CONAN DOYLE, PERCY FITZGERALD, FLORENCE MARRYAT. &c. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

STRUTT'S SPORTS AND PASTIMES OF THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND; including the Rural and Domestic Recreations, May Games, Mummeries, Shows, &c., from the Earliest Period to the Present Time. Edited by WILLIAM HONE. With 140 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

SWIFT'S (DEAN) CHOICE WORKS, in Prose and Verse. With Memoir, Portrait, and Facsimiles of the Maps in "Gulliver's Travels." Cr. 8vo, cl., **7s. 6d.**
GULLIVER'S TRAVELS, and **A TALE OF A TUB.** Post 8vo, half-bound, **2s.**
JONATHAN SWIFT: A Study. By J. CHURTON COLLINS. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **8s.**

SWINBURNE (ALGERNON C.), WORKS BY.

SELECTIONS FROM POETICAL WORKS OF A. C. SWINBURNE. Fcap. 8vo, **6s.**
ATALANTA IN CALYDON. Crown 8vo, **6s.**
CHASTELARD: A Tragedy. Crown 8vo, **7s.**
POEMS AND BALLADS. FIRST SERIES. Crown 8vo or fcap. 8vo, **9s.**
POEMS AND BALLADS. SECOND SERIES. Crown 8vo or fcap. 8vo, **9s.**
POEMS AND BALLADS. THIRD SERIES. Crown 8vo, **7s.**
SONGS BEFORE SUNRISE. Crown 8vo, **10s. 6d.**
BOTHWELL: A Tragedy. Crown 8vo, **12s. 6d.**
SONGS OF TWO NATIONS. Crown 8vo, **6s.**
GEORGE CHAPMAN. (*See* Vol. II. of G. CHAPMAN'S Works.) Crown 8vo, **6s.**
ESSAYS AND STUDIES. Crown 8vo, **12s.**
ERECHTHEUS: A Tragedy. Crown 8vo, **6s.**
SONGS OF THE SPRINGTIDES. Crown 8vo, **6s.**
STUDIES IN SONG. Crown 8vo, **7s.**
MARY STUART: A Tragedy. Crown 8vo, **8s.**
TRISTRAM OF LYONESSE. Crown 8vo. **9s.**
A CENTURY OF ROUNDELS. Small 4to, **6s.**
A MIDSUMMER HOLIDAY. Crown 8vo, **7s.**
MARINO FALIERO: A Tragedy. Crown 8vo, **6s.**
A STUDY OF VICTOR HUGO. Crown 8vo, **6s.**
MISCELLANIES. Crown 8vo, **12s.**
LOCRINE: A Tragedy. Crown 8vo, **6s.**
A STUDY OF BEN JONSON. Crown 8vo, **7s.**
THE SISTERS: A Tragedy. Crown 8vo, **6s.**

SYNTAX'S (DR.) THREE TOURS: In Search of the Picturesque, in Search of Consolation, and in Search of a Wife. With ROWLANDSON'S Coloured Illustrations, and Life of the Author by J. C. HOTTEN. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

TAINE'S HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. Translated by HENRY VAN LAUN. Four Vols., small demy 8vo, cl. bds., **30s.**—POPULAR EDITION, Two Vols., large crown 8vo, cloth extra, **15s.**

TAYLOR'S (BAYARD) DIVERSIONS OF THE ECHO CLUB: Burlesques of Modern Writers. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s.**

TAYLOR (DR. J. E., F.L.S.), WORKS BY. Crown 8vo, cloth, **5s.** each.
THE SAGACITY AND MORALITY OF PLANTS: A Sketch of the Life and Conduct of the Vegetable Kingdom. With a Coloured Frontispiece and 100 Illustrations.
OUR COMMON BRITISH FOSSILS, and Where to Find Them. 331 Illustrations.
THE PLAYTIME NATURALIST. With 365 Illustrations.

TAYLOR'S (TOM) HISTORICAL DRAMAS. Containing "Clancarty," "Jeanne Darc," "'Twixt Axe and Crown," "The Fool's Revenge," "Arkwright's Wife," "Anne Boleyn," "Plot and Passion." Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**
*** The Plays may also be had separately, at **1s.** each.

TENNYSON (LORD): A Biographical Sketch. By H. J. JENNINGS. With a Photograph-Portrait. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**—Cheap Edition, post 8vo, portrait cover, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**

THACKERAYANA: Notes and Anecdotes. Illustrated by Hundreds of Sketches by WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

THAMES.—A NEW PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE THAMES. By A. S. KRAUSSE. With 340 Illustrations Post 8vo, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**

THIERS.—HISTORY OF THE CONSULATE & EMPIRE OF FRANCE UNDER NAPOLEON. By A. THIERS. Translated by D. FORBES CAMPBELL and JOHN STEBBING. New Edition, reset in a specially-cast type, with 36 Steel Plates. 12 vols., demy 8vo, cl. ex., 12s. each. (Monthly Volumes, beginning September, 1893.)

THOMAS (BERTHA), NOVELS BY. Cr. 8vo, cl., **3s. 6d.** ea.; post 8vo, **2s.** ea.
THE VIOLIN-PLAYER. | **PROUD MAISIE.**
CRESSIDA. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

THOMSON'S SEASONS, and **CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.** With Introduction by ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, and 48 Illustrations. Post 8vo, half-bound, **2s.**

THORNBURY (WALTER), WORKS BY.
THE LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF J. M. W. TURNER. With Illustrations in Colours. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**
Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
OLD STORIES RE-TOLD. | **TALES FOR THE MARINES.**

TIMBS (JOHN), WORKS BY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.** each.

THE HISTORY OF CLUBS AND CLUB LIFE IN LONDON: Anecdotes of its Famous Coffee-houses, Hostelries, and Taverns. With 42 Illustrations.

ENGLISH ECCENTRICS AND ECCENTRICITIES: Stories of Delusions, Impostures, Sporting Scenes, Eccentric Artists, Theatrical Folk, &c. 48 Illustrations.

TROLLOPE (ANTHONY), NOVELS BY.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

THE WAY WE LIVE NOW. | **MR. SCARBOROUGH'S FAMILY.**
FRAU FROHMANN. | **MARION FAY.** | **THE LAND-LEAGUERS.**

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

KEPT IN THE DARK. | **AMERICAN SENATOR.**
GOLDEN LION OF GRANPERE. | **JOHN CALDIGATE.**

TROLLOPE (FRANCES E.), NOVELS BY.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA. | **MABEL'S PROGRESS.** | **ANNE FURNESS.**

TROLLOPE (T. A.).—DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND. Post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.**

TROWBRIDGE.—FARNELL'S FOLLY: A Novel. By J. T. TROWBRIDGE. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

TYTLER (C. C. FRASER-).—MISTRESS JUDITH: A Novel. By C. C. FRASER-TYTLER. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.**

TYTLER (SARAH), NOVELS BY.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

THE BRIDE'S PASS. | **BURIED DIAMONDS.**
LADY BELL. | **THE BLACKHALL GHOSTS.**

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH. | **BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.**
CITOYENNE JACQUELINE | **DISAPPEARED.**
SAINT MUNGO'S CITY. | **THE HUGUENOT FAMILY.**
NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

UNDERHILL.—WALTER BESANT: A Study. By JOHN UNDERHILL. With Portraits. Crown 8vo, Irish linen, **6s.** [*Shortly.*

VASHTI AND ESTHER. By the Writer of "Belle's" Letters in *The World*. Two Vols., crown 8vo.

VILLARI.—A DOUBLE BOND. By LINDA VILLARI. Fcap. 8vo, picture cover, **1s.**

WALFORD (EDWARD, M.A.), WORKS BY.

WALFORD'S COUNTY FAMILIES OF THE UNITED KINGDOM (1894). Containing the Descent, Birth, Marriage, Education, &c., of 12,000 Heads of Families, their Heirs, Offices, Addresses, Clubs, &c. Royal 8vo, cloth gilt, **50s.**

WALFORD'S WINDSOR PEERAGE, BARONETAGE, AND KNIGHTAGE (1894). Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **12s. 6d.**

WALFORD'S SHILLING PEERAGE (1894). Containing a List of the House of Lords, Scotch and Irish Peers, &c. 32mo, cloth, **1s.**

WALFORD'S SHILLING BARONETAGE (1894). Containing a List of the Baronets of the United Kingdom, Biographical Notices, Addresses, &c. 32mo, cloth, **1s.**

WALFORD'S SHILLING KNIGHTAGE (1894). Containing a List of the Knights of the United Kingdom, Biographical Notices, Addresses, &c. 32mo, cloth, **1s.**

WALFORD'S SHILLING HOUSE OF COMMONS (1894). Containing a List of all the Members of the New Parliament, their Addresses, Clubs, &c. 32mo, cloth, **1s.**

WALFORD'S COMPLETE PEERAGE, BARONETAGE, KNIGHTAGE, AND HOUSE OF COMMONS (1894). Royal 32mo, cloth, gilt edges, **5s.** [*Shortly.*

TALES OF OUR GREAT FAMILIES. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

WALT WHITMAN, POEMS BY. Edited, with Introduction, by WILLIAM M. ROSSETTI. With Portrait. Cr. 8vo, hand-made paper and buckram, **6s.**

WALTON AND COTTON'S COMPLETE ANGLER; or, The Contemplative Man's Recreation, by IZAAK WALTON; and Instructions how to Angle for a Trout or Grayling in a clear Stream, by CHARLES COTTON. With Memoirs and Notes by Sir HARRIS NICOLAS, and 61 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth antique, **7s. 6d.**

WARD (HERBERT), WORKS BY.

FIVE YEARS WITH THE CONGO CANNIBALS. With 92 Illustrations by the Author, VICTOR PERARD, and W. B. DAVIS. Third ed. Roy. 8vo, cloth ex., **14s.**

MY LIFE WITH STANLEY'S REAR GUARD. With a Map by F. S. WELLER, F.R.G.S. Post 8vo, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**

WARNER.—A ROUNDABOUT JOURNEY. By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

WARRANT TO EXECUTE CHARLES I. A Facsimile, with the 59 Signatures and Seals. Printed on paper 22 in. by 14 in. **2s.**

WARRANT TO EXECUTE MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS. A Facsimile, including Queen Elizabeth's Signature and the Great Seal. **2s.**

WASSERMANN (LILLIAS), NOVELS BY.

THE DAFFODILS. Crown 8vo, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**

THE MARQUIS OF CARABAS. By AARON WATSON and LILLIAS WASSERMANN. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

WEATHER, HOW TO FORETELL THE, WITH POCKET SPECTROSCOPE. By F. W. CORY. With 10 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**

WESTALL (William).—TRUST-MONEY. Three Vols., crown 8vo.

WHIST.—HOW TO PLAY SOLO WHIST. By ABRAHAM S. WILKS and CHARLES F. PARDON. New Edition. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s.**

WHITE.—THE NATURAL HISTORY OF SELBORNE. By GILBERT WHITE, M.A. Post 8vo, printed on laid paper and half-bound, **2s.**

WILLIAMS (W. MATTIEU, F.R.A.S.), WORKS BY.

SCIENCE IN SHORT CHAPTERS. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

A SIMPLE TREATISE ON HEAT. With Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

THE CHEMISTRY OF COOKERY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

THE CHEMISTRY OF IRON AND STEEL MAKING. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **9s.**

A VINDICATION OF PHRENOLOGY. With over 40 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, **12s. 6d.** [*Shortly.*

WILLIAMSON (MRS. F. H.).—A CHILD WIDOW. Post 8vo, bds., 2s.

WILSON (DR. ANDREW, F.R.S.E.), WORKS BY.

CHAPTERS ON EVOLUTION. With 259 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

LEAVES FROM A NATURALIST'S NOTE-BOOK. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

LEISURE-TIME STUDIES. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

STUDIES IN LIFE AND SENSE. With numerous Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., **6s.**

COMMON ACCIDENTS: HOW TO TREAT THEM. Illusts. Cr. 8vo, **1s.**; cl., **1s. 6d.**

GLIMPSES OF NATURE. With 35 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

WINTER (J. S.), STORIES BY. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** each.

CAVALRY LIFE. | **REGIMENTAL LEGENDS.**

A SOLDIER'S CHILDREN. With 34 Illustrations by E. G. THOMSON and E. STUART HARDY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

WISSMANN.—MY SECOND JOURNEY THROUGH EQUATORIAL AFRICA. By HERMANN VON WISSMANN. With 92 Illusts. Demy 8vo, **16s.**

WOOD.—SABINA: A Novel. By Lady WOOD. Post 8vo, boards, 2s.

WOOD (H. F.), DETECTIVE STORIES BY. Post 8vo, boards, **2s.** each.

PASSENGER FROM SCOTLAND YARD. | **ENGLISHMAN OF THE RUE CAIN.**

WOOLLEY.—RACHEL ARMSTRONG; or, Love and Theology. By CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**; cloth, **2s. 6d.**

WRIGHT (THOMAS), WORKS BY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.** each.

CARICATURE HISTORY OF THE GEORGES. With 400 Caricatures, Squibs, &c.

HISTORY OF CARICATURE AND OF THE GROTESQUE IN ART, LITERATURE, SCULPTURE, AND PAINTING. Illustrated by F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

WYNMAN.—MY FLIRTATIONS. By MARGARET WYNMAN. With 13 Illustrations by J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

YATES (EDMUND), NOVELS BY. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

LAND AT LAST. | **THE FORLORN HOPE.** | **CASTAWAY.**

ZOLA (EMILE), NOVELS BY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each.

THE DOWNFALL. Translated by E. A. VIZETELLY. Fourth Edition, Revised.

THE DREAM. Translated by ELIZA CHASE. With 8 Illustrations by JEANNIOT.

DOCTOR PASCAL. Translated by E. A. VIZETELLY. With Portrait of the Author.

MONEY. Translated by ERNEST A. VIZETELLY. [*Shortly.*

EMILE ZOLA: A Biography. By R. H. SHERARD. With Portraits, Illustrations, and Facsimile Letter. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, **12s.**

LISTS OF BOOKS CLASSIFIED IN SERIES.

*** *For fuller cataloguing, see alphabetical arrangement, pp. 1–25.*

THE MAYFAIR LIBRARY. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** per Volume.

A Journey Round My Room. By XAVIER DE MAISTRE.
Quips and Quiddities. By W. D. ADAMS.
The Agony Column of "The Times."
Melancholy Anatomised: Abridgment of "Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy."
The Speeches of Charles Dickens.
Poetical Ingenuities. By W. T. DOBSON.
The Cupboard Papers. By FIN-BEC.
W. S. Gilbert's Plays. FIRST SERIES.
W. S. Gilbert's Plays. SECOND SERIES.
Songs of Irish Wit and Humour.
Animals and Masters. By Sir A. HELPS.
Social Pressure. By Sir A. HELPS.
Curiosities of Criticism. H. J. JENNINGS.
Holmes's Autocrat of Breakfast-Table.
Pencil and Palette. By R. KEMPT.
Little Essays: from LAMB'S Letters.
Forensic Anecdotes. By JACOB LARWOOD.
Theatrical Anecdotes. JACOB LARWOOD.
Jeux d'Esprit. Edited by HENRY S. LEIGH.
Witch Stories. By E. LYNN LINTON.
Ourselves. By E. LYNN LINTON.
Pastimes & Players. By R. MACGREGOR.
New Paul and Virginia. W.H.MALLOCK.
New Republic. By W. H. MALLOCK.
Puck on Pegasus. By H. C. PENNELL.
Pegasus Re-Saddled. By H. C. PENNELL.
Muses of Mayfair. Ed. H. C. PENNELL.
Thoreau: His Life & Aims. By H. A. PAGE.
Puniana. By Hon. HUGH ROWLEY.
More Puniana. By Hon. HUGH ROWLEY.
The Philosophy of Handwriting.
By Stream and Sea. By WM. SENIOR.
Leaves from a Naturalist's Note-Book. By Dr. ANDREW WILSON.

THE GOLDEN LIBRARY. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s.** per Volume.

Bayard Taylor's Diversions of the Echo Club.
Bennett's Ballad History of England.
Bennett's Songs for Sailors.
Godwin's Lives of the Necromancers.
Pope's Poetical Works.
Holmes's Autocrat of Breakfast Table.
Jesse's Scenes of Country Life.
Leigh Hunt's Tale for a Chimney Corner.
Mallory's Mort d'Arthur: Selections.
Pascal's Provincial Letters.
Rochefoucauld's Maxims & Reflections.

THE WANDERER'S LIBRARY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each.

Wanderings in Patagonia. By JULIUS BEERBOHM. Illustrated.
Camp Notes. By FREDERICK BOYLE.
Savage Life. By FREDERICK BOYLE.
Merrie England in the Olden Time. By G. DANIEL. Illustrated by CRUIKSHANK.
Circus Life. By THOMAS FROST.
Lives of the Conjurers. THOMAS FROST.
The Old Showmen and the Old London Fairs. By THOMAS FROST.
Low-Life Deeps. By JAMES GREENWOOD.
Wilds of London. JAMES GREENWOOD.
Tunis. Chev. HESSE-WARTEGG. 22 Illusts.
Life and Adventures of a Cheap Jack.
World Behind the Scenes. P. FITZGERALD.
Tavern Anecdotes and Sayings.
The Genial Showman. By E. P. HINGSTON.
Story of London Parks. JACOB LARWOOD.
London Characters. By HENRY MAYHEW.
Seven Generations of Executioners.
Summer Cruising in the South Seas. By C. WARREN STODDARD. Illustrated.

POPULAR SHILLING BOOKS.

Harry Fludyer at Cambridge.
Jeff Briggs's Love Story. BRET HARTE.
Twins of Table Mountain. BRET HARTE.
Snow-bound at Eagle's. By BRET HARTE.
A Day's Tour. By PERCY FITZGERALD.
Esther's Glove. By R. E. FRANCILLON.
Sentenced! By SOMERVILLE GIBNEY.
The Professor's Wife. By L. GRAHAM.
Mrs. Gainsborough's Diamonds. By JULIAN HAWTHORNE
Niagara Spray. By J. HOLLINGSHEAD.
A Romance of the Queen's Hounds. By CHARLES JAMES.
Garden that Paid Rent. TOM JERROLD.
Cut by the Mess. By ARTHUR KEYSER.
Teresa Itasca. By A. MACALPINE.
Our Sensation Novel. J. H. MCCARTHY.
Doom! By JUSTIN H. MCCARTHY.
Dolly. By JUSTIN H. MCCARTHY.
Lily Lass. JUSTIN H. MCCARTHY.
Was She Good or Bad? By W. MINTO.
Notes from the "News." By JAS. PAYN.
Beyond the Gates. By E. S. PHELPS.
Old Maid's Paradise. By E. S. PHELPS.
Burglars in Paradise. By E. S. PHELPS.
Jack the Fisherman. By E. S. PHELPS.
Trooping with Crows. By C. L. PIRKIS.
Bible Characters. By CHARLES READE.
Rogues. By R. H. SHERARD.
The Dagonet Reciter. By G. R. SIMS.
How the Poor Live. By G. R. SIMS.
Case of George Candlemas. G. R. SIMS.
Sandycroft Mystery. T. W. SPEIGHT.
Hoodwinked. By T. W. SPEIGHT.
Father Damien. By R. L. STEVENSON.
A Double Bond. By LINDA VILLARI.
My Life with Stanley's Rear Guard. By HERBERT WARD.

HANDY NOVELS. Fcap. 8vo, cloth boards, **1s. 6d.** each.

The Old Maid's Sweetheart. A. ST. AUBYN
Modest Little Sara. ALAN ST. AUBYN.
Seven Sleepers of Ephesus. M. E. COLERIDGE.
Taken from the Enemy. H. NEWBOLT.
A Lost Soul. By W. L. ALDEN.
Dr. Palliser's Patient. GRANT ALLEN.

MY LIBRARY.

Printed on laid paper, post 8vo, half-Roxburghe, **2s. 6d.** each.

Four Frenchwomen. By AUSTIN DOBSON.
Citation and Examination of William Shakspeare. By W. S. LANDOR.
The Journal of Maurice de Guerin.
Christie Johnstone. By CHARLES READE. With a Photogravure Frontispiece.
Peg Woffington. By CHARLES READE.
The Dramatic Essays of Charles Lamb.

THE POCKET LIBRARY.

Post 8vo, printed on laid paper and hf.-bd., **2s.** each.

The Essays of Elia. By CHARLES LAMB.
Robinson Crusoe. Edited by JOHN MAJOR. With 37 Illusts. by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.
Whims and Oddities. By THOMAS HOOD. With 85 Illustrations.
The Barber's Chair, and **The Hedgehog Letters.** By DOUGLAS JERROLD.
Gastronomy. By BRILLAT-SAVARIN.
The Epicurean, &c. By THOMAS MOORE.
Leigh Hunt's Essays. Ed. E. OLLIER.
White's Natural History of Selborne.
Gulliver's Travels, and **The Tale of a Tub.** By Dean SWIFT.
The Rivals, School for Scandal, and other Plays by RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.
Anecdotes of the Clergy. J. LARWOOD.
Thomson's Seasons. Illustrated.
The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table and **The Professor at the Breakfast-Table.** By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE PICCADILLY NOVELS.

LIBRARY EDITIONS OF NOVELS, many Illustrated, crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each.

By F. M. ALLEN.
Green as Grass.

By GRANT ALLEN.
Philistia.
Babylon
Strange Stories.
Beckoning Hand.
In all Shades.
The Tents of Shem.
For Maimie's Sake.
The Devil's Die.
This Mortal Coil.
The Great Taboo.
Dumaresq's Daughter.
Blood Royal.
The Duchess of Powysland.
Ivan Greet's Masterpiece.

By EDWIN L. ARNOLD.
Phra the Phœnician.
The Constable of St. Nicholas.

By ALAN ST. AUBYN.
A Fellow of Trinity.
The Junior Dean.
The Master of St. Benedict's.

By Rev. S. BARING GOULD.
Red Spider.
Eve.

By ROBERT BARR.
In Steamer Chair
From Whose Bourne

By W. BESANT & J. RICE.
My Little Girl.
Case of Mr. Lucraft.
This Son of Vulcan.
Golden Butterfly.
By Celia's Arbour.
Monks of Thelema.
The Seamy Side.
Ten Years' Tenant.
Ready-Money Mortiboy.
With Harp and Crown.
'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay.
The Chaplain of the Fleet.

By WALTER BESANT.
All Sorts and Conditions of Men.
The Captains' Room.
All in a Garden Fair
Herr Paulus.
The Ivory Gate.
The World Went Very Well Then.
For Faith and Freedom.
Dorothy Forster.
Uncle Jack.
Children of Gibeon.
Bell of St. Paul's.
To Call Her Mine.
The Holy Rose.
Armorel of Lyonesse.
St. Katherine's by the Tower.
Verbena Camellia Stephanotis.

By ROBERT BUCHANAN.
The Shadow of the Sword.
A Child of Nature.
The Martyrdom of Madeline.
God and the Man.
Love Me for Ever.
Annan Water.
Matt.
Heir of Linne.
The New Abelard.
Foxglove Manor.
Master of the Mine.

By HALL CAINE.
The Shadow of a Crime.
A Son of Hagar.
The Deemster.

By MACLAREN COBBAN.
The Red Sultan.

MORT. & FRANCES COLLINS.
Transmigration.
From Midnight to Midnight.
Blacksmith & Scholar.
Village Comedy.
You Play Me False.

By WILKIE COLLINS.
Armadale.
After Dark.
No Name.
Antonina.
Basil.
Hide and Seek.
The Dead Secret.
Queen of Hearts.
My Miscellanies.
Woman in White.
The Moonstone.
Man and Wife.
Poor Miss Finch.
Miss or Mrs?
New Magdalen.
The Frozen Deep.
The Two Destinies.
Law and the Lady.
Haunted Hotel.
The Fallen Leaves.
Jezebel's Daughter.
The Black Robe.
Heart and Science.
"I Say No."
Little Novels.
The Evil Genius.
The Legacy of Cain
A Rogue's Life.
Blind Love.

By DUTTON COOK.
Paul Foster's Daughter.

By EDWARD H. COOPER.
Geoffory Hamilton.

By V. CECIL COTES.
Two Girls on a Barge.

By MATT CRIM.
Adventures of a Fair Rebel.

By B. M. CROKER.
Diana Barrington.
Proper Pride.
A Family Likeness.
Pretty Miss Neville.
A Bird of Passage.
"To Let."

By WILLIAM CYPLES.
Hearts of Gold.

By ALPHONSE DAUDET.
The Evangelist; or, Port Salvation.

By ERASMUS DAWSON.
The Fountain of Youth.

By JAMES DE MILLE.
A Castle in Spain.

By J. LEITH DERWENT.
Our Lady of Tears.
Circe's Lovers.

By DICK DONOVAN.
Tracked to Doom.
Man from Manchester.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.
The Firm of Girdlestone.

By Mrs. ANNIE EDWARDES.
Archie Lovell.

By G. MANVILLE FENN.
The New Mistress.
Witness to the Deed.

THE PICCADILLY (3/6) NOVELS—*continued.*

By PERCY FITZGERALD.

Fatal Zero.

By R. E. FRANCILLON.

Queen Cophetua. | A Real Queen.
One by One. | King or Knave.
Ropes of Sand.

Pref. by Sir BARTLE FRERE.

Pandurang Hari.

ED. GARRETT.—The Capel Girls.

By CHARLES GIBBON.

Robin Gray. | The Golden Shaft.
Loving a Dream. | Of High Degree.
The Flower of the Forest.

By E. GLANVILLE.

The Lost Heiress. | The Fossicker.
A Fair Colonist.

By E. J. GOODMAN.

The Fate of Herbert Wayne.

By CECIL GRIFFITH.

Corinthia Marazion.

By SYDNEY GRUNDY.

The Days of his Vanity.

By THOMAS HARDY

Under the Greenwood Tree.

By BRET HARTE.

A Waif of the Plains. | Sally Dows.
A Ward of the Golden Gate.
A Sappho of Green Springs.
Colonel Starbottle's Client. | Susy.
A Protégé of Jack Hamlin's.

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

Garth. | Dust.
Ellice Quentin. | Fortune's Fool.
Sebastian Strome. | Beatrix Randolph.
David Poindexter's Disappearance.
The Spectre of the Camera.

By Sir A. HELPS.—Ivan de Biron.

By ISAAC HENDERSON.

Agatha Page.

By Mrs. HUNGERFORD.

Lady Verner's Flight.

By Mrs. ALFRED HUNT.

The Leaden Casket. | Self-Condemned.
That Other Person. | Mrs. Juliet.

By R. ASHE KING.

A Drawn Game.
"The Wearing of the Green."

By E. LYNN LINTON.

Patricia Kemball. | Ione.
Under which Lord? | Paston Carew.
"My Love!" | Sowing the Wind
The Atonement of Leam Dundas.
The World Well Lost.

By HENRY W. LUCY.

Gideon Fleyce.

By JUSTIN McCARTHY.

A Fair Saxon. | Donna Quixote.
Linley Rochford. | Maid of Athens.
Miss Misanthrope. | Camiola.
The Waterdale Neighbours.
My Enemy's Daughter.
Dear Lady Disdain. | The Dictator.
The Comet of a Season.

By GEORGE MACDONALD.

Heather and Snow.

By AGNES MACDONELL.

Quaker Cousins.

By BERTRAM MITFORD.

The Gun-Runner.
The Luck of Gerard Ridgeley.
Stephen Renshaw's Quest.

THE PICCADILLY (3/6) NOVELS—*continued.*

By D. CHRISTIE MURRAY.

Life's Atonement. | Val Strange.
Joseph's Coat. | Hearts.
Coals of Fire. | A Model Father.
Old Blazer's Hero. | Time's Revenges.
By the Gate of the Sea.
A Bit of Human Nature.
First Person Singular. | Cynic Fortune.
The Way of the World.
Bob Martin's Little Girl.

By MURRAY & HERMAN.

The Bishops' Bible. | Paul Jones's Alias.
One Traveller Returns.

By HUME NISBET.

"Bail Up!"

By GEORGES OHNET.

A Weird Gift.

By OUIDA.

Held in Bondage. | Two Little Wooden Shoes.
Strathmore. | In a Winter City.
Chandos. | Ariadne.
Under Two Flags. | Friendship.
Idalia. | Moths. | Ruffino.
Cecil Castlemaine's Gage. | Pipistrello.
Tricotrin. | Puck. | A Village Commune
Folle Farine. | Bimbi. | Wanda.
A Dog of Flanders. | Frescoes. | Othmar.
Pascarel. | Signa. | In Maremma.
Princess Naprax-ine. | Syrlin. | Guilderoy.
Santa Barbara.

By MARGARET A. PAUL.

Gentle and Simple.

By JAMES PAYN.

Lost Sir Massingberd.
Less Black than We're Painted.
A Confidential Agent.
A Grape from a Thorn.
In Peril and Privation.
The Mystery of Mirbridge
The Canon's Ward.
Walter's Word. | Holiday Tasks.
By Proxy. | For Cash Only.
High Spirits. | The Burnt Million.
Under One Roof. | The Word and the Will.
From Exile. | Sunny Stories.
Glow-worm Tales. | A Trying Patient.
Talk of the Town.

By E. C. PRICE.

Valentina. | The Foreigners.
Mrs. Lancaster's Rival.

By RICHARD PRYCE.

Miss Maxwell's Affections.

By CHARLES READE.

It is Never Too Late to Mend.
The Double Marriage.
Love Me Little, Love Me Long.
The Cloister and the Hearth.
The Course of True Love.
The Autobiography of a Thief.
Put Yourself in his Place.
A Terrible Temptation. | The Jilt.
Singleheart and Doubleface.
Good Stories of Men and other Animals.
Hard Cash. | Wandering Heir.
Peg Woffington. | A Woman-Hater.
Christie Johnstone. | A Simpleton.
Griffith Gaunt. | Readiana.
Foul Play. | A Perilous Secret.

THE PICCADILLY (3/6) NOVELS—*continued.*

By Mrs. J. H. RIDDELL.
The Prince of Wales's Garden Party.
Weird Stories.

By AMÉLIE RIVES.
Barbara Dering.

By F. W. ROBINSON.
The Hands of Justice.

By W. CLARK RUSSELL.
Ocean Tragedy. | My Shipmate Louise.
Alone on a Wide Wide Sea.

By JOHN SAUNDERS.
Guy Waterman. | Two Dreamers.
Bound to Wheel. | Lion in the Path.

By KATHARINE SAUNDERS.
Margaret and Elizabeth.
Gideon's Rock. | Heart Salvage.
The High Mills. | Sebastian.

By HAWLEY SMART.
Without Love or Licence.

By R. A. STERNDALE.
The Afghan Knife.

By BERTHA THOMAS.
Proud Maisie. | The Violin-player.

THE PICCADILLY (3/6) NOVELS—*continued.*

By FRANCES E. TROLLOPE.
Like Ships upon the Sea.
Anne Furness. | Mabel's Progress.

By IVAN TURGENIEFF, &c.
Stories from Foreign Novelists.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.
Frau Frohmann. | Land-Leaguers.
Marion Fay. | The Way We Live Now.
Mr. Scarborough's Family.

By C. C. FRASER-TYTLER.
Mistress Judith.

By SARAH TYTLER.
The Bride's Pass. | Lady Bell.
Buried Diamonds. | Blackhall Ghosts.

By MARK TWAIN.
The American Claimant.
The £1,000,000 Bank-note.

By J. S. WINTER.
A Soldier's Children.

By MARGARET WYNMAN.
My Flirtations.

By E. ZOLA.
The Downfall. | Dr. Pascal.
The Dream. | Money.

CHEAP EDITIONS OF POPULAR NOVELS.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

By ARTEMUS WARD.
Artemus Ward Complete.

By EDMOND ABOUT.
The Fellah.

By HAMILTON AIDE.
Carr of Carrlyon. | Confidences.

By MARY ALBERT.
Brooke Finchley's Daughter.

By Mrs. ALEXANDER.
Maid, Wife, or Widow? | Valerie' Fate.

By GRANT ALLEN.
Strange Stories. | The Devil's Die.
Philistia. | This Mortal Coil.
Babylon. | In all Shades.
The Beckoning Hand.
For Maimie's Sake. | Tents of Shem.
Great Taboo. | Dumaresq's Daughter.

By E. LESTER ARNOLD.
Phra the Phœnician.

By ALAN ST. AUBYN.
A Fellow of Trinity. | The Junior Dean.

By Rev. S. BARING GOULD.
Red Spider. | Eve.

By FRANK BARRETT.
Fettered for Life.
Between Life and Death.
The Sin of Olga Zassoulich.
Folly Morrison. | Honest Davie.
Lieut. Barnabas. | A Prodigal's Progress.
Found Guilty. | A Recoiling Vengeance.
For Love and Honour.
John Ford; and His Helpmate.
Little Lady Linton.

By W. BESANT & J. RICE.
This Son of Vulcan. | By Celia's Arbour.
My Little Girl. | Monks of Thelema.
Case of Mr. Lucraft. | The Seamy Side.
Golden Butterfly. | Ten Years' Tenant.
Ready-Money Mortiboy.
With Harp and Crown.
'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay.
The Chaplain of the Fleet.

By WALTER BESANT.
Dorothy Forster. | Uncle Jack.
Children of Gibeon. | Herr Paulus.
All Sorts and Conditions of Men.
The Captains' Room.
All in a Garden Fair.
The World Went Very Well Then.
For Faith and Freedom.
To Call Her Mine.
The Bell of St. Paul's. | The Holy Rose.
Armorel of Lyonesse.
St. Katherine's by the Tower.

By SHELSLEY BEAUCHAMP.
Grantley Grange.

By AMBROSE BIERCE.
In the Midst of Life.

By FREDERICK BOYLE.
Camp Notes. | Savage Life.
Chronicles of No-man's Land.

By BRET HARTE.
Californian Stories. | Gabriel Conroy.
An Heiress of Red Dog. | Flip.
The Luck of Roaring Camp. | Maruja.
A Phyllis of the Sierras.

By HAROLD BRYDGES.
Uncle Sam at Home.

By ROBERT BUCHANAN.
The Shadow of the Sword. | The Martyrdom of Madeline.
A Child of Nature. | Annan Water.
God and the Man. | The New Abelard.
Love Me for Ever. | Matt.
Foxglove Manor. | The Heir of Linne.
The Master of the Mine.

By HALL CAINE.
The Shadow of a Crime.
A Son of Hagar. | The Deemster.

By Commander CAMERON.
The Cruise of the "Black Prince."

By Mrs. LOVETT CAMERON.
Deceivers Ever. | Juliet's Guardian.

TWO-SHILLING NOVELS—*continued.*

By AUSTIN CLARE.

For the Love of a Lass.

By Mrs. ARCHER CLIVE.

Paul Ferroll.
Why Paul Ferroll Killed his Wife.

By MACLAREN COBBAN.

The Cure of Souls.

By C. ALLSTON COLLINS.

The Bar Sinister.

MORT. & FRANCES COLLINS.

Sweet Anne Page. | Transmigration.
From Midnight to Midnight.
Fight with Fortune. | Village Comedy.
Sweet and Twenty. | You Play me False.
Blacksmith and Scholar. | Frances.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Armadale.
After Dark.
No Name.
Antonina. | Basil.
Hide and Seek.
The Dead Secret.
Queen of Hearts.
Miss or Mrs?
New Magdalen.
The Frozen Deep.
Law and the Lady.
The Two Destinies.
Haunted Hotel.
A Rogue's Life.
My Miscellanies.
Woman in White.
The Moonstone.
Man and Wife.
Poor Miss Finch.
The Fallen Leaves.
Jezebel's Daughter
The Black Robe.
Heart and Science.
"I Say No."
The Evil Genius.
Little Novels.
Legacy of Cain.
Blind Love.

By M. J. COLQUHOUN.

Every Inch a Soldier.

By DUTTON COOK.

Leo. | Paul Foster's Daughter.

By C. EGBERT CRADDOCK.

Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains.

By MATT CRIM.

Adventures of a Fair Rebel.

By B. M. CROKER.

Pretty Miss Neville. | Bird of Passage.
Diana Barrington. | Proper Pride.
"To Let."

By W. CYPLES.—Hearts of Gold.

By ALPHONSE DAUDET.

The Evangelist; or, Port Salvation.

By ERASMUS DAWSON.

The Fountain of Youth.

By JAMES DE MILLE.

A Castle in Spain.

By J. LEITH DERWENT.

Our Lady of Tears. | Circe's Lovers.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Sketches by Boz. | Oliver Twist.
Pickwick Papers. | Nicholas Nickleby.

By DICK DONOVAN.

The Man-Hunter. | Caught at Last!
Tracked and Taken. | Wanted!
Who Poisoned Hetty Duncan?
The Man from Manchester.
A Detective's Triumphs.
In the Grip of the Law.
From Information Received.
Tracked to Doom. | Link by Link.
Suspicion Aroused.

By Mrs. ANNIE EDWARDES.

A Point of Honour. | Archie Lovell.

By M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

Felicia. | Kitty.

By EDW. EGGLESTON.—Roxy.

TWO-SHILLING NOVELS—*continued.*

By G. MANVILLE FENN.

The New Mistress.

By PERCY FITZGERALD.

Bella Donna. | Polly.
Never Forgotten. | Fatal Zero.
The Second Mrs. Tillotson.
Seventy-five Brooke Street.
The Lady of Brantome.

By P. FITZGERALD and others.

Strange Secrets.

ALBANY DE FONBLANQUE.

Filthy Lucre.

By R. E. FRANCILLON.

Olympia. | Queen Cophetua.
One by One. | King or Knave?
A Real Queen. | Romances of Law.

By HAROLD FREDERICK.

Seth's Brother's Wife. | Lawton Girl.

Prof. by Sir BARTLE FRERE.

Pandurang Hari.

HAIN FRISWELL.—One of Two.

By EDWARD GARRETT.

The Capel Girls.

By GILBERT GAUL.

A Strange Manuscript.

By CHARLES GIBBON.

Robin Gray.
Fancy Free.
For Lack of Gold.
What will the World Say?
In Love and War.
For the King.
In Pastures Green.
Queen of Meadow.
A Heart's Problem.
The Dead Heart.
In Honour Bound.
Flower of Forest.
Braes of Yarrow.
The Golden Shaft.
Of High Degree.
Mead and Stream.
Loving a Dream.
A Hard Knot.
Heart's Delight.
Blood-Money.

By WILLIAM GILBERT.

Dr. Austin's Guests. | James Duke.
The Wizard of the Mountain.

By ERNEST GLANVILLE.

The Lost Heiress. | The Fossicker.

By HENRY GREVILLE.

A Noble Woman. | Nikanor.

By JOHN HABBERTON.

Brueton's Bayou. | Country Luck.

By ANDREW HALLIDAY.

Every-Day Papers.

By Lady DUFFUS HARDY.

Paul Wynter's Sacrifice.

By THOMAS HARDY.

Under the Greenwood Tree.

By J. BERWICK HARWOOD.

The Tenth Earl.

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

Garth.
Ellice Quentin.
Fortune's Fool.
Miss Cadogna.
Sebastian Strome.
Dust.
Beatrix Randolph.
Love—or a Name.
David Poindexter's Disappearance.
The Spectre of the Camera.

By Sir ARTHUR HELPS.

Ivan de Biron.

By HENRY HERMAN.

A Leading Lady.

By JOHN HILL.—Treason-Felony.

By Mrs. CASHEL HOEY.

The Lover's Creed.

By Mrs. GEORGE HOOPER.

The House of Raby.

TWO-SHILLING NOVELS—*continued.*

By TIGHE HOPKINS.

'Twixt Love and Duty.

By Mrs. HUNGERFORD.

A Maiden all Forlorn.
In Durance Vile. | A Mental Struggle.
Marvel. | A Modern Circe.

By Mrs. ALFRED HUNT.

Thornicroft's Model. | Self-Condemned.
That Other Person. | Leaden Casket.

By JEAN INGELOW.

Fated to be Free.

By WILLIAM JAMESON.

My Dead Self.

By HARRIETT JAY.

Dark Colleen. | Queen of Connaught.

By MARK KERSHAW.

Colonial Facts and Fictions.

By R. ASHE KING.

A Drawn Game. | Passion's Slave.
"The Wearing of the Green."
Bell Barry.

By JOHN LEYS.—The Lindsays.

By E. LYNN LINTON.

Patricia Kemball. | Paston Carew.
World Well Lost. | "My Love!"
Under which Lord? | Ione.
The Atonement of Leam Dundas.
With a Silken Thread.
The Rebel of the Family.
Sowing the Wind.

By HENRY W. LUCY.

Gideon Fleyce.

By JUSTIN McCARTHY.

A Fair Saxon. | Donna Quixote.
Linley Rochford. | Maid of Athens.
Miss Misanthrope. | Camiola.
Dear Lady Disdain.
The Waterdale Neighbours.
My Enemy's Daughter.
The Comet of a Season.

By HUGH MACCOLL.

Mr. Stranger's Sealed Packet.

By AGNES MACDONELL.

Quaker Cousins.

KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

The Evil Eye. | Lost Rose.

By W. H. MALLOCK.

The New Republic.

By FLORENCE MARRYAT.

Open! Sesame! | Fighting the Air.
A Harvest of Wild Oats.
Written in Fire.

By J. MASTERMAN.

Half-a-dozen Daughters.

By BRANDER MATTHEWS.

A Secret of the Sea.

By LEONARD MERRICK.

The Man who was Good.

By JEAN MIDDLEMASS.

Touch and Go. | Mr. Dorillion.

By Mrs. MOLESWORTH.

Hathercourt Rectory.

By J. E. MUDDOCK.

Stories Weird and Wonderful.
The Dead Man's Secret.
From the Bosom of the Deep.

By MURRAY and HERMAN.

One Traveller Returns.
Paul Jones's Alias.
The Bishops' Bible.

TWO-SHILLING NOVELS—*continued.*

By D. CHRISTIE MURRAY.

A Model Father. | Old Blazer's Hero.
Joseph's Coat. | Hearts.
Coals of Fire. | Way of the World.
Val Strange. | Cynic Fortune.
A Life's Atonement.
By the Gate of the Sea.
A Bit of Human Nature.
First Person Singular.

By HENRY MURRAY.

A Game of Bluff.

By HUME NISBET.

"Bail Up!" | Dr. Bernard St. Vincent.

By ALICE O'HANLON.

The Unforeseen. | Chance? or Fate?

By GEORGES OHNET.

Dr. Rameau. | Last Love. | Weird Gift.

By Mrs. OLIPHANT.

Whiteladies. | The Primrose Path.
The Greatest Heiress in England.

By Mrs. ROBERT O'REILLY.

Phœbe's Fortunes.

By OUIDA.

Held in Bondage. | Two Little Wooden Shoes.
Strathmore. | Friendship.
Chandos. | Idalia. | Moths. | Bimbi.
Under Two Flags. | Pipistrello.
Cecil Castlemaine's Gage. | A Village Commune.
Tricotrin. | Puck. | Wanda. | Othmar.
Folle Farine. | Frescoes.
A Dog of Flanders. | In Maremma.
Pascarel. | Guilderoy.
Signa. | Ruffino. | Syrlin.
Princess Naprax-ine. | Ouida's Wisdom, Wit, and Pathos.
In a Winter City.
Ariadne.

MARGARET AGNES PAUL.

Gentle and Simple.

By JAMES PAYN.

Bentinck's Tutor. | By Proxy.
Murphy's Master. | Under One Roof.
A County Family. | High Spirits.
At Her Mercy. | Carlyon's Year.
Cecil's Tryst. | From Exile.
Clyffards of Clyffe. | For Cash Only.
Foster Brothers. | Kit.
Found Dead. | The Canon's Ward
Best of Husbands. | Talk of the Town.
Walter's Word. | Holiday Tasks.
Halves. | A Perfect Treasure.
Fallen Fortunes. | What He Cost Her.
Humorous Stories. | Confidential Agent.
£200 Reward. | Glow-worm Tales.
Marine Residence. | The Burnt Million.
Mirk Abbey. | Sunny Stories.
Lost Sir Massingberd.
A Woman's Vengeance.
The Family Scapegrace.
Gwendoline's Harvest.
Like Father, Like Son.
Married Beneath Him.
Not Wooed, but Won.
Less Black than We're Painted.
Some Private Views.
A Grape from a Thorn.
The Mystery of Mirbridge.
The Word and the Will.
A Prince of the Blood.

TWO-SHILLING NOVELS—*continued.*

By C. L. PIRKIS.

Lady Lovelace.

By EDGAR A. POE.

The Mystery of Marie Roget.

By Mrs. CAMPBELL PRAED.

The Romance of a Station.
The Soul of Countess Adrian.

By E. C. PRICE.

Valentina. | The Foreigners.
Mrs. Lancaster's Rival. | Gerald.

By RICHARD PRYCE.

Miss Maxwell's Affections.

By CHARLES READE.

It is Never Too Late to Mend.
Christie Johnstone. | Double Marriage.
Put Yourself in His Place.
Love Me Little, Love Me Long.
The Cloister and the Hearth.
The Course of True Love. | The Jilt.
Autobiography of a Thief.
A Terrible Temptation. | Foul Play.
The Wandering Heir. | Hard Cash.
Singleheart and Doubleface.
Good Stories of Men and other Animals.
Peg Woffington. | A Simpleton.
Griffith Gaunt. | Readiana.
A Perilous Secret. | A Woman-Hater.

By Mrs. J. H. RIDDELL.

Weird Stories. | Fairy Water.
Her Mother's Darling.
Prince of Wales's Garden Party.
The Uninhabited House.
The Mystery in Palace Gardens.
The Nun's Curse. | Idle Tales.

By F. W. ROBINSON.

Women are Strange.
The Hands of Justice.

By JAMES RUNCIMAN.

Skippers and Shellbacks.
Grace Balmaign's Sweetheart.
Schools and Scholars.

By W. CLARK RUSSELL.

Round the Galley Fire.
On the Fo'k'sle Head.
In the Middle Watch.
A Voyage to the Cape.
A Book for the Hammock.
The Mystery of the "Ocean Star."
The Romance of Jenny Harlowe.
An Ocean Tragedy.
My Shipmate Louise.
Alone on a Wide Wide Sea.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

Gaslight and Daylight.

By JOHN SAUNDERS.

Guy Waterman. | Two Dreamers.
The Lion in the Path.

By KATHARINE SAUNDERS.

Joan Merryweather. | Heart Salvage.
The High Mills. | Sebastian.
Margaret and Elizabeth.

By GEORGE R. SIMS.

Rogues and Vagabonds.
The Ring o' Bells.
Mary Jane's Memoirs.
Mary Jane Married.
Tales of To-day. | Dramas of Life.
Tinkletop's Crime.
Zeph: A Circus Story.

TWO-SHILLING NOVELS—*continued.*

By ARTHUR SKETCHLEY.

A Match in the Dark.

By HAWLEY SMART.

Without Love or Licence.

By T. W. SPEIGHT.

The Mysteries of Heron Dyke.
The Golden Hoop. | By Devious Ways.
Hoodwinked, &c. | Back to Life.
The Loudwater Tragedy.

By R. A. STERNDALE.

The Afghan Knife.

By R. LOUIS STEVENSON.

New Arabian Nights. | Prince Otto.

BY BERTHA THOMAS.

Cressida. | Proud Maisie. | Violin-player.

By WALTER THORNBURY.

Tales for Marines. | Old Stories Re-told.

T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.

Diamond Cut Diamond.

By F. ELEANOR TROLLOPE.

Like Ships upon the Sea.
Anne Furness. | Mabel's Progress.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

Frau Frohmann. | Kept in the Dark.
Marion Fay. | John Caldigate.
Way We Live Now. | Land-Leaguers.
The American Senator.
Mr. Scarborough's Family.
The Golden Lion of Granpere.

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

Farnell's Folly.

By IVAN TURGENIEFF, &c.

Stories from Foreign Novelists.

By MARK TWAIN.

A Pleasure Trip on the Continent.
The Gilded Age. | Huckleberry Finn.
Mark Twain's Sketches.
Tom Sawyer. | A Tramp Abroad.
The Stolen White Elephant.
Life on the Mississippi.
The Prince and the Pauper.
A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur.

By C. C. FRASER-TYTLER.

Mistress Judith.

By SARAH TYTLER.

The Bride's Pass. | Noblesse Oblige.
Buried Diamonds. | Disappeared.
Saint Mungo's City. | Huguenot Family.
Lady Bell. | Blackhall Ghosts.
What She Came Through.
Beauty and the Beast.
Citoyenne Jaqueline.

By AARON WATSON and LILLIAS WASSERMANN.

The Marquis of Carabas.

By Mrs. F. H. WILLIAMSON.

A Child Widow.

By J. S. WINTER.

Cavalry Life. | Regimental Legends.

By H. F. WOOD.

The Passenger from Scotland Yard.
The Englishman of the Rue Cain.

By Lady WOOD.

Sabina.

CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY.

Rachel Armstrong; or, Love & Theology.

By EDMUND YATES.

The Forlorn Hope. | Land at Last.
Castaway.

OGDEN, SMALE AND CO, LIMITED, PRINTERS, GREAT SAFFRON HILL, E.C

ESTABLISHED 1851.

BIRKBECK BANK,

Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London.

TWO-AND-A-HALF per CENT. INTEREST allowed on DEPOSITS, repayable on demand.

TWO per CENT. on CURRENT ACCOUNTS, on the minimum monthly balances, when not drawn below £100.

STOCKS SHARES, and ANNUITIES purchased and sold.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

For the encouragement of Thrift, the Bank receives small sums on deposit, and allows Interest on each completed £1.

BIRKBECK BUILDING SOCIETY.

HOW TO PURCHASE A HOUSE for Two Guineas per Month.

BIRKBECK FREEHOLD LAND SOCIETY.

HOW TO PURCHASE A PLOT OF LAND for Five Shillings per Month.

The BIRKBECK ALMANACK, *with full particulars, post free.*

FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

ONE SHILLING MONTHLY.

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

Edited by **SYLVANUS URBAN**, Gentleman.

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE was founded in 1731, and has been published without any break from that date until now; but while thus maintaining an historical continuity which dates back to the reign of George the Second, there is no attempt to adhere slavishly to traditions the application of which is unsuited to the altered conditions of society at the present time. The Magazine is to the gentleman of to-day what in earlier times it proved to the gentleman of a past generation. Biography and History retain the prominence which have always been assigned to them, though they are, of course, treated with the added breadth that springs from increased familiarity with authorities and more exact appreciation of facts. Science has its latest conclusions presented in such a manner as to bring it within the grasp of the general reader. Archæology, Topography, Natural History, Adventure, Poetry, Art, and Social Subjects, all in due proportion have a share in its contents. Under the head of "Table Talk," matters of current interest are treated brightly yet adequately; while the "Pages on Plays" will be found of interest to the large public that cares for things theatrical. Each Number, also, contains at least one complete Story.

London: CHATTO & WINDUS, 214, Piccadilly, W.

Awarded Six Gold and Prize Medals, 1884, the only Year we have Exhibited.

LORIMER'S

LORIMER'S COCA WINE.

For Drowsiness, Hunger, Fatigue, Exhaustion, Nervous Disorders, Indigestion, Debility, and all who feel below par.

A Retired Aged Gentleman writes—"I was led to try Lorimer's Coca Wine, and the effect was simply marvellous. My pulse rose to its old rate of 64, in a few days my appetite returned, and I have not known fatigue since, though out in my garden seven or eight hours every day. In fact, I am stronger now than I have been during the past five years, and the blessing I feel it. . . . no tongue can tell. **My whole frame thrills with gratitude.**"*

*The original letter may be seen at our office, but we are not at liberty to publish the writer's name.

Invaluable, alike for the Robust or Invalids.

HOUSEHOLD

PARRISH'S

GOLD MEDAL CHEMICAL FOOD.

CAUTION.—The only Chemical Food officially recognised as "**Parrish's**" by a jury of Medical Experts is "**Parrish's GOLD MEDAL Chemical Food.**" The proprietors would respectfully ask the public to refuse all substitutes and highly-injurious imitations, and to see their name is on the label.

COMFORTS

LORIMER'S

COMPOUND SYRUP OF THE HYPOPHOSPHITES.

Recommended by the Medical Profession throughout the World for its Vitalising and Strengthening Powers.

"NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, February 26th, 1887.

"For two months I have been suffering from **SCIATICA, the result of overwork, over worry and exposure**, and for some time was so bad as to be unable to put foot to ground. . . . **I consider myself almost entirely indebted to your Syr. Hypophosph. Co. for the rapidity of my convalescence.** Yours faithfully,

———, M.B., C.M."

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers:—

LORIMER & CO., Britannia Row, London, N.

Sold by the Principal Druggists at Home and Abroad.

H. R. H. PRINCE ALBERT'S CACHOUX.

At 6d.; by Inland Post, 7d.

Dainty Morsels in the form of tiny silver bullets which dissolve in the mouth and surrender to the Breath their Hidden Fragrance.

JACKSON'S BENZINE RECT.

At 6d., 1s. and 2s. 6d.; by Parcels Post, 3d. extra.

For taking out Grease, Oil, Paint, &c., from all absorbent fabrics. Dress or Drapery, Kids, Books, and Manuscript it cleans with equal success.

JACKSON'S Chinese Diamond CEMENT

At 6d. and 1s.; by Inland Post for 1s. 2d.

For Mending every article of Ornament or Furniture, Glass, China, Earthenware, &c.

JACKSON'S INCENSE SPILLS.

At 6d.; by Inland Post for 7d.

A Sparkling means of Incensing a Domicile and of Exorcising Evil Smells by the liberation of Ozone. Of special value in the Sick-Room.

An enchanter's little wand, that, on being fired, becomes to the receptive as a Medium which quickens the fancy, be its mood grave or gay, kindly leading the captive to that ladder the top of which reaches through the clouds to the borders of fairyland.

JACKSON'S RUSMA.

At 1s.; by Inland Post for 1s. 2d.

For Removal of Hair from the Arms, Neck or Face, without the use of the razor, as well as Sunburn or Tan from the Skin.

WANSBROUGH'S METALLIC NIPPLE SHIELDS.

At 1s. per pair; by Inland Post for 1s. 2d.

LADIES NURSING, for the prevention and Cure of Sore Nipples.

Sent Abroad, where a Post Parcel Service is open, at Current Rates,

FROM THE LABORATORY OF

THOMAS JACKSON,

Strangeways, MANCHESTER.

[*Series ZETA.*] 1893.

TWENTY HIGHEST AWARDS.

PEARS

SOAP MAKERS

By Special Appointment

TO HER

MAJESTY

THE QUEEN

AND

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE

PRINCE OF WALES.

E. EVANS, ENGRAVER & PRINTER, RACQUET CT., FLEET ST., LONDON, E.C.